

THE  
LADIES' REPOSITORY.

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ANCIENT THEBES,  
AND THE GREAT TEMPLE OF KARNAC ON  
THE NILE.

WE had made a beginning at Lucor, taking our first look at it, and spending two hours of a hot Summer afternoon in February upon it. We had passed to and fro, and up and down in it, among its columns and arches, its courts and avenues, its corridors and hieroglyphics. We had seen its Arabs, its venders of antiquities, its beggars, its consuls, and its guides. We had worked our way among its resident dogs and goats, its donkeys and its chickens. We had persevered in getting our "first impression" preparatory to later and more careful study, and had "done" the place with a tolerable degree of thoroughness, leaving only the ascent to some one of its high points in order to obtain a view of the plain of Thebes, and to locate the places upon which all our study and interest were to be concentrated while our boat lay at anchor in the Nile. This ascent we left till some bright morning, or better still, the clear atmosphere of an Egyptian sunset should give us a more favorable hour.

During our exploration Hassan had selected from the throng of clamoring donkey boys as many as we needed, and they had brought our saddles from the deck and made ready nineteen little beasts of various size and general appearance. I remember one little donkey which, by some misfortune or other, had lost an ear; and a bright boy who had him in charge, seeming to fear that the want of that member might interfere with his rent, stood with one dirty hand over the curtailed ear, ejaculating, "Wery good donkey; he know English; hear wery quick; go wery good. Look at him legs, mister! look at him legs!" I fell to Achmet, whose donkey was named "Sam Slick," or "Samerslick," according to the owner's pronunciation; and, hav-

ing made it a point to secure for successive excursions the same guide, if he and his beast proved good on the first, I scrutinized the youth a little, while giving an eye to the condition of the bridle and the other equipments of his steed. All mounted, we wound our way between the Arab huts, and went in and out between the colossal statues that, half buried in sand, keep guard by the pyramidal towers that marked the principal entrance.

We passed the great obelisk, whose neighbor looks down upon a Parisian throng, and hears the jargon of the lightest of modern tongues, in the Place de la Concorde at Paris. Then on through fields of grain, till we touched the long avenue of sphinxes, whose headless bodies lay scattered about in the grass, or half buried in the mud, and which led us up to the magnificent ruins of what was once the grand temple of Karnac. Every guide-book and traveler had bidden us go to every other ruin of ancient Thebes before visiting this. Those we relied on most urged most strenuously that Karnac be taken last of all. Nevertheless, we ran the risk of having all the rest spoiled, and went, this first day, to take that general look which every great work—which we would come to comprehend fully—should have before it is examined in detail.

A mile and a half, say the descriptions, stretched the wall of inclosure. Not a trace of it to-day remains; but it seems to me we rode over at least a mile of ground that was strewn with fragments of temples, with broken columns, with sphinxes and obelisks, with bits of colossal statues, a head here, an arm there, and a limbless trunk in another place, while around and below lay one perfect desolation of indestructible objects, for there was something defiant still in the look of these upturned granite faces.

Above us, on every side, towered the great

pylons, or pyramidal towers; and the immense walls, above whose crumbling sides rose a forest of columns which, according to Wilkinson, are above sixty feet high and twelve feet in diameter, and whose tops spread out like the summits of the palms. To say just where or how we went would be impossible; but in silence we passed on, avoiding, by a sort of common shrinking, the great gateway eighty feet in height, and allowing the boys to guide the donkeys here and there among the ruins of what seemed to be minor temples around the outside. We rode about the boundary walls, under the great gateways, between the pyramid of towers, past colossal statues and obelisks, through smaller temples that would have seemed mighty in any other place, but were insignificant enough beside their giant companion. We climbed to the summit of the great mounds of dirt, which have accumulated in bringing the half-buried temples forth again to the light, and afterward climbed to the summit of a pile of stones belonging to one of the central porticos that had been spared in the general overthrow.

From these points the view of the ruins on every side was sufficient to corroborate, in our minds, the statement that, even in its present condition, it is the most astounding group of buildings in the world. What it must have been in the days of its glory, three thousand years ago, requires a better imagination than mine, even with the help of what is left, to attempt to picture. The first impression made by it is a bewildering sense of the greatness, yet of the confusion of every thing.

Such vast fragments of every kind, and in such vast numbers, all mingled and thrown together till extrication or comprehension seems a thing impossible! I could make nothing of it, but turned away overwhelmed and dismayed at the thought of our own ignorance and littleness. It had baffled the world for centuries to read the mysterious records on which the sun shone then even as to-day. It baffled, all the more surely, now that half the records lay hidden in the dust.

After an hour of exploration we went to the top of the great pylon, and there, at the entrance, began to trace, with the aid of books, and guides, and diagrams, the original plan. A very large portion still lies under what is literally the dust of ages; a good deal more is concealed still by the ruins of other portions that have fallen upon the first, forming mountains of granite quite beyond the power of the Arab to remove; a mystery to him, and cause of wondering admiration to us, how they were ever brought to their present places three thou-

sand years ago. The quarries lie several miles distant, and these immense blocks were transported hither, by what means we know not. But a large portion of the original structures have been excavated, and the extent to which it was hidden may be judged from the size of the embankments of earth rising on either side.

It may not be uninteresting to know the method pursued by the worthy Viceroy to secure the partial completion of this work. The Viceroy was to take a trip to Esne, farther up the river, and announced that he proposed to visit these ruins on his return, and to hold a fête in the great court of the temple, and witness there the games with horse and spear, for which the Arabs are so famous. Accordingly, as is the Egyptian government's custom on all occasions requiring labor, the peasantry were forced to come here to the number of one thousand, and, after being kept at work eighteen days, the space required was cleared. They received no pay, no food, nor even tools to work with, but scooped the dirt up with their hands, and carried it in baskets made by themselves of rushes, or in the skirts of their shirts, which were the only garments worn by many of the laborers. I might add, in this connection, that the Pasha never came, and that the men, in excavating the courts to be prepared for him, piled much of the debris taken out against parts previously exhumed, and so concealed again some of the most interesting portions.

This system of forced labor prevails throughout Egypt whenever any public work, such as the building of canals and railroads, or the running of the many sugar factories, requires performance; and the laborers are divided into gangs, and each gang has its task-master, as in the olden time, who uses the lash, the self-same instrument as of old, to incite to the performance of the work. It is a question whether this servitude has one element of bitterness wanting that mingled the cup of the Hebrew in the days of which we read.

But to return to this temple which the ancient Egyptians caused their slaves to rear for us, and which the modern Egyptian has caused his slaves to clear for our inspection. Standing on the summit of one of the massive pylons, composed of square blocks of sandstone, looking across to its companion pyramid, and down between the two, the eye rests upon the principal gateway, or propyla. At its right we may follow the line of the royal road that led to the Nile, and was lined by rows of sphinxes, not like those in the direction of Lucor, which had ram's heads and lion's bodies, and held between their paws small statues of the king. These

have, instead, the body of a lioness and a female head. Scarcely any trace of them remains above the accumulated mud of the Nile, but, looking across the river, one can trace the line of the road beyond, to the Memnonium, or palace of Rameses the Great. Outside this propyla stood colossal statues of the king, and within this gateway a great open court spreads wide, nearly three hundred feet square, with a covered corridor to right and left, and two lines of columns down the center, forming an avenue through which processions might pass to the entrance of the Grand Hall of Assembly.

Two pyramidal towers of the same character as the others, except that these are covered with hieroglyphics, form a second pylon, and a portico extended above the doorway whose lintel stones were forty-one feet in length.

Before this doorway, which, with the area it inclosed, was built by Oserei, the father of Rameses II, about 1,380 years before Christ, there was erected in the area first mentioned two statues of the king, one of which is standing now, as is also one solitary column of the many extending down the court.

We are now ready to go across that lintel stone. Before we do so, however, let us examine for a moment the sculptures on the walls of this pylon. They are battered by bullets, defaced by time, injured in every possible way that the hand of nature or the hand of man could invent; yet here they stand, illustrated volumes of the life of the early Egyptians. There is no comparison to be made between the delicacy and nicety of execution, and beauty of design of the more modern; that is, those of the Roman time or the beginning of our own era, and those of earlier date; and the sculptures of the time of Moses are finer far than during the reigns of the Ptolemies.

Here are their battle scenes, their armies, their chariots, their implements of war. Here are their heaps of slain, their captives counted by the piles of severed hands, in one company of which stands the King of Judah, Rehoboam, captured by Shishouk, or Shishak, as he is called in Scripture. This cartouch, whose hieroglyphic inscription corroborates this most interesting fact, is the only direct testimony of the truth of the statement of Scripture, though the indirect evidences are numberless, not only in support of this one account, but as showing the literal fulfillment of many a prophecy.

Here, again, is their worship in its minutest particulars, the offerings they brought to their gods, and the representations of the gods themselves. Here are the royal pleasures—the boating with imperial barges on the Nile, the hunt

with trained panthers, the feasts and amusements, the home-life and household labor. And in the decorations of the tombs one finds the same memorials of the life of the people that in temple and palace show forth the priest and king.

On pictured walls may be found every kind of work, from the lowest servant's common task to the occupation of the highest dignitary, and more than that, every instrument or utensil used for all. Here is every fashion of dress or mode of life, and with special distinctness is pictured every thing connected with death and burial, and their idea of a future existence.

A state of luxurious civilization and advanced art existing three thousand years ago is testified to by these records as by all the ancient writers, both sacred and profane. There is quite enough to keep the eyes just here for a long time, but we must let them wander on into this grand hall on whose threshold we have been standing. The gigantic walls were completely covered with sculptures; the hall is a forest of pillars, one hundred and twenty-two in number, one avenue, extending from end to end, being sixty-two feet high and twelve feet in diameter, the others being over forty feet in height. Nearly all are standing. The larger ones are of a character that can only be compared to a majestic palm, for the top bends over, making a grateful shadow from the heat, and the smaller are like the stem and bud of the lotus-plant. The effect is, indeed, wonderfully majestic and impressive, even when we connect with them no association of the past; but when we think of these as standing here inclosed by walls of stone, bearing their records at the time when Moses was inscribing upon tables of stone the law of the living God; when we think of the nations which have swept in and out under these columns, of the kings who "lie in glory, every one in his own house," the effect deepened a hundred-fold.

This court is almost perfect. I have sat since that first visit under the shadow of its palm-columns, and rode up and down every one of the fourteen shadowy aisles in the silence of evening, when the moonlight hid every defect, softened every sharp outline, and made the figures stand out in strange and solemn distinctness. I have sat in the hush of a Sabbath afternoon alone in the great temple and read the prophecies of its overthrow, but clear among them all stands out my first impression—a solemn, mysterious influence pervading the place, from which there was no after escape.

These columns are covered with representations of the offering of sacrifice to Khem, the

god of generation, to whose worship the place was devoted, and the elegance of the workmanship, and even the beauty and brilliancy of the coloring may still be clearly discerned. At the left of this hall stood a smaller temple, now a mass of ruins, across whose entrance lies a fallen column. Passing beyond this, one emerges upon a far more inextricable confusion of halls, sanctuaries, porticos, obelisks, pylons, and chambers than has been met with heretofore. There are solitary obelisks, pointing skyward, whose companions lie in fragments at their feet; there are rows of columns standing above the ruins of walls they once adorned; there are lines of solemn caryatides, standing as if waiting for the burden that has fallen in fragments at their feet; there are halls around which sit headless statues, the repose of whose attitude even that disfigurement can not destroy; there are colossal faces looking out from piles of rubbish, from dust, and sand, and rocks, with eyes that never close, and lips and brows as calm as the look they wore in the long ago when Egypt was *not* "a desolation."

Through and over all these we pass to the inner sanctuary, the holy of holies—a chamber of red granite—surrounded by galleries and smaller halls, and passages devoted to the mysteries of worship.

And behind all these was the palace of the king, connected by a court ornamented with sphinxes, from which in every direction rows of corridors and avenues extend to smaller temples added by different monarchs, each one of whom wished thus to perpetuate his memory, or to make a display of the art or wealth at his disposal. So by and by it grew to be the greatest and most magnificent structure of all time—twelve hundred feet long and inclosed by a wall one and one half miles in length. I have mentioned elsewhere that every king of Egypt was, in a certain sense, a priest, and that every royal palace had connected with it a temple, and every temple contained apartments for the king. The effect of this combination of royal and priestly taste and wealth upon the magnificence of these structures will at once be perceived.

On this day we did no more than I have told you here, except to mount our donkeys and make once the circuit of the entire wall, amazed with the evidences of a colossal magnificence of architecture all about us. Then slowly back through the narrow paths, across the fields of waving grain, and through the Arab village once more, while the sunset was goldening the western sky and the waveless Nile and crimsoning the eastern horizon. From the mast-head of our ship the Stars and Stripes were floating.

On deck we watched the fading of the light, for the day goes out here in too great beauty for one to miss a single twilight.

The temptation proved too strong for us. The desire to be at Karnac once excited was not to be quieted while there remained one opportunity for its gratification.

On the ride home Achmet had pointed to the moon, a pale, shadowy ring in the sky, and said, "Moon very hootiful!" "Squizzitt!" "Lady, you come? Achmet very good donkey." And after the moon had come out, round and golden, those of us who were not too weary mounted the little beasts again and slowly retraced our steps. The Arab streets of Luxor were deserted. The venders of antiquities, who, by the way, constitute the entire business part of the population, were in their houses. I could look in at the doors as we passed. In several there were divans or settees about the walls, on which sat the male occupants of the house, smoking or taking coffee from the tiny cups. In many there was no light save that of the moon, which streamed across the sleeping occupants curled up on the matting. The donkey-boys were taking their supper of sugar-cane outside, and from every hut the dogs were howling at us as we passed.

A quick gallop over the plain and we were again in the avenue of sphinxes, again under the noble gateway and within the grand old courts. It was the same, yet, under this light, so changed that the effect was new and strange. The rock took hues of the softest gray. Every hard line was subdued, every angle softened, and the great masses, so incongruous and inharmonious under the glare of day, took upon themselves symmetry and beauty. Grandeur and the magnetic power of mystery they had before; but at such an hour, in such a light, they grew less and less like the work of human hands, and became peopled by images out of the past, such as could never have been invoked under the sunlight of a midday sky. The consciousness of its age, of the changes it had seen, the life of the world and the human race since it had been standing there, and the littleness of man, crowd upon one with a burden of overwhelming consciousness, that quickens and intensifies for the time every beat of the heart, every thought of the brain.

Some great things are so solemn that they hush and still us—some stir us to the very depths. And this the greatest monument existing—left us out of a past that is as our present, and we know not how much beyond—is a thing that moves.



I thought of the word of the Lord by the prophet, that said, "I am against thee, Pharaoh, King of Egypt; and thy land shall be utterly desolate and a waste." "It shall be the basest of kingdoms;" "I will execute judgment on No;" "I will cut off the multitude of No, and No shall be rent asunder." And again, "As surely as Tabor is among the mountains, or as Carmel is by the sea," or stronger still, "*As I live*, saith the Lord, it shall come upon thee." And I looked upon the heaven above, whose changeless stars shone down on the city of No (Thebes) when these words were uttered as calmly as they look down now upon her shattered idols and upon this desolation that is the prophecies' fulfillment, and echoed in my heart the muezzin's cry—heard at sunset from every minaret of the Moslem's land, "La Allah, Il Allah"—there is no God but God!

#### CHRISTIANITY AND POMPEII.

JESUS CHRIST is on the earth. The Cæsars rule the world in the Roman capital. Thirty thousand men, women, and children are living in a city called Pompeii, at the foot of a mountain of fire known as Vesuvius. The city is highly civilized—a Roman city, made so by conquest. All the arts and sciences, that mankind were acquainted with at that time, were recognized and practiced by them. Although of Greek origin, and dating back three hundred years before the Christian era, they were now thoroughly Roman—in manners, customs, thoughts, literature, learning, and religion. A mighty amphitheater, capable of holding half the population, was provided for their cruel sports and amusements. Gladiators fought lions and other wild beasts within its inclosure to gratify the love of excitement, and the more terrible love of bloody scenes so peculiar to the Roman character. Two theaters, devoted the one to tragedy and the other to comedy, were also among their public places of intellectual enjoyment. Magnificent temples, fit to be the dwelling places of the gods, reared their glorious columns, arches, and fretted roofs to heaven, all over the city. Mars, Mercury, Augustus, Æsculapius, Iris, were among them, and the Forum Civile. Here were the public baths, and halls of justice, and prisons under the dais of the judges.

Their dwelling houses were in large squares, or oblongs, entered by a vestibule which led to a court, round which were the apartments of the household, and in the middle of which was a fountain. In the richer houses there is another court beyond this domestic inclosure, devoted

to gardens, fruits, shrubs, and singing birds. The apartments of these houses are exquisitely ornamented with frescoes and gold emblazonry.

But behold the streets of the city! What narrow, uncomfortable ways they are! Paved with lava rock, and well rutted by the roaring wheels of the city's pleasure and general traffic! Here are the stores of the tradesmen of Pompeii, for, lovers as they are of pleasure, they are also good tradesmen. Here are bakers, saloons, drinking houses, and shops of all kinds; doctors, jewelers, hair-dressers, and the rest.

For three hundred years before Christ, down to seventy-nine years after his advent and vanishment, these Pompeians were in the full career of their glory. Vesuvius, it is true, had rumbled and roared, and bellowed, and belched fire, and lava, and vast columns of black sulphurous smoke in their immediate vicinity, for many a time and often; but they were used to the volcano's threatenings, and had come to think there was more bark than bite in the fiery monster. Sallust continued to read and write in his modest house, free from all fear of harm, from man and nature; and at the baths, day by day, the effeminate loungers of both sexes continued to dissipate the hours that would never return, as if they were the masters of all time.

They had their notions of religion, it is true, and of the nature of the gods; but they had sunk into a dead materialism and sensuality, and Venus was no longer sacred, but the presiding goddess of licentiousness and pleasure. Their artists, although skilled to a great perfection, degraded their faculty by painting foul pictures of revolting obscenity, and thus perpetuating the unnatural crimes of which they were guilty, with a vividness of representation beyond the reaches of any history to equal. The phallic symbols showed themselves in the commonest articles of every-day use among them; in the designs of their lamps, in metallic vessels, on the handles of their doors; in the walls of their houses, and on the floors of the secret fornicies. Rings, bracelets, seals, boxes, cameos, all were polluted with them. And these facts suggest the inquiry whether it was possible for them to look upon these objects from the same point of vision that we do. In the moral atmosphere of American society they would not be tolerated for a moment. Why did the Pompeians tolerate them? Was it because they had an interior and sacred significance to them, which they no longer have to us? We say "no longer," because, once upon a time, our forbears, the English, dancing round the May Pole and garland on May-day, did attach the beautiful symbolical meaning to them; and these

were genuine phallic symbols, known as such to the early generations after the Romans had abandoned the island. These May-day festivals, indeed, were a part of the mysteries of the Roman Priapus. We think, therefore, that the prevalence of these pictures in Pompeii is no proof of themselves that the people were corrupt; for, further, we remember how the Roman matrons were distinguished in the processions of the same pageant, and the virtue of these women has passed into a proverb. It is the horrible portraiture of sensual crime and sin which their painters have left behind them that are their condemnation; although there is no doubt that, at the time of the year 79, the things alluded to were utterly divested of all religious feeling, and were utterly profane. If any reader be curious to read a catalogue of the moral enormities of this people at this period, let him turn to the first chapter of the Romans; for the heathen world was one and the same all through the Mediterranean civilizations, from far beyond the Tomb of Virgil at Pozzuoli, to the pillars of Hercules.

At last Vesuvius, which had so long threatened the gay city, burst its fire sluices, and broke asunder its lava crypts, and, in one mighty river of molten rock, poured its cataraacts down the steep sides and overwhelmed Pompeii in a solid shroud of lava and ashes twenty feet deep. The inhabitants had no time to gather up and carry off their valuables; the shopman left his goods in the scales where he was weighing them for customers; the baker his bread in the oven and on the shelves; the doctor his instruments in the surgery; the bathers their garments at the baths, and many an atrium was strewn with articles of the household, abandoned in flight. Jewels, trinkets, rings, and all kinds of gold and silver work, were buried there, with wine bottles just uncorked, and tables spread with viands only half eaten. For eighteen hundred years the black pall of the lava lay upon the corpse of the city. Then it was uncovered by our moderns, and, behold, we were carried back to the days of the Cæsars! Annihilated were those eighteen hundred years! We lived in the year 79, of Christ.

At the Museum of Naples they show the curious things which have been dug up in this hapless city; and if from the Book of Job, Isaac Taylor was able to make a portraiture of the civilization of that time by making first of all an inventory of the utensils, and robes, and luxuries, and use-articles which are named in its verses, then it would have been equally possible to have done the same for Pompeii, deducing it from the different ornaments, and

utensils, etc., contained in this Museum, even if there had been no shops, temples, saloons, and drinking-houses, fornicers, and baths left to tell the tale. Christianity had not touched Pompeii in all that seventy-nine years. Compare the touching, beautiful social history of Jesus in the households of his friends; or when accompanied by his humble, sincere, and loving disciples on the seashore, or in the corn-fields of Galilee, he discoursed to them of the kingdom of heaven, and the peace of God that passeth all understanding—compare this insignificant episode in the general history of those times with the vanity, and glare, and emptiness, and folly, and the vile sensuality of Pompeii—as the two examples existed parallel with each other—and mark the contrast! their ultimate unfoldings and destiny. There is matter enough in it for the profoundest reflection.

How strange to walk back through the vast and sounding aisles of the great cathedral of history for well-nigh eighteen hundred years, and with the civilization and glory of the perfected Christianity of the present, to look in upon Pompeii! When it last saw the sun rise Christianity was yet in ideas; Christianity knew not that pagan city, nor did it know Christianity. Sallust might have heard of it—nay, it is certain that he had, and that the Gnostic heresy might have touched him through his love of Plato. But it was no heresy to him. It was speculation, and all speculation was alike to the stern, all-devouring Roman mind. He had his own gods, and was religious no doubt after the manner of the magnificence of the pagan mythology and poetry. But he lived to the world of time and space, and worshiped facts, for the most part, and history. Painting and music, statuary and architecture were the divinities of his æsthetic life, which expressed themselves to him in the idea of beauty; and this so transfigured his conscience, that through its lusters he seemed to have beheld as in a vision, how beauty may become the Holy Virgin of the soul, and lead it from the green lowlands of morality to the sublime mountains of the celestial world, where burn the perpetual fires of the divine altars.

But around him all the people lived in splendid sensuality and sin. They knew not that the Light had come into the world, which was destined to give an infinite value to man's life by opening up the vistas of immortality and eternity to the soul. Man, as an individual, did not exist to them, nor to the pagan world. Christianity—the embodied ideas of the humble Jesus, who had taught his disciples who and what was man—came to make men individuals and

responsible to God. Personality was hitherto an unknown idea—Christianity came to teach personality and freedom. These were new ideas; still newer was this, of the kingdom of heaven within the man's soul. True it is that already these revolutionary doctrines were afloat in pagan societies—that St. Paul had preached them and had died for them—that St. John was still proclaiming them—that there were seven divine centers, schools, or Churches in Asia, and others elsewhere; but what were these compared with the old civilizations which existed around them, and were unmoved by their influence?

Imagine Jesus at Pompeii! What a wild fanatic must they have regarded him! They, immersed in the very dregs of sin and all manner of uncleanness—looking at every question through the corrupted senses—and he pure, spotless, full of heavenly ideas, thoughts, and aspirations; his great heart yearning for man's redemption; all his inspirations descending upon him out of heaven! What link—what possible link in the chain of human sympathy could there exist between him and them! If he had not loved them infinitely, he could not have loved them at all.

The more one thinks of the touching and pathetic loneliness of the Savior during his earthly mission—his poor companionship—his social isolation—neglected and despised of men—loved only by a very few, and these of the lowest among the people—his unresting labors; his great sorrow and tremendous agony of soul over the hardness and obduracy of the human heart—and then considers what it was he sought to accomplish; what has indeed been so marvelously accomplished—the more one thinks of these things, the more absolute does the conviction root itself in the inmost heart, that nothing short of Divine will and power could have wrought the miracle of the Christian societies as they exist to-day, and have existed for centuries. All the earth opposed to him; organic States and empires, with their rulers, opposed to him; the traditions, learning, usages, customs, and religion of long ages all consolidated to resist him; all the powers that dwell in darkness arrayed against him, and, humanly speaking, nothing to oppose against all these adamant organizations, but the ideas of an earnest and holy soul!—and yet to revolutionize it all!—to en-throne these ideas first in men's hearts, and then to get them embodied in institutions, laws, manners, literature, and religion all over the world. It seems impossible. Clearly it was impossible, unaided by divine and omnipotent power.

But when that fiery torrent descended upon

Pompeii, not a century had passed away since the dear Lord had ascended to heaven, and, as I said, Christianity was yet in ideas. Even the Christians had no true conception of the immeasurable grandeur of it in its full historic unfolding and development. They had got a saving knowledge of its grace and truth in their own hearts—all more or less so—and this kept them to the faith; for they felt for the first time that they were *men*, and knew what it was to be a *man* in Christ's meaning of the word—a man upon whose destiny hung time and all the endless infinitudes of eternity—heaven already realized in their hearts, and on the death of the body heaven everlasting.

There is a wonderful greatness in the faith, and trust, and obedience of these early Christians; and it is moving to see them in their assemblies, how earnest, enthusiastic, and loving they are. The truth had indeed made them free, generous, and with hardly a taint of selfishness. So affluent they felt, endowed with the riches of Jesus' love; so large and godlike, now that his grand ideas had taken full possession of their spirits, that the things of this world—the properties, and goods, and chattels thereof—appeared to them as dross. They made a common store of them for the benefit of the brethren.

Looking at the Christian idea as it showed itself during that first century, as it existed side by side with pagan Rome at the period of the destruction of Pompeii, there was no earthly chance for its successful development and reign. It was every-where despised and overwhelmed by the pomp and grandeur of the ancient system. But, as I said, it was destined to humble the pride and regenerate the humanity of the world because it was in God's hands and not in man's, except as his agents. Kings soon became its puppets; it was woven into the machinery of governments; a mighty hierarchy became its objective patrons. Rome fell, and it gathered up the ruins of the Old World and stood in their midst, shaping them to its forms and uses, till finally it bound together the colossal bones of European society and converted feudalism to its faith, building temples for God's worship as magnificent as those dedicated to the pagan deities, either in Greece or Rome, and infinitely more harmonizing in their influences.

Compare the first preaching of the Word with its present unfolded triumphs, and then ask who was at the bottom of these triumphs through all the mighty chain of centuries which lies between the two epochs. As surely as the first wave of motion was the prophecy of

far-off organic life—as surely as the first form of this life was a prophecy of the inconceivably distant man—so surely were all the previous religions and systems of philosophic thought the prophecies of Christianity that God rules in history as well as in geology and the rest of the sciences. And man has had his geological periods as well as the earth. All the past up to Christ pointing to Christ, and all the present, a grand and wonderful but still very imperfect development of his ideas, is the sun-bow of the future hope of the soul, the sure and certain promise of a more perfect development, when Christ will reign in every heart, and the civilization of mankind will be the embodied form of Christian love.

#### THE CHURCH OF THE FUTURE.\*

SCIENCE, some believe and say, advances steadily and surely toward that time when knowledge shall take the place of faith, certainty shall supplant doubt, and a clear sight shall dispel the illusions of enthusiasm. Science must then stand for religion, or religion must absorb science.

It is not the purpose of this paper to discuss this most subtle and profound question, nor to attempt to show, either that science and religion are one and the same, or that each of them has its separate and distinct domain. I may, however, permit myself to say, that I am loth to accept the doctrine that science must destroy religion, inasmuch as science can never comprehend the infinite, can never bring God down to the finite understanding of man. There has never been uttered a truer or a more subtle mystery than this: "God is *spirit*, and must be worshiped in *spirit*;" and the worst enemies of true religion have been they who have attempted, with their finite words, to express and *define* the infinite and indefinable.

"God is *spirit*, and must be worshiped in spirit and in truth."

So long as this remains true, so long will man be a religious being, and so long will he need and demand religious thought and action.

We come now to a vital question. What is the religion of the future here in America to be?

\* We lay before our readers an estimate of the Methodist Episcopal Church from an outside standpoint. The article is taken from the "*Galaxy*," but being too long for our pages, we have abbreviated it by omitting some statistics with which our readers are familiar, and the "General Rules," which are well known to all Methodists. The article, while appreciative of Methodism, abundantly betrays the author's want of familiarity with our institutions and usages.—Ed.

Already we number some thirty-five millions of souls; it is computed that in forty years from this we shall number one hundred millions, and in seventy years from to-day our population will have swelled to the mighty mass of two hundred and fifty millions of human beings. It is startling to think that the child born to-day will live to see between the shores of the Atlantic and Pacific a greater population than that which now crowds the Continent of Europe. And we may well shrink from the thought that this struggling mass may be without any religion. We may well ask what is to be the religious belief and action of this coming time? may well wonder what one or more of the religious beliefs of our day, which have found expression in organized Churches, will dare to attempt, and will be potent to leaven with a vital faith the *action* of this vast crowd in the centuries to come.

If the life of man in this world is ever to be, and only to be, to add house to house, and lay field to field till there be no place left—if life for these coming millions is to be simply a frank and limitless materialism; if the using of this world for the benefit of one's fellows and the glory of the *spirit* is a foolish delusion, then these coming millions will need no religion, and will have none. But if the contrary, as I would fain hope, then a religion they must and will have. What will it be? Will it be some new, vital, powerful thought or principle, organized into a Church, or will it be one of those structures already existing, enlarged and adapted to the coming time?

Two such Churches, or organizations, command attention; because of their completeness, of the number they already enlist, and because they, of all, are most aggressive and daring. The one is the Roman Catholic, the other the Methodist; the former the most perfect—so far; the latter the most vital. It is this latter organization that I, a layman, educated in another Church, propose to examine briefly, and as the limits of this paper will permit, for the benefit of those who, like myself, are not members of that Church. Few, not Methodists, have any but a vague idea of what this Church is, what it is doing, or what it proposes to do. Every man fancies his own plans, and his own Church, and his own personality, to be most valuable to the world; and some knowledge of other people's plans, and Churches, and self-valuation, may bring about a juster appreciation of ourselves as well as of others. A few facts and figures become, therefore, important in discussing the future as well as the present aspects of this question.



The census tables of 1860—the latest we have for the whole United States—show:

ROMAN CATHOLIC.	
Churches,	2,550
Church accommodations,	1,404,437
Value of church property,	\$26,774,119
METHODIST.	
Churches,	19,883
Church accommodations,	6,259,799
Value of church property,	\$33,093,371

This, I must suppose, included all forms of Methodism before the Southern separation.

These two Churches outrank any others in numbers and in wealth; and, indeed, own together more than one-third of the whole church property of the United States. It is proper to say that these figures and valuations are not those issued or accepted by the Churches themselves; but are correct enough as showing the *relative* position of these two Churches, at that date, and which has not essentially changed.

While, therefore, it is apparent that in numbers and wealth the Methodist exceeds the Catholic, it is safe to say, though it can not be proved, that the members of the Methodist Church greatly surpass in individual wealth the Catholic; and possibly every other sect, excepting the Episcopal and Unitarian. But while the Methodist has a more fertile soil and richer subjects, it has nothing like that thorough and exhaustive system of taxation which distinguishes its great rival, and which, indeed, enables it to attempt and to do such miracles as it does attempt and accomplish.\*

It is time now to refer to the origin of Methodism, so that we may, if possible, discover the sources of its power and the secret of its growth. It is strange, and yet it is true, that out of the classic cloisters of Oxford, out of the conservative and consecrated shades of the English Church, came this rough, fervent, urgent child of religion. In the year 1729 existed there the "Holy Club," composed of John and Charles Wesley—then twenty-six and twenty-one years of age—Morgan, an Irish commoner, and Kirkham, of Merton College. They read together, walked together, prayed together. They fasted twice a week, and received the communion once. They were a sort of monks, and in danger of becoming sick, and morbid, and foolish, and useless. But Morgan inspired them to visit the sick, to go to the prisons, to teach poor children, and thus laid the beginnings of an active piety and philanthropy which never tired and never ended, and never will end, we may

hope. They were despised, of course; they were laughed at, and they were called *Methodists* in derision. They are not now ashamed of the name, and, indeed, they never were. We have not space here to trace the lives of the two Wesleys in their visit to America in 1735, of their connection with Whitefield, of their return to England (1738), their attempts to rouse the hearts of priests and people to a lively sense of the vital power of religion, till all church-doors were shut against them, even the church where their father had preached. Then John Wesley stood up on his father's tombstone and preached to the villagers the great doctrine—Religion is Love, God and man should be friends. And from this time forth his life was spent in this wonderful work. Was it well spent? Was he truly great, spiritually? intellectually? These are subjects of speculation not essential to the purpose now in hand. It is sufficient here to say that, when John Wesley, at the age of eighty-eight, laid himself down to die, those who distinctly recognized him as their leader and father numbered one hundred and fifty thousand souls; while over five hundred traveling preachers, inspired by his fervor, and stimulated by his example, were carrying forward the work he had begun.

Great or small, wise or foolish, it is clear that no living man ever felt more vitally his great doctrine, or ever applied it so thoroughly to life. So it strikes me. Now, every man has a personal religion more or less vague; but it is most rare that any man's religion pervades and dominates his whole nature as John Wesley's did. And it is of the nature of miracle almost that any one man should be able to organize his religion into a powerful Church, in his own lifetime, as John Wesley did. Further, it is remarkable that he had never the wish to do this. He always held by the English Episcopal Church, in which he was born and ordained, and only desired to inspire it with his own fervor, and to bring to its fold the weak and the wicked through all the land. The English Church could not understand this, and its doors were shut against him, so that he preached all his life in rooms and in fields, and almost always to the despised and debased. Thus he and his friends became field preachers and itinerants. Thus, one of the distinctive features of Methodism, lay preaching, grew out of necessity. Assistance he must have; and what bishop would ordain his preachers? It was not till about the year 1784 that Wesley, believing that a bishop was but a presbyter set to do a specific work, brought himself to ordaining Mr. Coke to act as bishop of the American Methodists.

\*The writer here presents nearly two pages of statistics, which we have frequently given in the Repository, and most of which may be found in the Editor's Table of the July number.

Up to this time lay preaching was almost the whole preaching of the Methodist body in England and America. Since the year 1784 the Methodists in America have been an Episcopal Church, distinct from the English or American Episcopal Churches—ordaining its ministers and administering its sacraments, as it had not done before.

*Religion is Love.* This I believe to be the central, vital, cardinal sentiment or principle which John Wesley radiated into the souls of men; this it is which is now organized into the most vital and powerful of American Churches; and this it is which may—can I say will?—make it the great Church of the future time. There is a religion of the soul. There may be devotion of the senses, or of the pocket, but there is no religion of the intellect. The common-sense of mankind, I think, has concluded that theology is metaphysics, and that the most various intellectual beliefs may coexist with love of God and virtue. It is certain that there was not a fiber in Wesley's body which vibrated to an intellectual religion. It is certain that he opposed and rejected the Calvinistic articles of the English Church—would not accept them. Augustinism, or Calvinism, the most profoundly intellectual scheme ever devised by the brain of man, has wonderfully moved the world, but has entirely failed to evangelize the world. So striking is this that, in Paris, where, in the times of St. Bartholomew, the Calvinists were almost or quite equal in numbers and power to the Catholics, there are to-day but two small and most feeble Churches. In New England, too, there has been a revolt, and Calvinism is hardly preached even in those Churches where it still remains a form of doctrine.

Let us illustrate. The man who should say, "My child shall eat no bread till he understands its chemical constitution," would be put into a mad-house; the plant which should refuse to grow in the rays of the life-giving sun, because it did not understand what the sun was, would be—if it had a will—a preposterous fool; the man who should decline to be religious till he could make out the exact doctrine of justification, would be a miserable creature.

Men are but children in this vast world, living and growing, like the plant, in the warm rays of the divine love, they know not how, and they need not to know. To comprehend and understand God is not possible, nor is it necessary to a divine life. To be in harmony with God's laws, and thus with him, is necessary, and, in a degree, possible. Whoever is not in harmony with them will be whipped, and will be more or less miserable till he becomes so. The imprac-

ticability of a purely doctrinal Church—which I need not dwell upon—was strikingly exemplified a few years since, when the Hartford Dr. Bushnell preached his great discourse upon the Trinity. Among the clergy it caused a sensation, and men said, he is a heretic, and he must be tried and condemned. So they began to point out his heresy, and to state the *true* doctrine. The result was nigh fatal, for not a man among them could escape with his life. Heresy cropped out in every quarter, and a respected brotherhood came nigh rushing into chaos. Dr. Bushnell was soon left alone.

The English Church, which stands upon doctrines, is only able to keep together by wisely shutting its eyes and admitting almost all sorts of belief, varying from Maurice and Kingsley to Drs. Newman and Pusey, if they will but stay.

*Our Father who art in Heaven.* That was the truth which Jesus of Nazareth taught to men; and since that hour, when the shepherds kept their watch on the hills of Bethlehem, and the stars shone down into the manger where the divine child lay, God has been, not an Oriental satrap, but the father and friend of men. This marvelous fact, which marks an era in human history, needs to be restated from time to time, because we are so constantly running off after strange notions, and fancying we can define God better than Jesus did. We can not.

This, then, is the fact which Wesley expressed by his life, and this it is which is embodied in the Methodist Church. This I believe to be the secret of its great success. *It is a Church embodying a divine and universal sentiment, and not a creed or doctrine.*

So broad and sweeping a statement requires explanation. Wesley never asked: Do you believe in the Trinity? Do you hold to the Atonement? Do you believe in original sin? What are your views upon justification? Do you think heaven a place or a state? No such questions as these perplexed the anxious penitent or the hardened sinner. By no means. Only—Do you *wish* to live in the sunlight of God's love, and flee from the wrath to come? Then come with us—"to pray together, to receive the word of exhortation, to watch over one another in love, to help each other to work out our salvation." That was all—simple, easy to understand, acceptable to the whole world. And it is this simplicity and manifest truth which commends it to the universal world, high and low, rich and poor, bad and good, wise and foolish.

So remarkable does this seem in the history of religion that I can not forbear giving in full

to non-Methodists the "Rules" which Wesley drew out for the use of his friends, and which remain to this day the canons of the Church.\*

The assent to these rules I understand to be the "one condition previously required of those who desire admission into these societies;" and for this reason I have stated that it is a great Church without a theology. But had Wesley no doctrines, and does the Church hold none? Wesley had a theology and a form of doctrine. He was a member of the English Church, and accepted and held by the articles of that Church, excepting, I believe, its Calvinistic doctrines. These are still the doctrines held in the Methodist Church, and are to be accepted by preachers before becoming such, not by members before becoming such.

This one principle or sentiment of love, then, is the vital germ of the Methodist organization, out of which it has evolved itself, as the oak does from the acorn. It has had simply a *natural growth*, and, therefore, a strong and healthy one. It was personal spiritual life that Wesley sought; it was to be in harmony with the Divine Spirit, to know, to have the inward consciousness of this that he struggled for nine ten years. It did not fully come to his soul till he was thirty-five years old. When crossing the Atlantic he fell in with a band of Moravians, and they powerfully influenced his character and life. He records it himself.

"My brother," said the Moravian, "I must first ask you one or two questions. Have you the witness within yourself? Do you know Jesus Christ? Does the Spirit of God bear witness with your spirit that you are the child of God?"

Wesley was surprised, and knew not what to answer. Spangenberg observed his embarrassment, and asked, "Do you know Jesus Christ?" "I know he is the Savior of the world," replied Wesley. "True," rejoined the Moravian, "but do you know that he has saved *you*?" "I hope he has died to save me." Spangenberg added, "Do you know it yourself?" "I do," replied Wesley; but he adds, "I fear they were mere words."<sup>†</sup>

All his life Wesley strove after this simple but profound faith, the child of love, which so marked these Moravian brethren. And at the age of thirty-five it came upon him like an influx from heaven. If God be indeed the great Father of men, it is impossible that he should not love us, and it might seem impossible that

we should not love him. But there is something as yet incomprehensible about it, and the human soul seems to be imprisoned in a "muddy vesture" of low or earthly desires, which in some mystic way must be pierced or broken before the soul or spirit of man can wholly feel the entrance of the Divine Spirit, and can have that full consciousness or knowledge of harmony with God which Wesley and his friends at last secured. I do not attempt here even to touch any theory or fact as to "conversion;" but I suppose there is hardly any, even the most successful worldly man, who does not again and again confess that "all is vanity and vexation of spirit." There is not a man, even a rich one, who would not welcome that Divine change which, inspiring him with a faith and knowledge of the universal and perfect love of God, would enable him to bear all and to do all, in full confidence that it was for the best, because it was the will or wish of the great Father. If such preaching to produce such results would be acceptable and consoling to the rich and prosperous, with what a mighty force might it not be borne in upon the hearts of the poor and wretched, the weak and the afflicted!

It was this doctrine which Wesley preached in the slums of London, in the mines of Cornwall and Newcastle; and it is this which has been preached by all the class-leaders, and exhorters, and traveling preachers of this Methodist Church ever since, and with wonderful power and effect. Now bear it in mind that to preach this vital truth it does not require that a man should be a scholar, that he should have studied the whole "body of Divinity," that he should have read the Bible in the Hebrew or Greek, that he should know the derived meaning of words, that he should have all the graces of rhetoric or elocution on the end of his tongue; not at all; he needs, and he only needs, to have had a vital and experimental knowledge of "this change" in his own soul, with a fervent, vehement desire to portray to his friends—to all the world—the blessedness which it has brought to him, and which it will surely bring to them if they will but ask for it, will but open their souls to its all-pervading influx.

Not a church in all England was open to Wesley; not five educated preachers were found to coöperate with him; his converts were poor, and were scattered here and there. What was to be done to keep alive in their hearts the sacred fire? Remember that the great chord of human sympathy must be played upon by the tongue of man, must vibrate and respond to the touch of human speech, or it will become

\*The article here copies from our Discipline the "General Rules," which all our readers know.  
Stevens's History of Methodism.

paralyzed, deadened. Talk, speech, is the distinctive characteristic of man, the one thing which most strikingly marks him above all the rest of creation; it is neither safe nor wise to suppress it. Wesley knew this. He established every-where little classes of some twelve, one of whom, the most gifted, was to be the leader. They were to meet together weekly for prayer and praise; they were to contribute a penny each, if able. The class-leader was to see after the welfare of his little flock. This is the first act of organization, and is the pivot of the practical system of Methodism.

Not a man or woman reads this paper who will not groan over the weary platitudes and sophomorical essays which have tried his soul Sunday after Sunday through this mortal life; not a man among us who is not forced to exclaim in anxious wonder, "Tell me, my soul, *can* this be joy?" Not a man among us but would welcome a stir, a sensation of almost any kind. But the conventionalities of our Churches forbid a sound, a murmur, a movement. Not so in this Methodist Church. At the class meeting all are permitted to talk, to pray, to exhort, men and women alike. Whoever *has* a word to say may say it; whoever has not may respond openly, loudly, fervently. In their churches, too, this last is permitted, and the preacher soon knows if he has seized upon the souls of his hearers, if he has struck a responsive chord, by the audible and ardent responses he hears. We may be certain that mankind will never be warmed into a vital spiritual life by carefully written essays, or converted to deeds of active brotherhood by occasional assemblages of well-bred and well-dressed people. But we may differ as to whether the Methodists have chosen the right way or the best way, or even a good way to vitalize religion. Into those differences of opinion it is not my province to enter.

As these class meetings—little Churches—gathered numbers, a steward was appointed to see after the business and property of the society. By and by gifted men were licensed as exhorters, others as local preachers; from these some were chosen as traveling preachers, specially gifted, who were to go from place to place to teach and preach. Last of all, from these a few have been appointed in America to act as bishops or overseers. In brief, this is the polity of the Methodist Church, as is the whole of it. Its circuits, its districts, its quarterly conferences, its yearly conferences, and its General Conferences are matters of course and of necessity. So, too, naturally and inevitably, have come their band meetings, their love-feasts,

their camp meetings—whatever would keep alive and stimulate that fervent spirit which characterizes this Church.

We will not spend time upon details which any inquirer may obtain from any Methodist Church-book, but will ask attention to a peculiarity which distinguishes this Church from its great competitor, the Catholic. If I understand it aright, the Catholic Church claims *all* children born in its membership, to be incorporated at the proper age and with suitable ceremonies. The Methodists, on the contrary, require in all cases "conversion," change of heart, personal perceptions of religious life. Hence I have said that the Methodist is the most vital, the Catholic the most perfect. Every Methodist may be said to be such after deep spiritual conviction; but I take it the Catholic fathers will not claim that for their Church. There is a vital life among these individual Methodists which makes them work individually for the conversion of their fellow-men; but their Church, their machine, is no way so perfected as the Catholic. Every part is not so fitted to every other part, and they are greatly behind in thoroughness and delicacy of taxation as well as in the efficient application of money to accomplish their ends. No business men in the land surpass the bishops of the Catholic Church, and no land-speculators know so keenly the value of good property as they. I fancy, but am not sure, that our Methodist bishops do not equal them here.

But they have set before them the sublime task to convert the world, and especially the world of America. Can they do it? Let us stop for a moment to restate a few positions and facts more clearly.

1. The Methodist Church is founded upon a sentiment or desire of the soul; not upon an intellectual assent to doctrines or theologies.
2. It has the largest church property and the most Church members of any religious organization.
3. It has the largest publishing house in the world, and issues more books and papers than any other.
4. It has a most comprehensive system of Sunday schools, comprising 1,089,525 scholars and 171,695 teachers.
5. It has a wide missionary system, including our own land and foreign countries, to support which, in the last four years it has collected \$2,457,548. Here, then, is a great organization, established, at work, active, powerful, which in a degree accepts as its task "to maintain vital apostolic piety in the land and to spread it over the world." And this is not to be a mere



sentiment producing no results. It proposes what?

"*The better consecration of its wealth*" to the public good. Some there be who say this is chimerical, impossible. If it can be done, then indeed will the devil be driven into the swine's belly and be overwhelmed in the sea. This is the problem which the Church has yet to solve, and so far it would seem that little progress has been made. But the first thing is to see clearly what the work is; the next is to do it. And who will not bid the Methodists God-speed?

There is, however, a little cloud no bigger than a man's hand in the horizon which may spread over the sky. It is the founding and increasing of *theological* colleges among the Methodists. The effect of this is—must be—to encourage theological preaching, to exaggerate the importance of doctrines, and most likely to the injury of the Church which has grown up around the life and teachings of John Wesley. If I were a bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church I would on my bended knees ask Mr. Drew to take back the dangerous gift he has made, and I would urge my exhorters and preachers to preach on what John Wesley preached—the love of God and faith in it.

It does not follow that we must say, as an earnest friend once did, "We are an ignorant people, and we want an ignorant preacher;" but it is undoubtedly true that all religious souls ask for substance rather than form, for warmth rather than polish. If Dr. M'Clintock and his friends propose to rival the Unitarian and the English Churches in the graces of style and the arts of oratory, they may succeed, but they are in danger of losing what is far more valuable. The preacher who has come out of the ranks, with all the experiences, and sympathies, and sorrows of the people engraved deeply in his soul, can speak to the earnest seeker as no other man can, certainly as the boy who is put into a theological school and taught the scholasticism of a past age *can not*. The Bishop of Oxford may believe he ought to go down into the Minorities and preach the Gospel, and may go, but he will make poor work of it, most likely not a tenth part of the moving effect of the converted prize-fighter. The one will tell what *he* has felt, and suffered, and struggled, and worked through; the other what he thinks, and believes, and hopes *we* will do. The one may use bad grammar and the other Addisonian English, but the bad grammar will carry the day, not because of the bad grammar, but because with it exists a real communion of spirit which strikes a responsive chord.

"Vulgar!" it is a miserable and foolish word. The preachers of the Methodist Church may be uncultivated, and rough, and rude, but they are not therefore vulgar. No man is vulgar who earnestly desires to help his fellow-men, and is inspired with the sentiment of brotherly love. The elegant Pharisees of the inner court thought those poor fishermen of the Sea of Galilee very vulgar; but time has proved *them* to have been poor pedants enough. A great, and earnest, and magnanimous people will not indulge in paltry criticisms, but will look beneath the rough skin for the shining soul.

In this most brief and, I fear, unsatisfactory way, have I ventured to ask the attention of non-Methodists to this pregnant subject, because I believe it worthy of a careful examination and consideration, such as they will no doubt give it. I have done this in no sectarian spirit, and with no desire to exaggerate or detract from any other Church. One or two other subjects connected with this deserve attention, and if I can get time I may ask you to read hereafter. In the mean time, let us all consider what is to be the great Church of the future time.

#### SPEAKING HER MIND.

"SHE felt like it and so she said it. May be she did n't do right, but I question after all 't is n't a blessin' these sharp-spoken women were sent into the world. I'll just tell you how it was, if you'll wait till I pick up this stitch," and aunt Charity adjusted her spectacles and walked to the open door to examine the long, blue stocking she was "heeling and toeing" for her husband. I could look through the door out upon a long line of gray mountain ridges, dimpled here and there with the white snow, which had been proclaimed by wiseacres "surely the last of the season." The leaden clouds which were rolling up just then seemed likely to proclaim their prophecies at fault, and aunt Charity's sudden closing of the door with the exclamation, "It's blowin' up for a storm," shut out my first vision of the Spring, for I was an invalid. All Winter long I had lain in the little dark room partitioned off from the wide kitchen, and been rubbed, and blistered, and grueled, till to this day I can not bear the sight of mustard or a china bowl; and it was only after much coaxing I had been lifted from my bed and placed in the easy chair where I could have a full view of the young grass sprouting coquettishly in the dark mold, and see the little leaflets protruding their tiny heads timorously to take their first look of the great world they were venturing

upon. All this was shut out by aunt Charity's decided slam of the door, and so I prepared myself to hear her version of neighbor Lazyton's difficulties.

"If ever any man was rightly named it's that fellow Lazyton, for I verily believe he would n't take the trouble to live if there was any decent way of getting out of it. He's always sick—never had a well day in his life, although he's as round and rosy as an alderman. Take him when you will there's something the matter with him, and every body knows his ailments could all be summed up in laziness. It would n't do always to speak one's mind, but I have wanted to light on that man, and when Mrs. Ketchum took him in hand I breathed free, for I knowed she'd do it so it would n't need to be done over. A bit sharp she was, but it served him right, only I did feel for his wife, poor young thing, who stood there half angry and trying to take his part. Little need she had to do that, to be sure, but women always will do just so. Jerry and me were goin' to meetin' one Sunday, when we heard a great screamin', and Jerry started off on a run and I after him, for we had just been married and I feared somethin' might happen to him."

"You're not afraid of any thing happening to him now, aunt Charity?"

She lowered her glasses and looked at me sharply over them. I looked very serious and she said, "I thought you was pokin' fun at me, child, but I see you're not. I've lived with Jerry long enough now to know he can take care of himself, but I did n't stop to think, then, that I would n't be much help in case of an emergency, for you see I was n't the same Charity Dumpers I am now; my waist did n't measure one bit more than half a yard when I was a girl;" aunt Charity betrayed by her tone that all pride had not yet died within her; "you would n't think it to look at me now; my dress-maker always says she ought to have double pay."

"Well, well, aunt Charity," said I, anxious to get at the pith of the story, "never mind, I would n't have you an inch smaller. Did you find uncle Jerry in need of your services?"

"No, I met him coming away looking very red in the face, and he said the next time he meddled in domestic affairs would n't be soon; for he found a man laying it on to his wife as if she was a yoke of oxen, yet the moment he interfered—don't you think!—the virago turned on him and he had to run for his life, she a shoutin' after him, if her husband chose to thrash her she wanted none of his interference. So my Jerry's never meddled with women's affairs from

that day to this. He says they're prickly things, and the less you have to do with them the better."

"But, aunt Charity, I want to hear about your visit to Lazyton's."

"Well, child, I'm comin' to it, only have patience—seems to me you are kind of pettish since you've been sick. I think, now, some yarb tea would strengthen out your nerves. You see the beginnin' of it was this: Lazyton came over, and says he to Jerry, 'Neighbor Dumpers, I'm very poorly indeed—not able to work, and if I was I could n't, for my poor wife's sick in bed, and there's nobody to do a hand's turn for her but me, and we have n't any thing to eat in the house, and if we had I've no way to cook it, for we burned the last stick yesterday—could n't you help us along a bit, neighbor?'"

"Now, if my Jerry has one failin' it is that he has too soft a heart. So he comes to me and says, 'It's too bad for folks to be a sufferin' for the necessities of life while we have full and plenty; so,' says he, 'you'd better go and see them, and I'll send our boy over with a load of wood this morning.' Well, I could n't go right away, for I was bakin', and I could n't start till the bread was riz, but as soon as I got it in the oven I knew it would bake all right, and I piled up a basket with what we had, and ran over to Mrs. Ketchum's to get her to go along. Jerry said if I was n't back in an hour he'd take the bread out, so I felt easy like and waited till Mrs. Ketchum could get ready, which she did n't seem in a hurry to do, but potted about at this thing and that till I got 'most as nervous as you've been this afternoon; but at last I was glad to see her put on her shaker, and so we took the near cut across the fields. I noticed she had very little to say, and I kind of thought a storm was brewin', but ventured to say, 'You aint a takin' any thing yourself, Mrs. Ketchum.'

"Not I—I won't give a cent toward keepin' up that lazy bones; if his poor wife needs any thing, though, I'll try to help her if I can do it without his gettin' the benefit of it."

"As Mrs. Ketchum did n't seem to be in a state of mind favorable to conversation, we walked on quietly till we turned Lazyton's corner, and—what do you think?—there sat Lazyton by the window a whistlin' and his poor wife out splittin' up that wood Jerry sent them."

"Now if that aint too bad," says I, standin' still amazed, but Mrs. Ketchum walked right on, and at sight of her face you may well believe Lazyton stopped his whistlin'. She just marched up to Mrs. Lazyton, and, says she, 'I want that ax.'

"The woman looked scared like, and gave it to her without a word, and Lazyton walked to the door and stood there with his hands in his pockets to see what she would do. She turned on him full.

"Here, sir, take this ax and go to work; you're a poor, mean wretch, to let your wife crawl out of a sick-bed to do your work."

"I got the rheumatiz," sniffled he.

"For want of work; if you'd jump about you'd get oil enough in your joints. The only disease you've got is laziness, and your poor wife, who is sick enough to be in her bed, must slave herself to death to keep you alive, which I suppose she does only out of charity, and not because she desires it."

"Here Mrs. Lazyton threw up her hands, and Mrs. Ketchum went on, 'If she does she's the only one; so if you want to know what you're thought of I can tell you there is n't a man in the country round but says you are too lazy to draw a full breath, and it would be a blessing to the neighborhood if it was rid of you. Now, if you are the one-tenth part of a man, take this ax and go to work. Mrs. Dumpers shall not leave a thing that is in her basket till you split up two of them logs.'

"Well, Lazyton had to move off, though he went rather slow, and by and by he stopped and looked at his wife, who sat half crying on the door-step, and, said he, 'Mary, I did n't—want you—to do it, *did I?*'

"O, yes, but you *let* her do it, and call yourself a *man!* Faugh!" Mrs. Ketchum ground out between her firmly set teeth, and motioned him on to the wood-pile, while Mrs. Lazyton sobbed out, 'You are hard on him.'

"You never did see such a change in any body as there was in that woman, Mrs. Ketchum. The moment Lazyton's back was turned she stooped down and took Mrs. Lazyton's hand as tenderly as if it was a little child's, and says she, 'I did n't want to hurt *you*, Mary; forgive me. You know Lazyton *did* need a little stirrin' up, and I'm rough when I get started. You're tired out. Lie down, and I'll make you a piece of toast and some tea.'

"When we came out Lazyton was at his third log, not wantin' to come in the house while Mrs. Ketchum was there, and she marched past him without so much as lookin' at him. But we had n't got far away till we heard the ax stop, and I suppose he had gone in to eat the contents of my basket.

"You read a great deal," aunt Charity went on, "in the magazines about the kind of wives there is in the world; it's woman here and woman there, but it's my opinion there's more

women martyred by bad husbands than there is men made wretched by bad wives. It's kind o' tryin' to flesh and blood when you're adoin' all you can to make your husband happy and raise your children right, that you can't pick up a book or a paper but there's starin' you in the face all manner of advice to women, thrust before you, as like as not, by some young chit who thinks, as he is of the masculine gender, he has full leave to turn over woman's weaknesses. If women *must* be angels before they dare marry where are they to find *husbands?* Hardly down *here.*"

"Lazyton is an extreme case, aunt Charity."

"Do n't I know that, child? and do n't I know there's a plenty of good husbands like my Jerry? But there's plenty of good wives who do n't need to be continually drummed at to be better when they're doing their best; and that's a heap better than the men they've got's atryin' to do; leastwise I think I know my duty, and I do n't want every country newspaper to be apokin' it before me. So long as Jerry's satisfied what does it concern them? You write sometimes, Floss; I wish you'd tell the printers not to worry themselves so much about us women."

"Just as soon as I get better, aunt Charity, I'll tell them what you told me this afternoon."

Secretly, I do n't know but I sympathize with aunt Charity's views. Women are told and retold to be good housekeepers, to have well-stored minds, to be constant sunbeams, and by all means to keep within their "sphere," till the poor things get so bewildered it is wonderful they can be any thing at all. Query: Has man any "sphere" to keep within, or is woman the only inhabitant of that abstract globularity? The fact is, all sensible women will be all that any reasonable man can ask, and to women who are not sensible it is a waste of ink to write. But I will not venture to add any more, lest my readers say with aunt Charity, "Floss is a spoiled child."

GOD is often lost in prayer and ordinances. "Enter into thy closet," said he, "and shut thy door about thee." "Shut thy door about thee," means much; it means shut out not only frivolity but business, not only company abroad but company at home; it means let thy poor soul have a little rest and refreshment, and God have an opportunity to speak to thee in a still, small voice, or he will speak in thunder. I am persuaded the Lord would often speak more softly if we would "shut the door."

"I'LL PLEDGE NOR WED WITH  
SPARKLING WINE."

I'LL pledge nor wed with sparkling wine,  
Nor where it crowns the board,  
Nor hail you at the festive shrine  
Where such libations pour'd.  
Alone I'll tread life's thorny path,  
Alone its burden bear,  
Alone I'll face hate's fiercest wrath,  
But no such wreath will wear.

Nay, tell me not of plighted vow  
Made strong by ruby wine,  
Nor plead excuse that millions bow,  
As if to law divine,  
To Bacchic rite to seal their love,  
And wed their hearts in heaven;  
For millions wreck their all above,  
Yet hope to be forgiven.

Your vows will prove like ropes of sand  
To bind in trial's hour,  
Or like those ropes in Samson's hand  
That mocked Philistine power.  
I've seen the silent tear that stole  
From eyes unused to weep,  
Until, alas! the mystic bowl  
Brought sorrows dark and deep.

A sister once was life to me,  
As tender as the rose,  
But sweeter far than rose can be—  
A lily fair as blows.  
She bloomed and bless'd our Eden home,  
As tongue can never tell;  
No voice e'er rang thro' palace dome  
That wrought a sweeter spell.

But O, that death, kind death had come  
And laid us side by side,  
Ere worse than death, the fiend of rum,  
Had blasted her, my guide.  
There came in girlhood's dewy eve  
A youth, who woo'd and won,  
With subtle speech as tongue can weave,  
Our lovely darling one.

In rosy morn of womanhood  
I robed my sister bride,  
Then rang'd in haste the vale and wood,  
And cull'd a wreath in pride  
To deck her wealth of auburn hair;  
That done, we kiss'd adieu;  
I heard their vows, and breathed a prayer  
That God would bless them too.

O, fruitless prayer! how vain the vow  
When made in "sparkling wine!"  
Those flowers that wreath'd her bridal brow  
Soon crown'd "the festive shrine;"  
The flowers soon died in vale and wood,  
The last had drooped its head,  
When she, that late in beauty stood,  
Lay sleeping with the dead.

A brother still was left to love,  
A mother whom to trust,  
And father's faith to point above,  
And whisper, "God is just."  
That brother was our all in all,  
My mother's darling boy,  
My father's prop that stay'd his fall,  
My constant pride and joy.

A year or more and he had gone  
To grapple with the world;  
His colors high at manhood's dawn  
He fearlessly unfurl'd.  
O, how our hearts with bliss well'd up,  
As crown by crown he won!  
When lo! he touched this cursed cup—  
He touch'd, and was undone!

From sunny hight to darkest deep  
He sadly, sadly fell;  
Our hearts could bleed, we could not weep,  
Our woe no tears could tell.  
The "earth to earth and dust to dust"  
Was bitter dirge to hear  
For us, bereft of hope and trust,  
And crush'd with direst fear.

We scarce had laid him out of sight,  
When spade, and grave, and bier  
Came once again our home to blight,  
And smite us more severe.  
My father fell as I would fall;  
He slept, and was with God;  
Hope drap'd in white his fun'ral pall;  
We bow'd and kiss'd the rod.

Like clinging vine to shiver'd oak,  
My mother helpless lay;  
She murmur'd not—she seldom spoke—  
Tho' dying day by day,  
Till God in love said, "Weep no more;"  
She smiled and whispered, "Rest;"  
Then gently slept—her trials o'er—  
And rested with the bless'd.

Now, side by side, those graves are green,  
With polish'd shafts so white,  
With anchors all, save one, are seen  
To tell us hope was bright.  
But one, alas! is voiceless—dead;  
As lilies droop and roses fade,  
There comes across that charnel bed  
A gloomy, chilling shade.

I pledge or wed with "sparkling wine?"  
Or where it crowns the board?  
Or hail you at the "festive shrine"  
Where such libations pour'd?  
Alone I'll tread life's thorny path,  
Alone its burden bear,  
Alone I'll face hate's fiercest wrath,  
But no such wreath will wear.

To dead men Christ is life, to sick men health,  
Sight to the blind, and to the needy wealth.



## MICHAEL ANGELO.

THE *renaissance* is one of those periods of history the interest of which will never be exhausted. Neither the age of Pericles nor that of Augustus surpassed it in exhibitions of rare genius and noble character. It was the time when modern philosophy began to dawn, when the great modern nationalities awoke to self-consciousness, when theology received fresh life and assumed new forms, and when modern art attained the zenith of its glory. But while most of the movements which sprang from that period continue still to flow with ever-increasing impetus, the prosperity of art was of short duration, breaking suddenly loose from the chilling fetters of Byzantine stiffness, and, after a brilliant noonday, rapidly declining into a night of servile imitation. Of the men who contributed to create this art-noonday Michael Angelo stands, in some respects, confessedly without a peer. While there were excellent sculptors, painters, architects, and engineers, each in his own department, Michael Angelo combined all all these skills in his own person, and produced master-pieces in each which have excited the admiration of all succeeding generations. The fortifications of *San Miniato*, the dome of St. Peter's, the statues of David and Moses, of Aurora and Night, and the paintings of the Sistine and Pauline chapels, continue severally to be Meccas of art-pilgrimage. And, in another respect, Michael Angelo was favored above his fellows; his long life swept almost through the whole bloom-period of Italian art. His age was that of the Medici, and of the Reformation. Among his contemporaries were Columbus, Erasmus, and Copernicus; Luther, Melancthon, Calvin, and Savonarola; Rabelais, Macchiavelli, Ariosto, and Tasso. Among his fellow-artists were Da Vinci, Titian, Raphael, and Cellini. For many years after his birth mankind believed the sun to revolve around the earth; before he died Lord Bacon was born. At his birth alchemists were yet seeking for the philosopher's stone; at his death the foundations of modern physics were laying.

That such a man as Michael Angelo should not lack biographers is perfectly natural. His contemporaries, Vasari and Condivi, wrote of him with enthusiasm. His *Life*, by John Harford, was published in London, 1858. The exhaustive German work of Hermann Grimm has lately been translated and published in America.

It is the purpose of this article not so much to criticise his works, as briefly to resume the facts and traits which characterized him as a man.

Michael Angelo Buonarroti was born of an ancient though not wealthy family, March 6, 1475, not far from Florence. Being one of a numerous family, he was given, to be nursed, to a stone-cutter's wife near Arezzo, in allusion to which he said to Vasari in later years: "If I have any thing good in me I owe it to the pure air of Arezzo, just as I owe to the milk I sucked, the mallets and chisels with which I carve my figures." His father, discovering early in him the buddings of talent, sent him to a grammar school. But from this he drew little profit. He showed more taste for drawing, and spent the moments he could rob from his studies in disfiguring the walls of his home. But the father was unwilling to be thwarted, and, as Condivi says, often "scolded and even severely whipped" the little truant. Obtaining from a pupil some of the designs of Ghirlandajo, he showed such skill in copying them, and such obstinacy in loving the work, that, finally, at the age of fourteen, he prevailed in getting himself apprenticed, for three years, to the author of the frescos of *Santa Maria Novella*, for which, contrary to all precedent, the father was to receive money. In this beautiful Church, which he afterward called his "bride," he was now able to indulge to the full his love for painting; and so rapid was his progress that Ghirlandajo, not long after, is said to have exclaimed, not without a tinge of jealousy, "That boy knows as much as I."

The youth did not serve out the time of his apprenticeship. Since the death of Shiberti and Donatello there was no sculptor of note in Florence. Lorenzo di Medici, with the view of encouraging the art, had collected in the gardens of San Marco a large number of statues and antique fragments, and put them under charge of Bertoldo. That he might place under this man some promising scholars, he inquired for such of the chief artists, and Ghirlandajo sent him Michael Angelo. A fawn's head, which the young artist soon produced, called upon him the attention of all Florence. Lorenzo admitted him to his palace and table, and made him the companion of his sons. Here, in the society of such scholars as Poliziano and Pico di Mirandola, his mind received breadth and learning. For some time his art-preparations were, the studying of anatomy in a hospital, and antiques in the San Marco gardens. His progress roused the envy of his comrades, and one of them contrived to get him into a quarrel and break his nose, sadly disfiguring his face for life.

Lorenzo died in 1492, and Michael Angelo was so saddened by the loss of his benefactor as "to remain several days unable to do any

thing." And throughout his long life he remembered with gratitude his munificent protector, without, however, in the least compromising his freedom-loving republican tastes. He was neither thankless nor servile. When, under Lorenzo's worthless successor, the Savonarola revolution arose, Michael Angelo, unwilling to take sides against his new patron, or for him and against the republicans, retired to Venice, and, soon after, to Bologna. Here he found a generous friend who retained him more than a year, charmed not only with his art talents, but also with his "fine pronunciation, causing him to read Dante, Petrarch," etc.

Returning to Florence, in 1495, he made a famous *Sleeping Cupid*, which became the occasion of his first visit to Rome. A cardinal, San Giorgio, was charmed with it, and sent for its author. Michael Angelo remained in Rome from 1496 to 1501; but of the works accomplished during those five years of early manhood only a few, a *Bacchus*, an *Adonis*, and the *Pieta* of St. Peter's, are now known. This *Pieta* is the only one of his productions which bears his name. One day, hearing some strangers commending it, and attributing it to a Milanese artist, he said nothing, but returning at night with a lantern, he carved on it: *Michaelangelus Buonarotus, Floren.* The group excited criticism at Rome. Some thought the Virgin, relatively to the age of Christ, too youthful. But the artist defended himself, saying, that as virtuous women preserve their youth much longer than others in general, so this must have been eminently the case with the Holy Virgin, and that in the careworn looks of Christ, he had designed to show that our Savior had really taken upon himself a body and experienced the sorrows of human life. Whatever be the value of this explanation, the works of this artist were already putting on that marked individuality that so distinguishes him from, and perhaps raises him above, the abstract generalizing art of the Greeks. He was stamping upon art a new form, and rendering it capable of expressing new teachings.

After the death of Savonarola the arts received fresh encouragement in Florence, and Michael Angelo wished to return to his country. An occasion soon offered. The church of *Santa Maria del Fiore* possessed an enormous block of Carrara marble, on which several sculptors had pronounced the decision that nothing could be made of it. Michael Angelo, delighting in difficulties, hastened to the spot, erected over the block a tent, and shut himself up for eighteen months, allowing no one to see his work. The result of this solitary labor was the gigantic

statue of the youthful David which now stands in front of the *Palazzo Vecchio*. When it was just finished a high officer came to see it, and expressed the opinion that the nose was a little too long, whereupon the artist, chisel in hand, hastened up the scaffolding, and, having scattered a handful of marble-dust into the air and down upon the critic, pretended to give some finishing touches to the displeasing nose, and then turning to the flattered officer asked what he thought of it now. "Admirable!" was the reply; "you have given it new life." This bit of acted sarcasm is very characteristic of the great artist.

Among his next works was a picture, the *Madonna*, now in the *Tribune* at Florence. It is not among the best of his works. His vast genius was cramped by the narrow limits. He is said to have disdained oil painting in general, saying that it was fit only for women.

In 1504 Da Vinci and Michael Angelo were engaged to prepare cartoons for the decoration of the side-walls of the council chamber of Florence. The cartoons were drawn, and exposed to the public, and described by contemporaries, but never painted, and are now entirely lost. Michael Angelo spent nearly a year in executing his side. Benvenuto Cellini, who saw them, affirms that even in the Sistine Chapel Michael Angelo did not attain an equal inspiration, and that this, together with the composition of Da Vinci, deserved to be regarded as a perfect pattern for all future painters.

Soon after the elevation of Julius II, the aged but ambitious and warrior Pope, to the chair of St. Peter, he induced Michael Angelo to come to Rome and undertake to build for him a mausoleum so magnificent that it might eclipse any thing the world had yet seen—an enterprise that involved the artist in infinite vexation, was often discontinued, never fully carried out, and terminated only long after the Pope's death. The monument is to be seen on the Esquiline Hill in the church of *San Pietro in Vinsula*, and contains the world-renowned statue of Moses, upon which, says Grimm, the artist chiseled for forty years. After eight months spent at Carrara in quarrying the marble, he returned to Rome and began the work. Julius II, who seemed to find in the proud, independent spirit of the artist a congeniality with his own, took great interest in the progress of the work, and even constructed a covered gallery between his palace and the *atelier* of Michael Angelo, "whither he often came to converse with him and to discourse of the sepulcher and other things, as he would have done with a brother." But between this haughty autocrat, who boasted of being "lord

and master of the whole human herd," and the unbending self-respect of the artist, such concord could not long continue, and in fact a rupture soon occurred. All the circumstances are not known. It is said that, from superstitious motives, the Pope had grown indifferent to the progress of the mausoleum, and slack in supplying the artist with the necessary money; and that when, in a moment of perplexity, the artist had been refused an immediate audience with the Pope, he suddenly determined to abandon the work, and ordered the valet to say to his master, when he had need of him, "that he had gone elsewhere." Returning home at two o'clock at night, he directed his servants to sell his effects to the Jews and follow him to Florence, and then mounting a horse he stopped not till he was beyond the Papal territory.

But the haughty Pontiff had no notion of being defied. Letter after letter came to the Government of Florence demanding the surrender of the artist. But Michael Angelo, rather than be forced to return, had resolved to expatriate himself and take service under the Turkish Sultan. After the intervention of many cardinals and numberless letters, the artist finally yielded and consented to an interview with the Pope, who was then at Bologna. The letter of the Gonfalonier of Florence, commending him to some cardinals at Bologna, is noteworthy as throwing great light on the character of the artist. "The bearer of this," so reads it, "is Michael Angelo, a sculptor, whom we send to you to gratify his Holiness and accomplish his wishes. We certify to you that he is a young man of distinction, and, in his art, unique in Italy, if not also in the whole world. We commend him to you very warmly. He is of such temper that one obtains from him, by means of kind words and attentions, all that one wishes. If he meets with sufficient good-will and friendship, he will produce works that will astonish those that behold them." Such in fact was his disposition—prompt, violent, defiant toward domination, but pliant as a reed before words of kind entreaty. "As is the case," says Condivi, "with such as are addicted to a contemplative life, he was timid, save when he had just cause for indignation, or when injustice was done to him or to others. Then he had more courage than those who are reputed as courageous. But generally he was very patient."

The same author gives a fine description of the first interview of the artist with Julius: "Michael Angelo, arriving in the morning at Bologna, went to San Petronio to hear mass. Recognized there by some servants of the Pope he was conducted into the presence of his Ho-

liness, who sat at table in the palace of the Sixteen. When he saw him in his presence he said with irritated visage, 'It was your part to come to us, but you have waited for us to come to you!' Michael Angelo made obeisance, and raising his voice excused himself, saying that he had not acted from malice but from indignation, and that he could not bear to be refused as he had been. The Pope lowered his looks without a word and seemed in trouble. Thereupon a bishop, who had introduced the artist, interposed and said, 'May your Holiness pardon him; he has sinned by ignorance. These painters are all so.' The Pope replied angrily, 'You utter stupidities that I do not. It is you who are the ignoramus. You insult him. Go to the devil.' And as he did not go, he was thrust out by fist-blows of the servants—some adding that the Pope himself struck him. The Pope having thus discharged the greater part of his wrath on the bishop, caused Michael Angelo to approach, pardoned him, gave him his benediction, and asked him not to leave Bologna till he had received his orders. Shortly after he sent for him and ordered a statue of himself for the pediment of San Petronio."

Before his departure the Pope came to see the model. The artist, perplexed to know what he should put in the left hand, asked Julius if it should be a book. "How a book!" exclaimed the warrior Pontiff. "A sword! I am not of the lettered class." And jestingly alluding to the bold position of the right arm, he asked smiling, "Is the statue pronouncing a blessing or a curse?" "Holy Father," replied the artist, "it is menacing this people for the case that they shall not prove prudent."

This statue occupied the artist sixteen months. It was of gigantic proportions and of bronze, and was erected in 1508. A few years afterward it was dashed to pieces in a popular tumult, and its fragments cast into a cannon.

On finishing this statue Michael Angelo returned to Rome, and was asked to undertake the frescoing of the chapel of Sixtus IV. He hesitated, urged that he had worked in frescoing only in his boyhood, declared that he was only a sculptor, and proposed Raphael. But Julius was inflexible, and on May 8, 1508, Michael Angelo began the work on that vault, which resulted, according to a French critic, "in one of the most astonishing master-pieces that ever sprang from the soul of man."

Julius had engaged Bramante to erect the scaffolding. The work did not please Michael Angelo, and he constructed it new for himself. Having asked the aid of some artists from Florence, he was so dissatisfied with what they did

that he destroyed it, dismissed all help, and determining to do the work unassisted, mingled his own colors, prepared the mortar, and shut himself up in the chapel, allowing no one to see the work he had begun. His industry was astonishing. Entering the chapel at daybreak he only retired at dark, allowing himself simply a meager repast at the close of the day, and sometimes even sleeping over night on the rough planks of the scaffolding. But scarcely had he made a little progress when, to his surprise, a tarnish began to spread over and destroy his colors, for which he could discover no cause. In despair he hastened to the Pope and said, "I took care to tell your Holiness that painting was not my art. All that I have done is ruined; if you will not believe me, send some one to examine it." Julius sent San Gallo, who immediately saw that the trouble arose from the artist's ignorance of the peculiar properties of the chalk and mortar of Rome. Set right in this matter, Michael Angelo went to work with renewed vigor, and within the space of twenty months completed the first half of the ceiling.

The mystery in which the artist had shrouded his work excited the curiosity of the public. The aged Julius had persisted in occasionally entering the chapel and climbing the scaffolding to view the work. Finally impatience overcame him, and, despite the entreaties of the artist, he caused the chapel to be cleared of rubbish, and the eager multitude to be admitted. Before even the dust had settled the gratified Pontiff entered in state and began the celebration of mass.

The remaining and larger part of the ceiling was not completed before 1512. The impatience of Julius came near occasioning a second rupture with the artist. The latter, wishing to visit Florence, called on the Pope for funds. "But when will you finish my chapel?" "As soon as I can." "As soon as I can! As soon as I can!" repeated the irascible Pontiff. "And I will have you thrown down from your scaffolding," and he struck or attempted to strike the artist with his staff. Michael Angelo, hastening to settle up his affairs, was on the point of leaving Rome, when a messenger from the Pope arrived bringing an apology and five hundred ducats. He consented to continue and complete the work.

Of the grandeur of the scenes depicted on this vault we will attempt no description. As a whole it constitutes a single sublime allegorical epos, beginning with Creation and sweeping down almost through the entire field of history. It is the story of Paradise, the Fall, the Deluge, the prophets, the sibyls, and of great world-

tragedies. So many grand conceptions were perhaps never before depicted within so narrow a space. Italy was at this period in the throes of dissolution. The favorite reading of Michael Angelo was the prophets and the sublime poesy of Dante. These facts may help to explain the origin of the tragic conceptions which, in his four years of solitude, the artist depicted so vividly on the vault of the Sistine Chapel.

Julius died soon after the opening of the chapel. During the first years of the pontificate of Leo X, Michael Angelo was compelled to give himself repose. His four years of painting overhead had almost ruined his vision. "For months afterward," says Vasari, "he could not examine a drawing or read a letter without elevating it above his head." But his repose was not long. Leo X wished to endow Florence, his native city, with monuments so splendid as, in some degree, to blind the people to the loss of their liberties. He desired to convert the church of San Lorenzo into a magnificent family mausoleum. In this design he caused Michael Angelo to consume four or five years of the flower of his life in quarrying, in the mountains, marble which, for the most part, was never put to use; for the capricious Leo abandoned the undertaking. The disappointment and chagrin of the artist were extreme. The Pope now engaged him to construct in the sacristy of San Lorenzo two sumptuous monuments for his brother Giuliano and his nephew Lorenzo—a work which was only accomplished ten years later.

Leo, having died in 1521, was succeeded by the humble and austere Adrian IV, under whose brief reign the arts were discouraged. Under the succeeding unfortunate and worthless Medici Pope, Clement VII, the republican party of Florence attempted to regain their liberties, and in 1529 induced Michael Angelo to take charge of the fortifications. In this new business he showed himself a master. It is well known how much, in after times, the celebrated Vauban admired the defenses which he constructed around San Miniato. And here again we find him a prey to conflicting sentiments. To obey his convictions of duty he fought against the living Medici, but whenever he could get a moment of leisure he retired to San Lorenzo and furtively worked on the tombs of the dead Giuliano and Lorenzo. But the city could not hold out long, and the troops of Clement entered and filled it with blood. Michael Angelo was proscribed, but secreted himself. The wrath of the Pope finally subsided, and as he desired the finishing of the tombs he published a full pardon of the artist. Michael Angelo, who for



near fifteen years had been allowed to do very little for art, came forth from his retreat in an emaciated condition and resumed the work. The chapel of San Lorenzo is a square room surmounted by a dome. The air and style of the spot are stiff and chilling, and nothing but the splendid statues which Michael Angelo has there erected would suffice to awaken emotion. These are six in number, and are all allegorical. The seated figures of Lorenzo and Giuliano symbolize thought and action. At the feet of Lorenzo repose a male and a female form representing *Day* and *Night*; at those of Giuliano are the admired figures of *Aurora* and *Crepuscule*. The lines of Strozzi on the figure of *Night* are well known: "This Night, whom thou seest so gently sleeping, was carved by an angel (Angelo.) She is alive, for she sleeps; if you doubt it, awake her and she will speak to you." The statues of *Crepuscule* and *Aurora* symbolize death and immortality. Says Mr. Grimm: "The manly figure sinking into rest, his eyelids seeming to droop, is a symbol of farewell in death; the woman casting off her slumber, seeming to feel the new light almost like pain, is a symbol of the waking into immortality from the sleep of death."

Under Paul III we find Michael Angelo again at Rome and engaged on his greatest work, the *Last Judgment*. The cartoons were begun in 1533, though the fresco was not finished till 1541. Of incidents in the life of the artist during these eight years very few are known. He shrouded himself in that mystery and solitude which were so congenial to his grand and somber spirit. His reading, so far as he indulged in it, was the Bible and the sublime utterings of Savonarola. The fresco which resulted, constitutes, in the opinion of many, the most masterly painting ever produced; it fills the whole end of the Sistine Chapel. The idea of the composition is this: The wall on which we look represents the open space of the heavens. From the central figure, Christ, beams of light radiate on all sides. He is surrounded by an immense circle of saints with their insignia. Below Christ is the angel of judgment with trumpets sounding into the depths. On the one side the awakened good spirits are ascending; on the other, the evil are attempting to rise, but are beaten back by demons. And, above all, are the triumphantly borne symbols of Christ's sufferings.

The Last Judgment has not escaped blame. Its profusion of nude forms gave great offense. When Paul III was admiring it he asked his master of ceremonies for his opinion. He replied that it was a pity that so many shamelessly

nude figures had been displayed in so respectable a place, and that it would be a much better decoration for a bath-room than for his Holiness' chapel. Michael Angelo heard it, and, as soon as he was alone, went and painted the luckless master of ceremonies, in the form of Minos, in hell. The likeness was so striking that every body discovered it. The master laid his grievance before the Pope, who asked him where the artist had placed him. "In hell," was the answer. "Alas!" said Paul smiling, "if he had put you only in purgatory I could have rescued you; but since you are in hell my power can not help you. *Nulla est redemptio*."

When Paul IV came to the tiara he could hardly be kept from destroying the painting. "Tell the Pope," said Michael Angelo to some one who spoke of his displeasure, "to concern himself less with this trifle, and more with reforming men, a thing far less easy to do than to correct paintings."

The next work of Michael Angelo was the painting of the *Crucifixion of Peter*, and the *Conversion of Paul*, still to be seen on the walls of the Pauline Chapel. They were completed when he was near his seventy-fifth year. These were the last products of his pencil. They show a little flagging of his executive powers, and constitute, as Mr. Harford remarks, the Odyssey of his art. The last work of his chisel is a *Deposition from the Cross*, upon which he worked occasionally till his very last days. It was left incomplete, and is now to be seen behind the main altar of the *Duomo* of Florence.

But the last, and perhaps the grandest of Michael Angelo's works, is the church of St. Peter's, Rome, and particularly its unparalleled dome. The previous architect, San Gallo, having died, Michael Angelo, when above seventy, was appointed in his place, 1546. Pointing out the mistakes of his predecessors, he drew up, within the space of fifteen days, a new plan, which met with approval, and which impressed on that vast temple, in the main, the form in which we see it to-day. He strengthened the great central pillars, returned to the form of the Greek cross, and realized the daring thought of Bramante, of suspending the *Pantheon* in the air. After his death the form of the Latin cross was returned to, and the façade projected so far forward as in a great measure to destroy the external effect of the dome—a matter of eternal regret to the world. This vast work occupied the last seventeen years of the aged artist—a fit employment for the unflinching powers of his sublime genius.

Of Michael Angelo's domestic and religious

character little or nothing has as yet been said. In fact, the material for much on this phase of the subject does not seem to be extant. The works which we have consulted in preparing this article consist mainly of descriptions of his epoch, and criticisms of his art-productions. His domestic life can be hastily dispatched. He never married. To a priest who rallied him on this subject, he replied that he had wife enough in his art; and that as for children, they were his statues and pictures. He seems generally to have kept house, in some sort, under the charge of one or two maid domestics. Once mention is made of a bound maid-servant, under the stipulation that should she prove of good conduct, she should, after four years, be allowed to marry and receive a handsome dowry. At one time he was as deeply afflicted at the death of an aged maid-servant as if it had been his nearest relative. His life was almost that of a hermit. His lofty thoughts and noble life seem to have interposed a barrier between him and the frivolous, godless men with whom he mostly came in contact. From Rome, when yet young, he wrote home: "I have no friends; I need none, and wish to have none."

But did Michael Angelo never love? It is not easy to say. Only one lady is mentioned in close connection with his name—the talented, beautiful, and deeply pious Marchioness Vittoria Colonna. But when they first met, he was full sixty years old, and she was far advanced in widowhood. Nevertheless, their sympathy with each other, their friendship, mutual affection, or whatever its precise nature may have been, was a remarkable and happy event in the artist's life, and doubtless was very effectual in counteracting his tendency to gloom and misanthropy, and in awakening into warmer life his religious sentiments. That their relation was of perfect purity admits of no doubt. The fact that love is the theme of several of his sonnets, both of some which he addressed to her, and of some written in his youth, proves nothing. They were either diversions of the moment, or addressed Platonically to an ideal Beatrice of art. "I have often heard him," says Condivi, "reason and discourse of love, and I have learned also from others that he never spoke of it otherwise than as presented by Plato. I know not what Plato says, but I am sure that I have long and intimately known Michael Angelo, and I have never heard fall from his lips other than words of the purest character, and well fitted to repress the irregular desires which spring up in the heart of youth." The nature of his relation to Vittoria may be partially divined from the following version of a little

madrigal addressed to her soon after they had first met: "Fluctuatingly seek I the truth; my heart, hesitating between virtue and vice, droops and wearies, as one who loses his path in darkness. O, be thou light in my gloom; remove my doubts; teach me to avoid past errors; yes, dictate to me my conduct, thou who knowest, by such gentle paths, to guide me to heaven."

Of the religious life of Michael Angelo there seems to be little of very positive known—little save what may be inferred from his general temperament, and from the spirit of his artworks and his poems. Perhaps even if we knew his life intimately there would not be much of commendatory to say. Living in an atmosphere where philosophers, cardinals, and popes gave a general example of atheism, vice, and blasphemy, it required heroic courage to withstand the flood. But we know that some—a Savonarola, a Mirandola, a Fra Angelico—did stand the test, and why may not Michael Angelo have done so?

Naturally of a proud, imperious, solitude-loving temper, he doubtless enjoyed less than others the amenities of society, and finally became inclined to sarcasm and misanthropy. But withal he was just and generous. Quick to take extreme and rash resolutions, he was ever ready to retrace his steps when once convinced of error. He gave freely of his money to his needy relatives and to relieve distress. He loved children. A boy on the street once offered him a sheet, asking for a drawing; he immediately stopped and granted the request. His misanthropy even seems to have been the mere effect of a noble contempt for the class of men he saw about him. From his favorite books, the Bible, Dante, and Savonarola, it is certain that he delighted in pure and lofty sentiments. Whether, through the evangelical Occhino and Vittoria, he imbibed Protestant views is uncertain; it is clear, however, that he was free from the peculiar superstitions of Popery. Many of his sonnets are religious, and they breathe only of the purest primitive Christianity—of justification by faith in Christ alone. Witness among many similar ones the following: "If my soul, led astray by a false guide, has fallen from its first dignity, it is perhaps to teach me that, instead of censuring men for their errors, I should pity them. Where, O Savior! shall I find support, if thou withdrawest from me thine? If thy love sustains me not, I fear I shall perish in the tumult of adverse cries. O, may thy flesh, may thy blood, may those terrible agonies of thy death purge away the sinfulness which clave to me at birth! Thou alone canst do it; may thy infinite mercy remove the iniquity of a

repenting one, who is so near to death and so far from God!"

Michael Angelo died of old age. Falling into a slight fever he sent for his grand-nephew, but expired before his arrival. This occurred February 18, 1564, when his age was eighty-nine. To some friends and his physician he expressed his last will verbally—"My soul I resign to God, my body to the earth, and my possessions to my relatives." He was at first buried in Rome; but a few days subsequently some Florentines, to comply with his last wishes, disinterred the body, smuggled it out of the city, and finally deposited it where it now rests, by the side of Dante, Alfieri, and Macchiavelli, in the church of *Santa Croce*, Florence.

Such was Michael Angelo, the boldest, the most universal art-genius of that golden age of the *renaissance*—a man whom the Italians delight to place by the side of Dante and Raphael in the elect triumvirate of modern Romans—an artist whose life, extending over the reigns of thirteen Popes, and whose temper, delighting in the solitary and terrible, remind us of the patriarchs and prophets of old, and to whom it was granted, as to few men in history, to realize, as far as possible, an earthly immortality.

#### "DO N'T, FRED!"

FRED CARROL was trying to make the most of his vacation by worrying through parlor literature. One dozy afternoon he yawned himself to the "finis" of a wretchedly stupid poem—as he felt inclined to vote it. He started up from the sofa under one of those impulses so unaccountable to finished-up people; something else must be done at once—something new, exciting, sensational. The animal life had been kept under the better part of a year by a college curriculum, and now it must have its rights, air, sunshine, action. No parlor lounging or poetry mumbling would just then meet its demand.

The very proper young lady sewing by the window did not understand this, however. This only brother, so full of high virility, so near the grand possibilities that our low civilization keeps out of a woman's reach—this brother was her idol. Woe betide her who sets her heart on one of these captious, fiery young fellows, unless her love has the stretch and strength of the Atlantic cable; for, with the best imaginable intentions, his tangents will test her heart-strings to the utmost. Hold fast to him though, and let him have his chase, and by and by you can tow him along side, as staid and reliable as your

heart desires—up to the highest notch on your measuring rod—a man.

One would think Sarah Carrol might have learned so much by this time; but some very good people are so wrapped in egotism and self-consciousness, every line they learn has to be trodden into their hearts by the hoof of pain. So it fell out, year by year, that this sister looked forward to Fred's vacations with high hope, and back upon them with a heartache.

On this particular occasion, not knowing what else to do, the young gentleman threw himself upon the piano stool, with an onslaught upon the keys altogether excruciating to sensitive ears.

"O, do n't, Frederic!" Sarah held her voice down almost to a drawl to keep the fretful out of it. "Please do n't."

On went the drumming, louder, and more direfully discordant.

"I should think, Frederic," her emphasis growing tart, "you might have a little regard for my feelings."

A teasing spirit tingled in Fred's fingers, and sent them more nimbly over the keys—a provoking smile twisting his new mustache from before his white teeth.

"Do indulge me in a little culture of the fine arts, Miss Carrol. 'Tis said, you know, music hath charms. Allow me to try its power upon your ruffled spirits."

There were silly tears in Sarah's eyes—just such tears as young fellows like our Sophomore, of shallow years and insight, hate most desperately.

"I did anticipate so much in your coming home, Frederic, but you won't do any thing to please me."

"A somewhat difficult task, I find, Miss Exquisite," striking the bass keys spitefully, and wrinkling his forehead in vexation.

"I was in hopes," complained Sarah, "I'd take a little comfort having you read to me. There's Macaulay!"

"Macaulay go hang!" blurted Fred in a downright pet. He wheeled on the stool to rush out of the room, but the next minute he found use for all his dexterity to avoid measuring his length on the floor. Lizzie, his younger sister, had thrown down her work, and sprung toward him with an adroit shove, that came within one of sending him from his perch.

"Graceful attitudes! Herr Gottschalk!" dancing out of his reach, and clapping her hands.

"You little torment! I'll pay you!" dashing after her as she darted through the hall and down the steps.

"Stop, Fred! Wait! Say! See here!" turn-

ing at bay, and parrying the merry cuffs aimed at her ears. "Do n't you want a boat race? Come on! Did n't know I had Tom fix up your old boat, so we could have some fun this vacation, did you? Yes—and went up to Martin's, and got Ed's skiff, too—rowed it down all alone. Was n't that big?"

"O, you're a splendid little cat! Where's my *chapeau*?" starting back into the hall.

"Get mine, too, Fred. O, say, Sade!" running back into the sitting-room, and skipping up to her sister, who was bending over her sewing, choking down the ugly sobs—"come, sis, put away this old stitching. Fred and I are going down to the river. Come, you need n't row or do any thing, only just sit in the boat with me. Come! What's the use? Let's have some fun now Fred's here! It'll do us lots o' good."

Sarah drew back her head with a dignified bend, tossed off her tears, and tried to play "strong."

"No, Lizzie, you and Fred can go and enjoy yourselves. Any body who speaks to his sister as he does to me would, of course, rather not have her with him to mar his pleasure. I want Frederic to be happy, so I'll stay in and sew for him—out of his sight. He does n't care any thing for me."

Here her eloquence began to falter. The unmanageable tears were getting the start of her. There is little use in women trying to put on the independent till the hydraulic machinery in their heads is in better repair. Miss Sarah rallied, however, and by a desperate wrench at the crank brought under control her womanish—no, babyish tendencies.

"He never did understand me. He never will. It's my fate, I suppose. No, you need n't urge me; I sha' n't go."

A couple of hours later Fred and Lizzie were coming up from the river, tamed into passable propriety by their boat race. The young gentleman had rowed, and laughed, and played tricks—getting as good in return—till he was in a comfortably quiet mood. The sport having exhausted his superfluous spirits, quite peaceable times might be expected for a dozen hours or so. His conscience began to twinge disagreeably at the thought of Sarah. Albeit, Lizzie, walking along so unconcernedly, swinging her hat by the strings, had "a rod in soak" for him, and was only waiting a good opportunity to make him feel his shortcomings. At length he broke out with, "I do wish, Liz, Sarah was n't so everlasting queer! She just fusses and 'do n'ts' at me from morning till night. I know I'm hateful—just as mean as I can be;

but that everlasting 'do n't, Fred,' 'do nt, Fred,' dinging round after one every time he stirs."

"Sarah thinks the world of you, Fred."

"Do n't believe it!"

"It's so, nevertheless. It's just because she does think so much of you, that she exacts so much kindness and attention in return. For weeks it's been nothing but, 'When Fred comes we'll do so and so,' 'Fred likes this,' and 'Fred must have that'—all the extras saved up for Fred's coming—the great occasion with Sarah. She do n't seem to understand that a boy—or man—beg your pardon—who's been off to school a whole year, must be tired to death of being shut up in the house with books, and—and folks, and vacations, needs to rush about and do as he pleases, and have fun in his own way. Now you're real nice to me, though I do n't do half as much for you as Sarah does. She's working herself almost sick to fix up your clothes nicely. She won't have any help, because she knows better than any body else just how you like to have things done. Her head has ached all day; but she will work at those shirts. You did n't know that, and that your drumming on the piano made it ache so much harder, did you?"

"Of course I did n't. I know Sarah's good—good as she can be—and I'm an out-and-out pagan; but then," rallying in self-defense again, "it's just as you say, when a fellow has been shut up to hard work so long, he wants to do as he likes when he gets home—throw himself around—tumble about—rest up. What's the use o' having a home if he can't enjoy it? I know how it is with Sarah. She expects the joint efforts of this Carrol family and old Yale to turn out a model man, and she's watching me all the time to see if I come up to the perfection point."

"I tell her not to mind your little odd ways," said Lizzie, picking a flower to pieces nervously. "They'll all come right in time. They are a part of the programme, I suppose," an arch smile brushing the perplexity from her face. "All students, out of stories, have to go through them, as children do the hooping-cough and chicken-pox. But, Freddie, you must be nice to Sarah; she's such a good sister."

"Of course she is; a dozen times better than you, you little toad! But then, Lizzie, it's a fact, if you were n't here I should just run off vacations and stay. I could n't stand Sarah's everlasting 'do n't, Fred,' every time I'm like to infringe any of her prim proprieties."

A year later, one murky afternoon, Lizzie Carrol got off the cars at Mayville Station.



She looked eagerly through the crowd for Fred, but looking was of no avail, for Fred was no where to be seen.

"Why, what can this mean?" she asked herself, as the train moved on, and the depot loungers began to scatter. "I thought surely Fred would meet me. I'm afraid—"

"Lizzie!"

"Why, Sarah! You here? Where's Fred? How pale you are! Been sick? Any thing the matter at home?"

"They're all well, Lizzie. You see, father could n't send the carriage, as he wrote you he would. I knew you'd have a lonesome ride in the stage, and not get in till near midnight, so I came over to take care of you"—smiling faintly.

"Why did n't Fred come?"

"He is n't at home."

"Is n't at home? Why, Sarah, where is he?"

Sarah had to brace hard to keep her voice steady.

"He would n't be contented there without you, so he went up to Lodi to spend a few days with Hollister."

"Hollister? Not Dick Hollister! Why, Sarah, Fred thinks real meanly of him. Do n't you remember he would n't introduce him to us that time we met him at Wayland? You know he said he was dissipated."

The old stage lumbered off with the two girls. Lizzie chattered nervously, to drive from her mind her forebodings about her brother. Sarah was as moodily taciturn as the weather. The sun went to bed in a thunder-cloud. The night shut down around them pitchy and chill. Presently a drizzling rain began to sift from the inky skies.

"Guess we'll have to hold on a bit," said the driver, reining up before an old country tavern. "Rather scaly lookin' place for women folks—this—and a turrible set 'round gin'ally. But there's a tremenjous pokerish piece o' road twist here 'n' the gap. Do n't want to resk my neck a drivin' on 't sich a storm as this is a gittin' to be."

"What would you have done alone in this horrible place?" whispered Sarah, as they followed a rough old man, with a smoky lamp, through the shabbiest of shabby halls into the dingy "sittin'-room."

"Been scared half out of my wits," returned Lizzie, a feeble smile struggling up to her intent eyes. "I'd have trusted in the good Father though, and come out all right. But it was real kind of you to come for me."

The girls disposed of themselves as best they could. The storm rattled the rickety windows and threatened to tumble the old house over;

but the sounds that came from the bar-room, with the whisky and tobacco stench, made them forget the outside tumult. There was a name and a voice in that horrid drunken brawl that made the blood stand still at their hearts, and the cold shudders creep over them. "Come, *Carrol*, another good horn 'll put you in better humor. Say, Stubbs, stir us up a good stiff one." "I tell you, Hollister, I'm not going to touch another drop. I've played the fool long enough!" An oath accompanied this, that the young man would hardly have had his sisters hear from his lips for his right hand.

"O, Sarah! our Fred!"—moaned Lizzie, her eyes wide and tearless, her white lips apart, and the sound dying in her throat.

"Putting on airs, seems to me," came through the chinks. "Come, now, Fred, what's the use? You're in for it, and you might as well have a good jolly time. Never stop half-way—that's my motto. What do you say, boys?"

"That's the talk!" "Them's my sentiments!" "That's the music!" was hiccoughed by bestial voices.

Fred Carrol's words were excited and unsteady. "You've gammoned me long enough, Hollister. I tell you I'm not going to taste another drop. I'm going to start home when the stage goes, and you'll be at liberty to do the same."

A snaky laugh wriggled from Hollister's lips. "He, he, he, you look like going! That Puritan sister of yours would go into fits to see her young hopeful in his present *status*."

"Take care, sir, my sister is n't to be named in such a place as this!"

"Ha, ha, but that's a good one. You forget, my young friend, how you've talked about her. Tell you, boys, you ought to have heard him go on about his sister Sarah putting in her best strokes to make a saint of him, with her everlasting fidgeting and fussing. All he came up to my place for was to get rid of it. Good champagne got that out of him. But the joke of it is, 'Jim Hollister is such a *dissipated fellow*,' [dropping his voice to a tantalizing whine] not at all fit to be introduced to the immaculate Carrol girls. His wines and horses were good enough to scare off the blues with, though."

The sisters clung to each other and gasped broken sentences of prayer. Oaths, blows, strugglings, and a heavy fall smote their hearts with terror. There was a hurried tramping—a confusion of rough voices, like the growls of a retreating thunder-storm. The door was pushed open, and their brother was brought in unconscious. O the agony! the wild suspense! Had they killed him? No, no, he could not be dead.

Christ would not let him die in such a way, in such a place! In a few moments he opened his eyes and stared vaguely around. Failing to collect his thoughts enough to know where he was, and who were about him, he closed them again, and in a little while dropped into a heavy sleep, broken only by half-delirious wakings till morning. By his side, that fearful night, Sarah Carrol discovered the mistake of her life.

With her to know was to do; so, then and there, she gave up her exacting, dogmatic self-consciousness, and determined, by God's help, never again to "put a stumbling-block or occasion to fall in her brother's way." The girls agreed that Fred must not see Sarah or know that she had been there at all. As soon as they were sure he was not seriously hurt, she was to go home, leaving him and Lizzie to go for a week or two to visit a friend. If Fred would break off at once from these evil associates and habits—as they believed he would—they would never pain their parents by a knowledge of the disgraceful affair. When he came to himself next morning, his mortification was intense. Lizzie had no word of reproach for him, but was ready, in his deep penitence, to lead him again to the ever-patient Christ.

Just before the close of Fred's vacation, he and Lizzie were sitting one evening engaged in one of those quiet talks that are of so much comfort to sisters—of so much use to brothers. After a little silence Fred asked what made Sarah seem so different lately. She had n't annoyed him with her precise notions once.

Lizzie had felt all the time that he ought to know that Sarah was with them that wretched night in the old tavern. The time had come now, and with womanish eloquence she enlarged upon Sarah's part in the matter, and her patience and kindness. When she finished he arose abruptly and went to Sarah's room. She was sitting alone in the twilight. There were tears on her face—tears of sorrow for the failures of the past—tears of joy for the victories of the present. Fred sat down beside her, passed an arm around her, and drew her toward him. Then, in a man's awkward fashion, he said a few little things that might not amount to much reported *verbatim*, yet they bridged a chasm that had been widening between two people that were meant to love each other a great deal—simple words, yet to hear them is a woman's "meat and drink."

Very happy was the family-life in the Carrol house always after this, though Sarah could not soon forget the rock that so nearly wrecked her brother—her "everlasting 'do n't, Fred!'"

## HOME.

A MODERN writer has said, "The homes of a nation are its bulwarks of strength;" we may add, and the mirrors which reflect its virtue, success, and happiness. That which is seen working itself out in the great thoughts and deeds of a nation may generally be traced backward to the careful planting and training in the domestic circle. It may happen occasionally that an outcast who has never known a home worthy the name, struggles upward through a fluctuating fortune, to reach at last a place of eminent virtue, and sways a nation with intellectual and moral power; but such cases are rare, and as exceptions only prove the rule. A wise Providence has so arranged elements and principles in the material world that its great developments are compounded from small particles; and it is no less true of intellectual and moral growth. How much this nation owes to the Puritan homes of its founders may never be known; but we do know that its great leader leaves behind him a history which, stretching to his boyhood, reveals in the nursery some of the moving influences of his after life. The impress of goodness and greatness should be given at the cradle; and yet in a survey of the homes of this nation now, how few are found worthy models of the best mode for securing this end! Perhaps this is the fault of a great national idea. A man who has no higher aspiration than to be great himself, and see his children after him great in worldly possessions, and whose idea of all goodness centers in simple accumulation, may not be chidden for laying out his farm with its houses and barns in such angles and lines as will contribute only to a taste for counting. To such a one adaptation, convenience, domestic comfort, and social enjoyment are no more worthy of consideration than if they belonged exclusively to another order of beings. So far from this, his whole calculating ability is fully developed when he has mastered the multiplication table, and any arrangement looking toward social pleasure is regarded as a positive injury, since if his family is domesticated its members will not work. It so happens that such an idea is not without its appropriate reward, and it is not strange that many homes are thus rendered unhappy and unhonored. There is no virtue in working just for the name of it, and there is quite as little in an accumulation which is gotten at a sacrifice of every thing else desirable, only to become stagnant and offensive. An individual or a nation whose idea of all good centers in wealth, finds ample reason to regard the possessor of riches as standing

at the apex of all honor and all excellence; and yet the world's history abundantly proves, that the dying father leaving his uncounted millions to his children, may still die leaving them bankrupt in every faculty of head and every principle of heart necessary to secure virtuous contentment. It is not enough that we regard home as an estate—a kind of center of gravity to which wealth is to be turned. If there is nothing to be remembered but a palace, and fields of grain and stock, then as well might one remember the pyramids of Egypt or the tombs of the ancient Pharaohs. That which is to make home desirable does not abide in the parlor, the cellar, or the garret; it does not grow with the flowers of the garden, nor with the grass of the meadow, but is fitly expressed in the quaint old adage, "Home is where the heart is," and surely the heart will never choose to abide where it must starve to death. It is a place where a joint-stock company operates, and with an equal ownership in certain sensibilities and sympathies carries on a great commerce in intellect and morals. It is a kind of secret society; not removed from the world and located alone, but a hive of busy bees, distinct in its operations from every other hive, and one where each bee contributes its share to the common stock of domestic honey.

In order to success in any undertaking a man must love his work; and this is the real secret to many an honorary title which trades may never possess. The principle holds good applied to the domestic relation. There can never be a home where there is not love, any more than there can be an ocean without water. This is the element in which all else is to float, and this will always have its ocean currents, however storm-winds may at times disturb and ruffle the surface.

In looking over the world of wealth around us we are met by a fact which is surprising and antagonistic. Go where you will among merchants, and mechanics, and tradesmen, and with all the evidences of cultivation, wealth, and ease which abound, there can scarcely be found a home where true domestic happiness prevails. Perfection is certainly not to be sought in any absolute degree in this relation, but if some reach comparative excellence why not all? Very many men can be met with who delight in their neighbor's wife, and children, and domestics, and who are ready to speak in the highest terms of the easy circumstances of others, and yet have no word of praise for their own wife and children, and whose conduct at home would lead to the impression that all the virtue to be found in being the head of a family consisted in an

ability to carry on an unending conflict with every other member. I know I may be met by an objector, who will urge that the reverse of my theory is true; that it is a common saying that every man has the best wife, and the smartest children, and the finest horse in the realm. But I reply, the first is only told away from home—generally some distance; the second only while the child is in its crib, and the third when he wishes to sell. This is but a species of *policy*. He who prides himself in such descriptions of family and possessions, and parades them before the world in hope of winning admiration from others, generally gets the unenviable reputation of a knave or a fool, and finds his home registered as among the doubtful. It is generally found that such descriptions are too cheap to be true, and those who made them are oftener found seeking bright faces and good hearts among their neighbors' families than among their own. When a man can speak of the virtues of his wife only where she is not known, and of the brightness of his children where he never permits them to go, it is no more than a currency sent afloat for individual interest, and partakes of the nature of the thirty pieces cast down after the betrayal—a struggle for self-respect. It is a fact too well known, that no outside show will be always true to the inside reality. There is no way to determine the quality of domestic enjoyment but to see the machinery which manufactures it in motion. The every-day dress will give the best development of the form that wears it, and homes are only known by the marks they leave on character.

It does not follow, however, that a home may not in some degree be a desirable one because a father or husband proves himself a beast. A home is sometimes found with an element of virtue and an agency for fulfilling its mission, which does not depend on the head of a family, and is not controlled by his beastliness. There could scarcely be a truly happy home if there was a drone in the hive; but there are other objects to be gained in comparison with which this is a secondary consideration. The great object to be sought is the cultivation of intellect and morals. It is here the seed is to be sown which life's Autumn will present developed into ripened fruit. It is here a thousand things are to be done, having respect to the future alone. A machinery is here to be set in motion that will gather velocity with each day and accumulate power by appropriating to itself, till at last attaching to the machinery of more distant localities it will embrace the world. These are the great considerations which ask for homes

without discord; and as a broken cog may ruin the largest and finest piece of mechanical skill, so a grain of discontent, an atom of impatience, a hasty word or a cross look may set in motion such a train of discordant elements, that not only all happiness will be alloyed, but every vestige of the bulwark of virtue be swept away. Love must not only be constant, but constantly expressed. It is one of the few things that never wears out in use, but might as well be dead as pent up and unused. A telegraphic communication is to be kept constantly open from heart to heart when love stands at the head of every dispatch, and here is the point of almost universal failure. The engine may be otherwise in good repair, but steam power is let loose without a regulator. A mother, tired and care-worn, looks behind her to find the darling of ten minutes ago up to his elbows in the coal-bucket, or perchance eating unbaked dough from an unlucky bread-bowl, and the first word succeeding the spasm of surprise is one of discontent. The offender is jerked away and "slapped" for its early propensity to look into things, and receives from the face of the parental barometer the impression of approaching storm. This is a little matter, and all the less for being transacted before a little child; but if a deformed sensibility of after years, with its birth dating from that moment, could then be seen, perhaps it would appear in more alarming proportions.

In our homes an unrestrained education is constantly going on. Every member of a family is educated by, and becomes the educator of, the other. There is a process of cultivation which is working both ways, and it is a fact that children receive the largest part of their knowledge accidentally. It is picked up, and, because picked up, is often taken into the intellectual and moral stomach mixed with the most deadly poisons. The growth of head and heart, like the physical growth of the body, depends on the character of the food eaten; and as physical deformity unfits for physical labor and its rewards, so intellectual and moral deformity unfit for labor and reward. Is it then strange that homes cultivating such deformity are unhappy? Every day, and every hour, the very words and actions not intended for the child are causing vibrations on head-strings and heart-strings that will never cease. These operate differently at different times. They do not always strike the well of the heart with the same sound; but the final effect must be determined by the character of the word or action. The nicest discrimination is required. Censure where there should be praise, or praise where there

should be censure, may at once change such a current of feelings that, like a great stream lifted from its channel, every thing around it is at once deluged and carried away.

I distinctly remember when a child receiving a present—a book from father. Starting to preach at a distant point, he kindly charged me to spend the Sabbath hours reading it. Something took possession of me, and I determined for once to gain his approbation. Hour after hour passed, and page after page was turned. At last his footstep was heard in the hall, and I bounded to meet him. With my finger on the place I exultingly told him how many pages I had read. He was weary and cold. What was the disappointment of that moment, when, instead of placing his hand on my head and speaking kindly, he simply replied, "as he pushed me away, 'You should have read twice as much!'" The death knell had sounded; every aspiration was killed at a single stroke, and when I turned away from father, I had turned forever from that book. Years have passed. The old homestead is now in other hands. Father sleeps in the grave, and, far removed from every associate of my earlier life, I have grown to manhood. In my library may be found that book now, but no additional page has ever been turned. It was closed forever; and though I may yet forget its title, and many things connected with my early home, I will never forget the disappointment of that moment. It was certainly unintended, but in my heart the impression is indelible. I am sure the great Father will not say to the sleeping one, "You should have done twice as much."

I repeat, it is disregard for little things which is ruining American homes. The worm-hole sinks the ship. The accumulation of single grains of sand makes the great Sahara desert. No man, nor woman, nor child, who properly appreciates home, can afford to be hasty or impatient with a member of the family. It is designed by our Great Ruler that the sanctity of home shall never be broken into, nor desecrated by a word or action which would cause unnecessary pain. Heaven is represented to us under this title, God as our Father, and we as children; and every home may be one where the purest harmony reigns. To see men and women wandering around the world in quest of pleasure, seeking their confidants among strangers, unfolding their plans to those who have no interest in them whatever, and desiring office, and title, and wealth, as a means of securing peace of mind, is a certain evidence that what they call home exists only in name. A dutiful child can not afford to have confidants



outside of its own father's family; and a parent who can not trust his children, not only reflects badly on the character of his teaching, but positively teaches his child to distrust. Scolding is disgraceful; and to this can be traced half the domestic broils of the age. A parent who habitually indulges in it will soon learn that the child values it at about its true worth, and has about as much of the commodity on hand as himself. A steady and constant pressure of authority need never be one with an iron rod. Humanity will not drive. It is only when the manhood is crushed out of a man that he willingly submits to become a machine, and this fact is seen in the nursery. There are certain dispositions which, when once fastened upon a child, can never be changed, just as there is certain wood that can not be broken; and as in the one case so in the other, if you attempt it you will only leave it twisted and crooked. Some people's idea of good government can all be read in the old saying, "Little folks should be seen and not heard;" as if little folks, from the time they first crow, are not urged by every possible means to talk. A well-regulated home does not consist in silent being, but in harmonious action and noise. There is a place for the laugh and romp of the little one, as well as a place for the prayer of the gray-haired sire—the latter is oftener neglected—and the father who can play horse for his boy without making a beast of himself, will contribute more toward making a man of his boy than he could have done in a month's cold lectures on the propriety of manners.

There are some homes which are advertised to the world as deformed periodically. You visit them, and the apology for certain noises and grimaces is, that "the young ones are always worse when company is about." Now, the truth is, the difference of disposition is not with the "young one" at all, but with the governor. It is not periodical rudeness of the child, but periodical indifference of the parent. A rule only attempted in the presence of company fails, not because of its quality, but because of its quantity; there is not enough of it. It is a straw cast into the stream far from the fountain, and is borne away because of its weakness.

In every home circle there is a certain drift of current, and if somebody does not steer the vessel she must certainly wreck on the shoal of confusion and strife. Parents can always tell the latitude by the compass in the heads and hearts of their children. Innocent childhood is a stereotype for every thing around it, and is as accurate as the sunbeam. Drones eat up the honey, and it is the business of the working

bees to see that there are no drones; but an effort that is purely spasmodic and motional will never effect a cure. Constancy is the great reservoir. It should control all labor and all hope; and where there is constant love, constant patience, constant faith in each other, and, above all, constant labor and prayer for each other, such a home will rise into the element of all true excellence, and each member will share in enjoyment purer, and deeper, and more abiding than can be found elsewhere on earth. A man with such a home is a moving power, and when at home is nearer true nobility than he can get any where else. Without it he is likely to become but a fossilized remnant, and is virtually ruined. He may wander to distant lands and there fill an office of trust, but his steps are guided by a sense of duty, and not ambitious desire. He may sail on the great ocean, with glittering stars in the deep above, and glittering diamonds in the deep beneath, but he will neither sigh at his great distance from the one, nor murmur to possess the other. His stars are set in the firmament of home, and his diamonds glitter through the light that shines in the window for him.

#### THE PULPIT.

THE Christian pulpit is the chief element in the greatness of any country or people. Wherever the Bible and a pure evangelical ministry have free scope and unobstructed access to the people, we find the best forms of government and civilization, and the highest public virtue, prosperity, and happiness. No people can be great or prosperous without a corresponding recognition of God as the Supreme Governor of the universe, and a proper acknowledgment of their responsible relations to his moral government. This is the primary and fundamental basis of all human progress and welfare. Between a nation's advancement in the career of greatness, and a ramified public virtue in the mass of its population, there is a necessary order of sequence. The faithful pulpit enunciates with emphatic solemnity as binding on human practice the only principles on which society can either beneficently or permanently rest. In promoting the best moral and religious interests of men as its chief end, it exercises of necessity a potent influence on the welfare and destiny of the State. What more than the merest rope of sand would civil government be among any people who had no reverence for the solemn sanctions of the Christian religion? France, in her revolutionary days,

when the idea of God was sought to be banished from the moral convictions of man, and when "death an eternal sleep" was written over their cemeteries and graveyards, is an instructive though fearful example of the necessity of the recognition of God and human accountability in order to the welfare or greatness of a people. No where do we find a nation marching onward in the career of empire and renown, whose people, in the main, ignore the vital truths and doctrines of revealed religion. Among those people of the earth where we find the best types of government and civilization—where humanity is advancing in all the elements of power and greatness, intelligence and happiness—the Gospel pulpit is invariably a molding and controlling power. Point, reader, to a solitary exception if you can. In the very philosophy of things there can be no national advancement or renown where Christianity does not preside as a fashioning, constructive element in society. What the pulpit has done for our country in making us the foremost people of the world is beyond all our power to reckon. Whatever is great or excellent in our institutions, public spirit, energy, manhood, or progress as a people, is primarily due to Christianity as its essential factor. That man's intelligence is not to be envied who does not see in the whole history of our Republic Christianity as going before and laying the foundation of all our national progress and eminence. The pulpit, as a power, "must stand acknowledged while the world shall stand," as the promoter and friend of all good government, as well as "the support and ornament of virtue's cause." But we would speak more particularly of

#### THE PRESENT NEED OF THE CHRISTIAN PULPIT.

There can be but little question that more than ever the want of the pulpit in our day is a baptized, earnest, spiritual ministry. The world moves in our times as it never moved before, and it becomes the pulpit to throw all the divine forces it can on humanity, that it may move more toward God and heaven. Men may speak, as they often do, about more learning in the pulpit, a better-educated ministry in all the Churches; but they overlook something vastly more important than this—more of the Holy Ghost and divine unction in its ministrations of the Word. The man whose preaching tells on the hearts and lives of his hearers has in his inner life a power which must lead men to Christ. One may preach ever so eloquently without this power, and yet, with all his splendid rhetoric, fine reasoning, and finished oratory, the world moves not. The reason is obvious.

He has not world-moving power; he has not a heart all aflame with love and zeal for souls. The stream can not rise higher than its fountain—the fruit can not be better than the tree yielding it. The Gospel, as preached by him, does about the same good to his hearers that it does to himself—does not save! Goethe pertinently says:

"Persuasion, friend, comes not by toil or art,  
Hard study never made the matter clearer;  
'T is the live fountain in the preacher's heart  
Sends forth the streams that melt the ravished hearer."

The element of all pulpit-power is a spiritual, baptized heart. A soul that feels the tremendous verities of the Christian religion must and will make others feel them tremendously. Let me illustrate. Look at Luther in his cloister life. Here you have a noble mind, nobly furnished by nature and acquirements. He is in the sacred office, too. But the world has not heard from him. He is no power or force in it. No. But he's going to be. God's Word is before him as never before. He reads; light flames in on his soul from its heaven-illuminated pages, and his power comes! What now? His bounding spirit and intense spiritual energy can not be held in by any limits of human masonry. Granite walls, held ever so firmly together by mortar, can not inclose him. He has a divine mission now; enters at once and earnestly upon it; the nations are astounded; popes, emperors, and kings tremble before him; and the lion-souled Luther, with his new-born power, shakes the world! Why? The answer is easy. God's Spirit has touched his heart and he is a new man. He has what he never had before—heart-power.

Look at Wesley. Here you have another illustration of the necessity of the Spirit's baptism on the preacher in order to his success. All the learning of the schools, and a noble purpose to do good, precede his entrance on holy orders; and yet he begins his work with an unconsecrated heart. Impelled to this continent by strong convictions of duty, he selects Georgia as the field of his labors. He preaches—difficulties arise—is discouraged—quits the field, and returns to England with an unfulfilled mission. Why? He is not converted—has not heart-power! But God is working with Wesley, and his Providence enlisted to bring him to his true place in the world's moral history. Homeward bound on old ocean he falls in with a Moravian minister, learns of "the way of salvation," follows after it, takes hope, believes, and at a Moravian meeting in London, in 1738, his heart is "strangely warmed," as he says so expressively of his conversion. What is the

result? Preaches as he never preached before; sinners are every-where converted by his apostolic ministry; and the world writes him down as the great reformer of his age. All that Methodism has been and is now as a divine force in the world, and all that it has been and is now in its grace-won and grace-winning trophies and fruit to the skies, is largely due to this strange heart-warming, this mighty baptism of power. What but the intense inner life of Luther and Wesley worked out the marvels of their ministry in the world? Power is the only word that reveals the secret of their wonderful success as evangelists of God—the vital influence of the Divine Spirit upon their hearts as they unfolded the precious truths of the Word of Life.

A grand mission was before the apostles. They were to lay the foundations of Christ's spiritual empire in the earth. They were to "go into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature;" but when and where were they to begin their work, and with what qualification? "Tarry at Jerusalem," said Jesus to them, "till ye be endued with power from on high." When the power came upon the College of Apostles, as it did on the day of Pentecost, who marvels that three thousand souls were converted on one day? With such spirits of flame and tongues of fire to proclaim Jesus to the people, no wonder is it that such were added to the Church daily as should be saved. We are not surprised, as we follow these flaming evangelists in their itinerant career and see how they grappled error with the strong hand of truth, that even their enemies were compelled to say in undesigned but actual eulogy of their ministry, "These that have turned the world upside down are come hither also!" Their preaching shook the very frame-work of society, and well it might, for it was "the power of God." As with the apostles, confessors, and reformers of the Church, so with our fathers in the ministry on this continent, the pulpit was a divine force on the hearts and lives of men.

Power, then, is what the pulpit of our day wants—a living, Holy Ghost energy in the hearts and utterances of those who fill it. No array of learning, no gift of genius, no charm of oratory, can compensate for the absence of Divine unction, real heart-force in the pulpit. The need of the times preëminently is a baptized, earnest, spiritual ministry. Think of Asbury, Whatcoat, M'Kendree, Summerfield, Edwards, Payson, and those mighty men of God who made the world move toward the Cross and heaven in their day and generation. What utterances, what unction, what fidelity to God

and man, what success in the pulpits they filled! Why should not the pulpit now every-where flame and burn with God's hallowed, saving truth, as it did when these worthies made it the instrument of salvation to thousands of our race? Brethren of the Cross, let it be our highest ambition to carry baptized hearts, burning tongues, and flaming truths into all our pulpits. Whatever others may think of our work and the energy with which it should be prosecuted, we can never forget that it is to affect interests and results as undying as the souls of our fellow-men. With eternity staked upon it; heaven or hell as the personal issue to those to whom we preach, surely

"T is not a cause of small import,  
The pastor's care demands;  
But what might fill an angel's heart,  
And filled a Savior's hands."

#### THE CITY OF GOD.

TRULY it is a strange city: little and insignificant, and yet of an extent equal to that of the world in which we live; stretching from pole to pole. But it will one day be gathered together from the dispersion, and be seen in one spot, in all its beauty and splendor. Every thing belonging to a city is found in this city of God. If you inquire after her foundation, it is a rock that can not be moved. If you ask after her walls, the Lord is a wall of fire round about her. If you ask for her bastions, fences, and palisades, they are the perfections of our God that are around us; his wisdom to guide us; his omnipotence to protect us; his longanimity to bear us; and his grace to justify and save us. Only one gate has the city, and that is strait; only one way leads to it, and that is narrow. Whoever attempts to enter by another way, by stealth or by violence, over the walls or through the roof, is a thief and a robber.

The city has likewise its market-place; there it is proclaimed: "Come, ye that have no money: come, buy wine and milk without money and without price." It has also its council-chamber, where One presides who knows how to give good counsel. Its police, too; there every good citizen has in his heart the controlling power of the Spirit. Has it also its watchmen? Surely it has; they stand on the walls and blow the trumpet, and cry aloud when they see the Bridegroom cometh. And here and there stand guards upon the watch-towers, placed there by God to see what hour the great clock of time has struck. "Past midnight," they proclaim from house-tops, and the whole city is in anxious expectation of things that are to come.

## SUBMISSION.

O, GRIEVING of the soul ! O, strife within !  
 This ever-restless pining after more,  
 This convalescence from a state of sin,  
 Just strong enough to see the richer store !  
 And sometimes in the past I've dared to come  
 E'en to the threshold where this fullness dwells,  
 And caught sweet glimpses of the soul at home,  
 Resting in peace above earth's surging swells.

The rest of trust, O, would the faith were mine !  
 My Father, in the weakness of my soul  
 I fain would lay my weary hand in thine,  
 And meekly bow to that divine control,  
 That hath the power through darkness, as in light,  
 To lead thy children by an unknown way,  
 As well through perils of the starless night,  
 As soft green pathways of a Summer's day.

Sure we believe our Maker, great and good,  
 Gave us a being of consciousness and life ;  
 Its destiny alone he understood ;  
 The varied paths of sorrow, pain, and strife,  
 And blessings to the heart's most precious things,  
 The beautiful its kindred love and trust,  
 And bade the soul, on faith's celestial wings,  
 To soar above earth's conflicts, cloy, and dust.

But often, even in our sorest needs,  
 We look for refuge in the things of sense,  
 Leaning, alas ! on frail and broken reeds,  
 Instead of Him the rock of our defense ;  
 In stony places groping thus alone,  
 So desolate and hopeless life appears,  
 Breaks from the heart a deep, rebellious moan,  
 As quickly followed by repentant tears.

We ask not whether, in his sovereign sway,  
 Our path be bright, one strewn with thorns and care ;  
 Alike to all comes many a stormy day,  
 And sorrow holds for each a bitter share ;  
 The mysteries we can not solve or trace,  
 Subserve our Father's good and righteous will ;  
 Faith every-where may claim the promised grace,  
 The tender love to guide and guard us still.

If for each grace there be a needful cross,  
 Its virtue and its constancy to prove,  
 It should not be that we should suffer loss,  
 In trials meant to perfect us in love ;  
 If all this life were happiness below,  
 And flowery paths as we would have them be,  
 How faint and few the yearnings still to know  
 The blissful clime of immortality !

A sweet submissive quietude how blest !  
 So infinite the all-protecting hand,  
 In pastures green to give the weary rest,  
 Down by still waters of the better land ;  
 While safely every interest so dear,  
 Is consecrated to the great I Am,  
 We may in paths of duty, calm and clear,  
 Feel our life hid within the Father's palm.

Then wherefore still be faithless and aggrieve ?  
 Thou may'st not doubt the grace already given.

Trust but more fully as thou hast receiv'd,  
 And walk within the atmosphere of heaven ;  
 Knowing that Christ, thy advocate and guide,  
 Sweet watch above thee keepeth hour by hour ;  
 And so by faith ever in him abide,  
 Whose love is only equaled by his power.

## EASTER FLOWERS.

THE cross above the chancel hung,  
 And, swaying like a thing of grace,  
 Its softened image downward flung  
 Upon the altar-place.

The pictured saints looked down and smiled,  
 And all their faces, canvas-cold,  
 Grew into life more rapture wild  
 Than human heart has told.

The priest behind the altar stood,  
 And o'er his features, sorrow-white,  
 There fell at last, in amber flood,  
 A full baptism of light.

"O, man of God, what means," I said,  
 "This conscious being every-where,  
 This smile on faces centuries dead,  
 This rapture in the air !

O, by the consecrated years,  
 That whiten locks and hearts as well,  
 Or be it joy, or be it tears,  
 Declare to me the spell."

He, speechless, pointed to a crown  
 Whose thorns were bright with crimson-stain,  
 As if their points had pressed adown  
 Some human brow in pain.

But lo ! for every thorn there sprang  
 And bloomed a white Narcissus flower,  
 While through the aisles an anthem rang  
 The triumph of the hour.

"I know the story priest," I said,  
 "The balm for every human need ;  
 The choir now chants it overhead—  
 'The Lord has risen indeed.'

I do not know the secret charm  
 That breaks the dead thorns into bloom,  
 Or makes the phantom-face grow warm,  
 And smile above its tomb.

But I have gathered Easter flowers  
 Far outward in the April air,  
 Where quickened by the early showers  
 They bloom so free and fair.

And every-where they kiss my feet,  
 In garden-bower or meadow-mead,  
 And breathe their tales so low and sweet,  
 'The Lord has risen indeed.'

"The Lord has risen indeed !" sweet song ;  
 O, holy flowers that pressed his tomb,  
 And scatter through the ages long  
 Their brightness and perfume !



## ADULTERATIONS OF FOOD.

IT is not a pleasant thing to think that there is scarcely a thing we eat or drink that is not adulterated. Every tradesman has his trick: thus, if the tea-merchant falsifies his tea, the baker, in return, adulterates his bad flour with alum, and pays him with bad bread; and the publican defrauds both of them by mixing his spirits and making up his porter. Thus an enormous amount of roguery is expended in producing a dead level of fraud, by which no one is a gainer—indeed, by which we are all losers, for fraud in food means something more than substituting a cheap for a better material: it means the substitution of an unwholesome, often a poisonous, food for that which we depend upon to sustain our strength. Let us take bread as an example, as this is the staff of life, and forms the main portion of the food of the working classes. All the bread in the poor quarters of the town is made, to begin with, from damaged flour; with which, when potatoes are cheap, they are mixed in large quantities. Now, as the potato is a far less nourishing aliment than flour, this mixture is a direct fraud upon the poor man. The bad color of the damaged flour again compels the baker to doctor his batch with alum, which, when constantly taken, is certainly not very wholesome. The amount of water in the potatoes, again, which the baker sells at two pence per pound, is a fraud upon the purchaser; and when we add that in scarcely any case is the quartern or half-quartern full weight, the amount of loss the laboring classes have to submit to is very serious, both in a monetary point of view and also in a dietetic one. Even the butter that is used with it is universally adulterated in the low-class shops—and, indeed, often in the better-class ones, especially now that prices are so high. Lard, when it is cheap, is mixed with salted butter—previously well washed with milk and sweetened with a little sugar—colored with annatto, and, well beaten up, is very often sold as Epping butter in the better-class shops. What the very poor get when these tricks are played in high-class neighborhoods, it is hard to say. One thing is certain: nearly a quarter of the weight is made up of water. As long as a working man buys his joint, or his chop or steak, he may feel sure that he is getting the genuine article; but as soon as he has any thing to do with made-up meats, with alamode beef, with sausages, or polonies, he is open to the most disgusting frauds. The Smithfield Market Commission opened the eyes of the public to the frauds committed by the meat salesmen—ay,

and by some people higher placed—that were enough to make people shudder. Thus, for instance, one of the witnesses examined on this occasion, speaking of diseased meat, says, "It is purchased by soup-shops, sausage-makers, the alamode beef and meat-pie shops, &c. There is one soup-shop doing, I believe, five hundred pounds a week in diseased meat. . . . The trade in diseased meat is very alarming, as any thing in the shape of flesh can be sold at one penny per pound, or eightpence per stone. . . . I am certain that if one hundred carcasses of cows were lying dead in the neighborhood of London, I could get them all sold within twenty-four hours—it do n't matter what they died of." I said just now that if the working man or his wife bought the meat in joints, he was pretty safe, but this, of course, depends upon his ability to distinguish meat when it is good. Diseased beasts are regularly killed in the country, and consigned to the London market. It is dressed up so cleverly that the unwary are taken in by it. We are told that one of the insurance companies who insure stock was, not long since, a party to this nefarious means of getting rid of such fearful salvage. That diseased meat is still sold in large quantities, the seizures by the police is sufficient proof. And not only meat, but fish. Not many weeks since two of the largest salesmen at Billingsgate were heavily fined for selling to costermongers fish that was unfit for human food. Whenever the costermonger's barrow is seen going about piled with fish, the poor man should beware, as he may suspect that there is something the matter, or he would not turn fishmonger. I was lately at the opening of some samples of preserved beef, prepared in Australia by the simple process of exhausting the air: it was as good as the finest English beef. This food, when it comes in quantities, will be sold for sixpence a pound—a splendid contribution of our children at the antipodes to the pinched and poverty-stricken poor of the mother country. We are told, indeed, that markets will be opened in the poorer quarters of the town for this excellent food, and we have no doubt it will be appreciated.

Tea and coffee have long been the prey of the adulterator; but, luckily for the poor, it is principally the green teas and higher-class gunpowder teas that are made up. Some people imagine that the green color is given by drying the tea upon copper plates; this is a vulgar error. The Chinese themselves, knowing the demand there is in England for moderately priced green tea, paint black teas to imitate it in a very ingenious manner. They make a mixture of Prussia-blue and gypsum, in the proportion

of three parts of the former to one of the latter. This coloring matter is thrown among the teas while they are roasting, the workman turning the leaves about till his hands are quite blue. Some people can not understand how it is that "green tea" keeps them awake. Perhaps they will now see the reason. The Chinese never drink this colored tea themselves, they only prepare it to suit the tastes of the "outer barbarians," and surely they have some warranty for so naming us. The gunpowder is manufactured both in England and China to mix with other teas. It often has but little tea in it, being compounded of sand, tea-dust, dirt, and broken-down portions of leaves, worked together with gum into grains. When it is intended to mix it with "scented caper," this stuff is "faced" with black-lead; when with gunpowder, turmeric, Prussian-blue, and chalk are used. Black teas, as a rule, are genuine, especially the low-priced ones; but now and then re-dried leaves are remade up, mixed with sloe-leaves. This business some years ago was carried on very largely. Some tea is quite as objectionable and injurious as adulterated spirits—a fact which has never been turned against the teetotalers. Assam tea is generally pure. Coffee is permitted to be adulterated by the Government with chicory, but then the fact must be so stated upon the paper or canister. This mixing opens the door to shameful adulteration, as the chicory is much cheaper than coffee, and the grocer but too often takes care to put more of the former into the mixture than the latter. But chicory is not the worst adulteration that coffee is liable to: man-gold-wurzel, roasted wheat flour, red earth, roasted horse-chestnuts, and we are even told that in some neighborhoods baked horse's and bullock's blood are used for this purpose. Our authority for this last statement is a work by Mr. P. G. Simmonds, entitled, "Coffee as it Is, and as it Ought to be," in which he says, "In various parts of the metropolis, but more especially in the east, are to be found 'liver bakers.' These men take the livers of oxen and horses, bake them and grind them into a powder, which they sell to the low-priced coffee shop-keepers at from fourpence to sixpence per pound, horse's liver coffee being the highest priced. It may be known by allowing the coffee to stand till cold, when a thick pellicle of skin will be found on the top." He adds, "It goes further than coffee, and is generally mixed with chicory and other vegetable imitations of coffee." The analytic commissioner of the Lancet, Dr. Hassall, actually has tested this horrible stuff, which we will believe without his assurance to possess "a very disagreeable animal smell." The puzzle is

how people can be found to drink such horrible decoctions even in the poorest coffee-houses. The milk is always adulterated largely with water, which, at sixpence a quart, is rather too bad.

The bright-green color to be observed in pickles bought at the shops is produced by boiling a slip of copper with them. Thus, copper is often present in poisonous quantities. Avoid, therefore, good reader, very green pickles with the greatest care. The presence of this adulteration may be very simply detected. A bright knitting-needle allowed to stand in the jar for a few hours, comes out with a coating of the metal upon it, provided the adulteration exists. But copper is not only to be found in our pickles, it always exists in the green ornaments of sweet-meats, in preserved bottled fruit that should appear green; or where the preserve is red, log-wood, or infusion of beet-root, gives the deep rich color that the housewife envies so, and, luckily for herself and household, fails to produce in her home-made preserves. It is not pleasant to find that we may be partaking of the acetate of copper in our pickles and tarts. We are told that much of the cheap preserves is sweetened with glucose, a substitute for sugar, but very much cheaper, and possessed of far less sweetening power. The adulteration with poisonous pigments of the sweets poor little children innocently suck is a most diabolical crime; but we are glad to see that the use of green color is much less frequently employed than it used to be, even in the third-rate sweet-shops. Still, occasionally, high-colored sugar ornaments are to be seen, the color being metallic instead of vegetable, as it should be. Among these colors there are at least three highly poisonous—yellow, made of chromate of lead; green, arsenite of copper; and red, oxide of lead. The most delicate and delicious essence of jargonel pear-drops and essence of pine-apple are made from a preparation of ether and rancid cheese and butter.

When we see how liable we are to be slowly poisoned in our food, it is not wonderful that people living in civilized countries should suffer in their health, and this warns us to look to the weapons with which we combat disease; but these, too, on trial are found to be wanting. The nurse will be surprised when she is told that much of the arrow-root sold is made of nothing but potato-flour and sago-meal. Honey is adulterated with flour-starch and sugar-starch. Mercury is falsified with lead, tin, and bismuth; opium with a dozen ingredients; gentian with poisonous aconite and belladonna; rhubarb with gamboge; and castor and cod-liver oils

with common oils that have no medicinal virtue. Condiments have long offered a fine field to the adulterator. Mustard, for instance, is never sold pure. Out of forty-two samples analyzed by Dr. Hassall, every one was adulterated with wheaten flour, and colored up with turmeric. Sulphuric acid is very strong in the vinegar cruets, and in the pepper castor we find together with pure pepper a large per centage of flour, ground rice, and—what does the reader think?—linseed meal; a poultice internally with every bit of beef we put in our mouths. Cayenne is universally falsified—deal saw-dust and brick-dust to give it bulk, and red-lead to give it color. Curry-powder, also, receives this poisonous adulteration.

Our fluids are, if possible, even more abused than our solids. The great brewers, it is true, do not adulterate, but the moment their beers and stouts get into the cellars of the publican, the mischief begins. The brewer's druggist is a trade which has sprung out of these falsifications. As a rule, water is the great adulteration as regards quantity, but in order to give strength and "bite" to the liquid, salt and tobacco are often added, and in the case of porter, burnt sugar. It is doctored for flavor in a hundred ways: quassia is used to give it a bitter, capsi-cums and caraway seeds to give it warmth, oyster-shells to renew the youth in old beers, and alum to give a touch of age to new beer. To make a fine froth to stout that has grown flat; there is a liquid sold in the trade as beer-head-ings. This abominable brew is composed of common green vitriol, alum, salt, and salts of steel. Our advice to beer-drinkers is never to get their liquor from a public house. That which you get direct from the brewers—and small casks can be obtained from the largest houses—is always pure, and possesses several degrees more strength than you can ever hope to get from the Golden Lion round the corner. Spirits—especially gin—are well known to be flavored according to the taste of the neighborhood. The poorer the quarter of the town, the stronger and most biting must gin appear to be in the mouth. Water is, of course, largely added—in many cases to full fifty per cent. Never mind; with the addition of flavorings, such as oil of cinnamon, cayenne pepper, almond oil, sulphuric acid, etc., it is brought up to the due comforting point, and is competent to warm the cockles of the hearts of the wretched drag-gle-tailed women who imbibe it.

We might justly have mentioned among the articles that we rely upon to combat disease—wine, that powerful tonic, which is now surpassing all others in the treatment of depressing

complaints. This article of social life has been for centuries grossly adulterated, and that which is generally given at the public dispensaries is notoriously the most adulterated of all, because the cheapest. We may say absolutely that there is no such thing as pure port or sherry imported into this country. From five-and-twenty to thirty per cent. of spirit is always thrown in to give the "body" Englishmen are asserted to require. This admixture kills any thing like fine flavor, of course, and to bring it up to the deep color demanded—we are speaking of port—jerupega, a mixture of sirup sugar and elder-berries, is added. We may add that the Portuguese will no more drink what we expressly order to be made up for us and call "port," than the Chinese will drink the colored green tea they manufacture to suit our market. The sherries are equally manufactured; they are no more like the natural wines of the country they come from than they are like blacking. Dispensary port and sherry is, however, a far inferior article to this. Those so-called wines are either cheap red and white wines flavored to imitate port and sherry, or they more often are the product of the north of Germany, where, of course, vines do not flourish. But of what matter is that? man can always be found equal to the occasion, as the following advertisement will show, which appeared in the Times on the 29th of last September, and which we have no doubt called forth the partner inquired for:

**PARTNER WANTED.**—A practical distiller, having been experimenting for the last seventeen years, can now produce a fair port and sherry by fermentation without a drop of the grape juice, and wishes a party, with from £2,000 to £3,000 capital, to establish a house in Hamburg for the manufacture of wines. Has already a good connection in business. Apply to

With this pretty specimen of the unblushing manner in which fraud in food and drink is carried on in this country, I think I had better conclude.

—•—

WHAT a mystery is music!—invisible, yet making the eye shine; intangible, yet making all the nerves vibrate; floating between earth and heaven; falling upon this world as if a strain from that above, ascending to that as a thank-offering from this. It is God's gift, and it is too lofty for any thing but his praise; too near the immaterial to be made the minister of sordid pleasure; too clearly destined to mount upward to be used for inclining hearts to earth. O, that the Churches knew how to sing—making music a joy, a triumph, a sunshine, a song of larks, as well as a midnight song of nightingales!—*Arthur's Italy in Transition.*

### TRADITIONS OF THE GREENLAND ESQUIMAUX.

MANY have been the hypotheses formed respecting the sources of the original population of America, and philosophers and travelers have amused themselves and mankind with many speculations, attempting to prove some favorite theory of their own upon this subject. Without detailing these, which would tend more to bewilder than to satisfy, we will give, in a few words, the result from the best authorities of late inquiries which, supported by the traditions of the people themselves, seem to be without doubt the true facts of the settlement of these northern regions.

It is now generally conceded that the native tribes of North and South America came from the north-east coast of Asia, across Behring's Straits; the distance from East Cape to Cape Prince of Wales being only forty miles. And this supposition is strengthened by the fact that the Indians, near Cape Rodney and Cape Prince of Wales, speak the same language as the Tschutski, the nation which inhabits the opposite coast of Asia, and on whom, sailing across Behring's Straits to the Asiatic shore, they often make war. The depth of water in those straits is but trifling, several naked and abraded islands intervening, and the coast in many places is composed more of frozen earth than solid rock. As the water, with several shoals, is floored with fossil bones and shells, and there being no river of importance on either shore of the continents, or near the Arctic side, it is concluded that no great pressure can have come from the Polar Ocean, and consequently no great opening, if any, till the Arctic rising of Asia and Europe altered the relative condition of the two seas. That there was once no current may be inferred from the islands of New Siberia and the vicinity being in part composed of ice, mixed with mammoth bones and other organic remains; and the presence of several species of land mammals common to both continents, attests a facility of passing from one to another by a journey on the ice. At what time the immigration first took place can not be even conjectured, but it must have been at a very early period in the world's history; and it is now believed that the foot of man has pressed many a soil which later travelers assume was never trodden before. "Navigating antiquity knew many geographical facts that scholastic prejudice neglected for the sake of grammatical pursuits," says a certain quaint writer; and from King Alfred's writings we know of the voyage of Othere toward the North Pole, and that in the

ninth century some English navigators visited these distant seas.

In 861 Iceland was discovered by a Norwegian pirate who was driven out of his course by the winds and thrown upon the coast; he gave it the name of Snowland, but it is believed that its existence was previously known, being supposed to be the Thila of King Alfred, and Thule of Beda, mentioned in the beginning of the same age. The Scandinavian discovery of Greenland was long doubted; though it is now proved that these hardy seamen pushed their discovery along the coasts of America beyond the equator to Brazil. Cardinal Zuria tells us that the brothers Zeni, Venetian navigators, finding their way to these northern regions, discovered New Foundland seventy years before the voyage of Columbus; and the Westmanna Islands, a rocky group, lying some ten miles from the main land of Iceland, receive much interest from being supposed to have been visited by Columbus in 1477, fifteen years prior to his voyage of discovery to the shores of America. It is now generally conceded that the Icelanders were the original discoverers of the American continent. They held colonies on the coasts of Labrador and Greenland, and must have had frequent intercourse with the Indians farther south. A late traveler says: "Columbus, in all probability, obtained some valuable data from these hardy adventurers. The date of his visit to Iceland is well authenticated by Beamish, Rufa, and other eminent writers on the early discoveries of the Northmen."

A permanent settlement was made in Iceland in 874 by a Norwegian colony, and for the next three succeeding generations Iceland continued a scene of rapine and violence. The island was divided into a number of petty principalities, the chiefs of which were constantly engaged in war and robbery. In the year 982 Erik Rufus became chief of one of the principalities, and swayed his scepter with a bold, unsparing hand. Not unlike Peter the Great in his character, he won the admiration of his ruder subjects, who lost sight of his cruelties and exactions in their pride of his prowess and success. Like the tyrannic Czar he, during his rule, did much for the improvement of his country. He discovered Greenland in 982, and planted a colony there in 986; and although it is supposed that he never embraced Christianity himself, he did not oppose its introduction into his newly acquired territory, for, before the eleventh century, churches were founded, and a bishopric erected at Garde, the capital of the settlement. The deeds of this hero are



commemorated in many a tradition, and are sung in many a ballad by the rude but simple-hearted people of that Hyperborean clime, who consider him the greatest of their Vi-kings. Much mention is also said to be made of Erik the Red and his exploits in the Icelandic Sagas, and these having been translated have furnished materials for what we are about to describe in the present article.

In the tenth century, before Christianity had been preached in the northern lands where Thor and Odin reigned supreme, there fled from Norway to Iceland a chieftain named Thorwald—with his son Erik, afterward surnamed the Red—to avoid the consequences of one of those deeds of violence which were so frequent at that period. Soon after the death of Thorwald, Erik, imitating his father, quarreled with his neighbors, and after several bloody meetings between these and his party, was outlawed by the Thing or Icelandic Parliament, and was forced to flee to escape the vengeance of his enemies. In this predicament he remembered to have heard that a certain navigator named Gurbjorne, while sailing round Iceland, had seen a great land to the westward. Bold and daring, Erik determined to explore this *terra incognita*, and having fitted out a ship he sailed with his party from Erikvaag, in Iceland, in the year 982, promising his friends to return if he succeeded in discovering the great unvisited western land. Sailing westward, to his great joy he soon got sight of it; but a stream of ice prevented his getting near the coast, and he therefore shaped his course to the southward, examining the shore for an approachable and habitable landing, which he first met with at a place he called Hoarf, supposed to be a little south of Cape Farewell.

During three years he explored the country with its numerous fiords, passing the first Winter upon an island which he called Erik's Island. The next Summer he visited a fiord which offered to these enterprising wanderers a refuge such as they sought, and, in fact, far surpassing what the aspect of the outer coasts could have allowed them to hope for. Here, instead of the black rocks that, weird and surf-beaten, stretch like grim sentinels along the wild and rifted coast of Iceland, dread with the marks of fire, flood, and desolation, and mountains either blackened with masses of lava, or covered with ice and snow, they found grassy dales decked with flowers, and bushes of willow and birch, through which meandered streams of clear water from the melting snows on the mountains. Ptarmigans were on the hill-sides, and reindeer in the valleys, while the bays were well stocked

with fish and seals, and the streams and lakes with trout and salmon.

By no means regretting the expatriation which made him a wanderer, Erik, as he surveyed this inviting spot, decided to establish his home here, and he named the place Erik's fiord. He built his house against a flat, upright side of a rock—a Brat in Icelandic—from which circumstance the settlement was called Brattelid. The ruins of this house, built of immense blocks of jaspery sandstone, are still to be seen with one wall almost entire.

Fearless of consequences and proud of his discovery, Erik, with characteristic daring, returned to Iceland and described his new country as one of surpassing beauty, and most desirable as a home. He painted in glowing terms the verdant hills and grassy dells decked with flowers and bushes of willow and birch, which afforded so strong a contrast to the lava-covered plains and volcanic mountains of Iceland. He had at once named it Greenland, perhaps because he knew the value of a name to entice emigrants, or because the name, however unsuited to the rugged and ice-bound sea-coast, was really applicable to the habitable interior of Greenland. His glowing description, aided by man's natural love of emigration and general spirit of enterprise, soon succeeded in inducing a large body of Icelanders to seek a better home in his newly explored country. Erik, however, rather overrated the degree of favor he expected to find in his own land from which he had been banished. A spirit of jealousy was aroused in the hearts of his old enemies, and occasion of quarrel was, therefore, easily made; and while the expedition was preparing, Erik Rufus found himself obliged to fight with a rival chieftain, and one who had ever been his opponent. Thor-geest being very powerful, Erik was worsted, but after several severe contests they became reconciled.

This accomplished, Erik pushed forward his preparations for a second voyage to Greenland, and in the Spring of the year 986 he led a fleet of twenty-five ships, with emigrants, cattle, etc., to people the new land. He was accompanied by his chosen friend Erik Rande, a wise and powerful chieftain, to whom he gave the place of second commander. The galleys manned with sufficient crews set forth from Iceland, buoyant in the hope of reaching what appeared a more congenial climate. They sailed upon the ocean for fifteen days, but no sight of land met their anxious gaze. On the sixteenth day of their voyage a violent storm arose and dispersed the fleet; some were driven to unknown coasts, but many a gallant vessel was sunk in

the depths of the ocean. Mountains of ice covered the water as far as the eye could reach; the sky looked fierce and angry; clouds black and lowering followed each other in rapid succession, and the drifting ice pressed the vessels far out of their course.

The morning of the seventeenth day arose clear and cloudless; the sea was once more calm, and far away to the northward could be seen the glare of ice-fields reflecting on the sky. Fourteen only of the remains of the shattered fleet, among which was the ship of Erik the Red, are said to have arrived at their place of destination; but to the grief of the commander-in-chief the galley of Erik Rande was not among them. Such a loss as this was great indeed, but it is rather remarkable that so many were saved when it is remembered that these ancient mariners had neither chart nor compass, that fogs continually veil these coasts, and that even in the present day, aided by the magnetic needle and science, the voyage is one requiring all the skill of experienced navigators.

The crew of a galley which did not arrive at the harbor till so long after the dispersion that it was given up for lost, being driven down further than the rest, reported on their return that as the morning broke on the next day after the storm, as the large fields of ice that had covered the ocean were driven by the current past them, they beheld the galley of Erik Rande borne by resistless force and speed of the wind before a tremendous field of ice—her crew had lost all control over her—they were tossing their arms in wild agony. Scarcely a moment had elapsed before the ship was walled in by a hundred ice-hills, and the whole mass moving rapidly forward was soon lost beyond the horizon. It was matter of wonder that the galley of the narrator escaped; the tale, however, remained uncontradicted, and the vessel of Erik Rande was never more seen.

Half a century after that a Danish colony was established on the western coast of Greenland. The crew of the vessel which carried the colonists thither, in one of their excursions into the interior crossed a range of high hills that stretched to the northward. They had approached nearer to the pole than any preceding adventurers. Upon looking down from the summit of the hill they beheld a vast and interminable field of ice undulating in various places, and formed into a thousand grotesque shapes. They also saw, not far from the shore, a figure in an iced vessel, with glittering icicles instead of masts rising from it. Curiosity prompted them to approach; they beheld a dismal sight. Forms of men in every attitude of

woe were upon the deck, but they were icy things then; one figure alone stood erect and with folded arms was leaning against the mast. A hatchet was procured, and the ice being split away, the features of a chieftain was disclosed, pallid, deathly, and free from decay. This was doubtless the vessel of Erik Rande, and the frozen form and figure that of the stalwart chieftain. Resolute to the last he remained firmly at his post when, benumbed with cold and the agony of despair, his crew had fallen around him. The spray of the ocean and the fogs had frozen as it fell upon them and covered each figure with a pall of ice, which the short-lived glance of a Greenland sun had not time to remove. The Danes gazed upon the spectacle with awe and reverence. They knelt down upon the deck of the ice-incrusted vessel and muttered a prayer in their native tongue for the souls of the frozen crew, then hurriedly left the place, for the night was approaching and the increasing cold warned them of danger to themselves.

Each of the several chiefs who accompanied the expedition took possession of one of the fertile fiords which Erik had discovered. Nine of these chiefs settled in the southern district near Julianshaab, others went northward and possessed themselves of the Goldshaab district; and it is curious to observe from the existing ruins, that throughout the whole length of the coast no place capable of affording sustenance to cattle, or well supplied with fish and game, was left unoccupied by those early settlers and their descendants.

When the traveler has passed the immediate entrance of the fiords, where the landscape is rugged and uninviting, and the mountains are mostly steep, barren, and forbidding, he comes, as he proceeds inward, to verdant dales and grassy slopes, and he is sure to find some evidences of the former presence of the old Scandinavian settlers. Fields inclosed by stone walls now fallen, ruins of churches, convents, houses and stables for cattle, remain melancholy relics of the past; unbroken solitude now reigns where once thronged a busy multitude, and the men who laughed and jested as they wrought here in their pride of skill or hope of gain, are now no more than the grass they trod on or the leaves that fell from the trees they leveled.

Judging from the accounts given in the Icelandic Sagas, and the number and extent of the various ruins, there were in the latter part of Erik's life ten thousand Scandinavian inhabitants; but at the present day the men, their language, their customs, and their religion are alike extinct, and these heaps of mute stones that

once rung to the strokes of their hammers, alone remain to prove that they once were there.

When Erik and his followers first settled in Greenland, rumors of the Christian faith, which had made great progress elsewhere, had just reached Norway; but the rude chieftain was a zealous worshiper of Thor and Odin, and, with his followers, was sternly strict in the performances of all the rites demanded by pagan superstition. He forbade that the new religion should ever be spoken of, and threatened those who might attempt to introduce it into Greenland with the heaviest penalty. But there was One stronger than he. He who commands the winds and the waves and they obey, and who makes the wrath of man to praise him, had decreed the spread of Christianity even to the remotest corners of the earth, and in spite of all his commands and threats, its bland influence reached the ice-bound land over which he ruled.

In the year 1000 Lief, the eldest and favorite son of Erik Rufus, made a voyage to Norway, where he was most kindly welcomed and hospitably entertained by the King, Olaf Trygvesson. The progress of Christianity, which had at first been resisted and disregarded, began now to attract the notice of the ruling powers, and the King favoring the new doctrine, and at length professing himself a convert, it spread with great rapidity. Finding the new faith so popular, Lief and his crew were persuaded to allow themselves to be baptized and exchange the cruel rites demanded by the worship of Thor and Odin for the ennobling and unselfish principles taught by the religion of Christ. Lief remained all Winter with the King, who would not hear of his departure; paying him great attention, because himself sincere in his profession, he saw in him a means of introducing the Christian faith into Greenland.

There was some doubt among the crew of the manner in which they would be received by Erik the Red; but Lief was a favorite, and the stern old ruler, although he did not favor the cause, certainly did not oppose it. Lief labored zealously in the promotion of the good work, and greatly assisted and protected several monks who went with him. His mother, Theodhilda, was the first convert, and being very much beloved, her example was followed by the greater number of the colonists. She built a church at Brattelid, the ruins of which yet remain, in which prayers and services were regularly performed, but Erik the Red steadily refused to forsake his old faith, and it is very questionable if he ever altered his determination.

Not less remarkable than the discovery of Erik the Red was that by a Greenland colonist

of the coast of America. The successful establishment of Erik's colony in Greenland, which was for a long time believed to be an island, aroused a spirit of enterprise, and induced other explorers to trust themselves without chart or compass on those icy seas. One of Erik's company named Herjulf, who had reached Greenland in safety at the time Erik returned to Brattelid, had formed a settlement in the interior which he called Herjulfssnaes. He had a son named Biarne, a young man who owned a ship and traded between Norway and Iceland. He was in Norway when Erik's fleet sailed for Greenland, and was much chagrined when he returned to Iceland to find that his father had gone with that adventurous chief. He called a counsel of his crew, and they unanimously determined to go on and discover the green land to which Herjulf had gone, although none of them had ever sailed in those arctic seas.

They set forth on their perilous voyage, guided only by the sun and stars, and sailed for three days till they lost sight of land, when they met with a northerly wind accompanied with a thick fog. Utterly ignorant of where they were they lay to for several days, but the fog clearing away the sun and stars once more appeared; they hoisted sail and shortly afterward came in sight of land. They sailed closer in, but found the land destitute of mountains, but instead of them were bush-covered hills and low herbage, and wondering what this land could be, for it did not answer to Erik's description of Greenland, they did not go ashore, but leaving it on the left they sailed to the northward for two days, when they again came in sight of terra-firma. This was also low land; the beach was flat, the plains covered with low bushes, and many small icebergs were seen in the neighborhood; it could not be the country they sought, for Biarne assured his crew that in Greenland the icebergs were very large and the mountains high. Turning the prow from the land these random adventurers sailed with a south-west wind for three days, when their eyes were once more cheered with a sight of land. A shout of joy arose, which was soon changed to murmurs of dissatisfaction, when the indefatigable Biarne once more declared that he would not land here.

The sailors, habituated only to short voyages, became uneasy, and now in an unknown ocean, surrounded by ice and often enveloped in dense fogs, it is not to be wondered at that they became discouraged and began in secret whispers to accuse their leaders of having deceived them as to the intention and circumstances of their expedition. Biarne was fully sensible of his perilous condition, but, like Columbus, he

retained his equanimity and presence of mind, and soothed the malcontents by telling them that if the next land they saw was not Greenland, they would immediately alter the ship's course and return to Iceland. This proposition did not seem unreasonable, and harmony being restored they sailed for four days more with the same wind, when one morning as the sun shed his first rays over the sea, the joyful sound of "Land ahead," called out from the mast-head, summoned all to the deck. As they approached nearer to the coast, Biarne declared that the shore they saw was that of Greenland, and gave orders to land. All doubt and fear was now dispelled; those that were sullen and downcast from the sickness of hope deferred again revived, and bright anticipation took the place of despondency. They landed; it was indeed the country they wanted, and Biarne sought out his father and settled in Greenland with him.

The rumor of this successful voyage, and the promising lands he had discovered on his way, soon reached both Iceland and Norway, and greatly added to the general disposition for adventure and discovery. It formed a theme for speculation as much as do the gold hills of California at the present day, and there was no want of adventurers ready and willing to set out on a similar voyage, at the end of which they might find an *El Dorado*.

Lief, Erik's son, who had lately returned as a Christian to Greenland, was the first to undertake a voyage in search of these new lands, which Biarne had described as possessing charms to which he and his followers, shut up in their rude northern home, were perfect strangers. A new light began to dawn upon them; instead of Greenland being a portion of a mighty continent, they had heretofore deemed it only an island, never conjecturing that any thing better lay beyond; they resolved to seek that better land. Lief sought out Biarne; listened eagerly to his exaggerated account of the calm seas and beautiful lands which lay to the southward, and suffering himself to be tempted, bought the young Norwegian's ship and collected a crew of thirty-five men.

He begged his father to accompany him and take command of the expedition. Erik was now old, but age had not tamed his daring spirit nor weakened his bodily vigor, and after maturely considering the matter, the old man expressed his determination to go. But superstition accomplished in a moment what persuasion or argument would have failed to do in years. All was arranged for their departure, but as he rode from Brattelid to the ship's harbor his horse stumbled and fell with him. This appeared to

him a bad omen; he would not go. "No," said he, "my gods do not permit me to discover other lands than the one we now inhabit; I can not go with you," and he returned to his house.

Leif and his party sailed, and found first the land which Biarne had first seen; they landed and saw only barren mountains, with loose blocks of stone covering their slopes down to the seashore. Disappointed in not finding the verdure he expected, Lief called the place *Helleland* the Stony. Proceeding farther south till they again saw land, they went ashore, where they found fine grass-covered plats of luxurious growth where cattle might feed. This corresponded more with the description given by Biarne, and this he called *Markland*. Again they sailed with a north-west wind till they saw land ahead; approaching it they entered a shallow bay where the ship was aground at ebb-tide. With the superstition common to the Scandinavian nations, they considered this as a sign that there they should remain; and finding the country more pleasant than he expected, even from Biarne's description, Lief determined to Winter there in order to examine it more closely. The plan was approved by the whole party. They therefore drew their ships up into a lake, and built themselves large houses. Here they noticed that day and night were more equal than in Greenland, and that in the shortest day there was sunlight from eight o'clock in the morning till four in the afternoon. It is, therefore, supposed that they must have been near Massachusetts.

To their great delight at all they saw, here was added that of finding a great profusion of wild grapes, and, therefore, Lief gave it the name of *Vineland*. Lief was singularly fortunate in this expedition; no accident or untoward circumstance had occurred to cause alarm or despondence. When the Spring came he loaded the ship with timber, and, taking a good supply of dried grapes, he embarked for Greenland. On the way he had the good fortune to rescue a shipwrecked vessel from a reef where they would soon have perished, and from this circumstance, and his previous success, he received the name of "*Lief the Lucky*," which he never lost. His homeward course was prosperous, and, laden with goods and honor, he reached his father's house at Brattelid in safety.

The description given by Lief of his voyage, and the trophies he brought, induced many to attempt to follow his course; and several of his relatives, from this time till 1013, during which Erik the Red had died, had made voyages to *Vineland*. His brother Thorwald, bold, humane, and brave, was foremost, and, going farther into the



interior than the others, was the first who met with native Indians or Esquimaux(?) On the first occasion the voyagers met with a party of nine, eight of whom they slew; one, however, escaped to bear the tidings to his tribe. Shortly after, however, a numerous party of well-armed natives appeared, coming in skin-covered boats from the interior of a bay. Most of the Scandinavians were asleep, but those who were watching declared that a voice, which they supposed supernatural, was heard crying, "Awake, Thorwald, and your folk quickly, if you will preserve your lives." Thorwald saw the danger, but, brave and courageous as he was, was too humane to risk the lives of his followers in an unequal contest. He, therefore, ordered his men to go on board the ship and act on the defensive. A fight ensued; the natives discharged a volley of arrows and retreated, but Thorwald, the beloved leader, was mortally wounded; they buried him there, and erected two crosses to mark his grave. His followers, cast down and disheartened by the loss of their leader, did not, under these circumstances, attempt to make any further discoveries, but returned at once to Greenland.

Many expeditions followed, and many attempts were made during three centuries to establish Scandinavian colonies in America, but without success, for it appeared that the natives were too troublesome and too numerous for them to make any permanent settlement. In Greenland alone the Scandinavians met with success; a constant trade was carried on between that country and Norway up to about the year 1400, when all intercourse between those countries ceased. Owing to the long-continued wars in Northern Europe, the colonies were left to themselves, and at last the route to Greenland was forgotten. At this time there were in the southern districts twelve large parishes, one hundred and ninety villages, a bishop's see, and two convents.

In the mean time quarrels arose between the natives of Greenland—Esquimaux—and the Scandinavians, which apparently ended in the destruction of the latter; for when, after many futile attempts were made to discover the "lost land," as Greenland was then called, it was at length rediscovered in 1560 by Sir Martin Frobisher, no Scandinavians were found.\* It is, however, conjectured that the inhabitants of

East Greenland are of Scandinavian descent. Several Moravian missionaries report that the Esquimaux of that region not only resemble the Greenlanders in aspect, manners, and dress, but that, to their astonishment, they found that they spoke the same language.

Davis visited Greenland in 1585, and in 1772 the celebrated Hans Egede was sent out from Denmark as a missionary to the Esquimaux, and to him we are indebted for the best account of this remote land. He made several attempts to explore the eastern coast. However, after many difficulties and trials, the venerable Egede succeeded in introducing Christianity among the natives of West Greenland. A trade was also commenced, which has been carried on as a royal monopoly ever since, and which, at present, yields no inconsiderable revenue to Denmark. Colonies and stations have been established at short distances from Cape Farewell up to latitude 73 degrees north, where a trade in oil and skins is briskly carried on. The whole of the coasts and fiords have been examined, and all the principal ruins of the Scandinavians have been found, but no living trace of the lost race has ever been met with. The causes which led to their complete extinction have never yet been discovered, but it is supposed that, after civil broils and dissensions had weakened them, they fell victims to the revenge of the natives, who, naturally kind and gentle as the latter were, they had long been in the habit of ill treating.

The Greenlanders have some oral traditions connected with certain localities where the Scandinavians resided, relating to these petty wars and mutual slaughter, as well as others of a curious nature elucidating the former manners and customs of the Esquimaux. These have been lately collected by Dr. Rink, Governor of South Greenland, and are now in a course of translation. Since the interesting account given by Dr. Kane of his voyage to these Arctic regions has made us more familiar with the Esquimaux, the legends adverted to can not fail to prove acceptable to those who love to uncover the past. A few of those legends and scenes of modern life in Greenland have been illustrated by wood-cuts, executed by the Esquimaux themselves under Dr. Rink's direction, which afford considerable proof of their intelligence and capability of improvement.

\* The lamented Franklin was not the first who went to seek out traces of the lost Norwegian colonists which had been planted in the eleventh and twelfth centuries. Scoresby, convinced that descendants of these colonists might be found, went before him and explored the whole eastern coast of Greenland. He believed that by penetrating to the original site of the colony their descendants, though probably in a savage and degenerate

state, might be met with and Christianized. In the twelfth century Churches were multiplied, and the institutions of Christianity through their influence flourished. Disagreeing, they divided, and spread eastward and westward in two large bands. This dispersion was their ruin. It is certain that the western colonists were exterminated by the wild Greenlanders. The fate of those who went eastward was never known.

## GEMMA, WIFE OF DANTE.

THE name of Beatrice is constantly associated with that of Dante, but I think it can be shown that the divine poet loved Gemma, his wife, with the full, true, manly love of his maturity, and that the pain of exile was chiefly caused by his separation from her and her seven children. When Florence banished her noble husband and lover from its walls, Gemma maintained herself and family with the unaccustomed labor of her own hands, for she was one of the rich and noble family of the Donati. Dante wandered from court to court, tasting the bitterness of exile—"how salt was the savor of others' bread—how hard it was to descend and climb by others' stairs"—and he himself intimates that the parting from Gemma and his children was the chief of his sorrows.

"Thou shalt leave each thing  
Beloved most dearly; this is the first shaft  
Shot from the bow of exile."

He was, doubtless, an affectionate husband and father, for when he was at the court of Malaspina we hear of his sons, Pietro and Jacopo, being with him, and solacing in some measure the sorrows of his life.

To Gemma the world is indebted for the completion of the *Divina Commedia*. For when Dante was exiled by the ungrateful city for which he had toiled so faithfully, and which he loved so well, she preserved the first seven cantos of the *Inferno*, and five years after sent them to her husband in his exile at Ravenna, long after he, supposing them destroyed, had relinquished the idea of completing them. Beatrice, the gracious woman who shines so preeminently through the cantos of this immortal poem, and whose name is so inseparably connected with that of Dante, was to him, to his heart and real life, only the personification of that Divine Wisdom, that high philosophy which was the object of his intellectual life.

But, whatever else she might be, she was not his love. She was the wife of Simon d' Bardì, and died when she and Dante, born in the same year, were seventy-four years of age. His actual communication with her was very slight. She was the fair dream of very early youth; but she died and passed away into the heavens, and Dante, in his poetical dreams, imagined her there. But Gemma was his wife, the love of his manhood, the mother of his children. Is it probable or possible that Dante, of whom one has beautifully written thus, "I know not in the world an affection equal to that of Dante. It is a tenderness, a trembling, longing, pitying love, like the wail of Æolian harps,

soft, soft, like a child's young heart," could have been indifferent to Gemma?

The *Divina Commedia* is not only an imagination of the depths of hell, the mountains of purgatory, or the blessed fields of paradise, but it is a revelation of Dante's own soul. The childlike faith and affection he shows there toward his guide and instructor, Virgil; the question he makes the father of his friend Guido Cavalcanti ask him, "Where is my son, and wherefore not with thee?" to say nothing of those references to that "love which in gentle heart is quickly learned," all these attest the tenderness and faithful affection of this great soul. Guido Cavalcanti, it will be remembered, was his friend in that time of his prosperity, when he was virtually chief of the Florentine Republic, and Dante faithfully remembered him throughout his life of poverty and exile. As to the omission of any reference to Gemma, that may be easily accounted for by considering the natural reluctance of a delicate mind to bring its private affections into view. If Gemma's name is omitted, so also are those of his seven children and of his mother, to whom he was tenderly attached. To the introduction of Beatrice's name there was no such objection; for his actual acquaintance with her had been slight, and the highly ideal character which he had given her had entirely superseded the living Beatrice.

Dante was not only a child of the imagination, but a student of nature, a disciple of art, and a worshiper of science. Wisdom, personified in Beatrice, or the source of beatitude, the lovely, heavenly visitant, was the study of his life. His wonderful poem is an epitome of the wisdom of his age, and suggestive to succeeding ages of many occult secrets then generally unknown, such as the attraction of gravitation, magnetism, a new world, etc., while the sweet influences of nature are never more exquisitely portrayed than in the chapters of the *Purgatorio* and *Paradiso*, poems whose beauty is too little known by the generality of students of the *Inferno*. Beatrice, Divine Wisdom, is accompanied by two companions—Divine Mercy and Lucia, or Divine Providence. The address to Beatrice, which Dante causes the shade of Virgil to utter, is not that which he would have made to the spirit of a woman, but one appropriate to make to some great and heavenly messenger.

The sorrows of Dante were great. It was not only that he was hurled from the summit of political power by the intrigues of enemies, not only that he learned the privations of poverty and the bitterness of dependence, but that he was an exile. "In the midway" of his life he

found himself astray—gone from the path—in a gloomy wood which, to remember only, “renewed dismay in bitterness not far from death.”

This was the result of loneliness and separation from a faithful wife and affectionate children. This was the chief sorrow that furrowed his countenance, and imprinted there that dark shadow which makes it one never, when once seen, to be forgotten. This—the hope of return—was the gnawing grief, the unfulfilled desire which darkened the remaining life of Dante Allighieri.

#### OUR TREES.

THERE is a grandeur in the forest equaled only by the ocean and the midnight sky, and he who can enter its solemn cathedral unawed, or even stand in presence of a single tree without receiving into his own being a portion of its strength, and stateliness, and broad, out-reaching nature, is not very susceptible to noble influences. Yet where trees are most abundant is not where they are best appreciated, or have the happiest effect in forming human character. “Deep in the Odenwald” of the father-land the peasant may dwell in sacred minsters all his life without one hymn of praise; and the piney woods of Maine are associated in many minds only with the toil of felling and transporting trees and “grubbing out” their roots. But take the peasant from his native forest and place him in the palace of a king, he will pine for his woodland home; and bring the genuine Yankee farmer even to this paradise of the West, he will ignore the beauties of its prairie and press eagerly on toward the faint blue line of forest which bounds the horizon, and when he reaches it he will be ready to festoon each separate tree with chains of gold as Xerxes did his palm, or “clasp his country’s tree and weep” like Mrs. Hemans’s Indian captive. And if impelled to choose a western home, he will either take a woodland farm, regardless of agricultural interests, or if visions of broad, level grain fields woo him away from the woods he is still tenacious of his birthright; for Yankee instinct and Yankee enterprise will soon surround his home with a miniature forest of his own hand’s planting. Thus it is that “our trees” came into being, and I, for the love of them and of the dearly honored hand beneath whose care they have grown, write this little tribute, wherein there is nothing new or striking, but in which some common thought or feeling, old as the world and universal as humanity, may haply find re-

sponse in hearts which love some other prairie Greenwood even as we love ours.

Strangers from many climes and lands dwell here lovingly together. The spruce, and fir, and hemlock of the North stand side by side with the magnolia and the tulip-tree; cypress is there from the Dismal Swamp, and tall, spectral poplars from the land of the iron crown; bristling pines from Scottish hills, and a softer species from the woods of Maine, with native oaks, and elms, and maples, and apple-trees innumerable. Broad acres are overshadowed by the intertwinning branches, and our cottage home is almost hidden in the foliage. No matter! when the “evening lamps are lighted” and shine out from the windows through the trees they form a sweeter beacon, if any of us happen to be wandering, than ever was seen by mariner at sea. The birds are cheated by our artificial woods, and sing as if in the heart of a veritable forest. Even the whippowil has been beguiled into giving us a few stray notes.

How daintily Spring comes to us, fringing the larch-trees with a tender green, hanging delicate tassels on the elms and maples, covering the red-bud with blushes which it has no leaves to hide, till finally, with a royal burst of bloom and fragrance, she glorifies the apple-tree with blossoms and drifts their snow upon the grass, hangs a bridal veil on the cherry-trees, the thorn-plum, and the mountain-ash, then wafts herself away with her own sweet sighing.

How tenderly Summer whispers through the leaves, and plays upon her harp of pines, dispensing music and fragrance in a breath! What sweet, cool shadows she throws upon the grass; with what celestial melodies her bird-songs thrill the air! The weary toilers of the harvest-field come in and throw themselves beneath the shade to close their eyes and dream of heaven, and when they return to their work the blessed dream goes with them, and daily toil is sanctified thereby. On long, bright Summer afternoons we bring our books and work to these cool shades, and here on Sabbath eves we find a purer temple than man ever framed, and hear the voice of the Lord among the trees as Adam heard of old.

But Summer burns herself away and Autumn trails his gorgeous robes of purple, and crimson, and gold over the tree-tops, and pitiless storms begin to beat as Winter comes to assert his sway. He drives us from these pleasant haunts to watch from frosty windows the splendor of his reign and hear his grand, wild symphonies. The trees which his predecessors beautified he strips of their bright apparel, while sturdy evergreens which stood unchanged amid the Summer

bloom and Autumn glory, now in their turn become court favorites, arrayed in robes of dazzling white. The crimson berries of the mountain-ash show in bright relief against this ermine, and are the only ornaments the stern monarch tolerates, save when in a moment of royal playfulness he covers every branch with flashing diamonds, or festoons it with fairy lace-work, which his next sunshine will dissolve.

Thus far we write of all our trees; thus far a stranger's eye can see their beauty and significance as well as we; but there are some which speak to us in tones unheard by other ears—trees 'neath which we walk with bowed heads and feel with Mrs. Browning:

"Happy places have grown holy: if we go where once we went  
Only tears will fall down slowly as at solemn sacrament."

There is one from which an evergreen spray was taken to place in a little waxen hand that was folded and shrouded for the tomb; another marks the place where we stood when we bade our soldier-hero "godspeed," as he went forth to his country's battle-fields—thank God it also witnessed his return! Here, in the shadow of this group, we sat one Sabbath afternoon with a dear friend and teacher, listening fondly to

"All he said of things divine,  
And dear to us as sacred wine,  
To dying lips was all he said!"—

dearer than ever now, for on another Summer's day it was said low beneath these trees—and they seemed to cast a darker shadow while the words were spoken, "He is dead!" Dead! a little word, a breath of air, the measure of a moment's time, yet what a dire spell it wrought! How lonely seemed the world, in spite of all its pleasant things, now that this purest, tenderest, noblest soul had gone out of it!

On the day which all remember, when that darker, broader shadow fell which shrouded our whole land in its gloom, we were planting these two trees—the catalpa and the birch—and we said they should stand as mementos of our loved and martyred President. The birch fulfills its solemn mission well, its sturdy heart serene and calm beneath the weight of mournful memories, which sway but do not bend its branches; but the burden proved too great for the tender, passionate catalpa. Only once she threw out broad, luxuriant leaves, and gave the incense of her fragrant blossoms to the memory she was set to perpetuate, but ere another Summer wooed her to renew her offering she had broken her tropical heart with grieving and was dead. Thus let them stand—a double emblem—the symbol is completer so. The dead tree speaks of the earthly life gone out, the living of the perennial life above.

Thus tree after tree is adding to its own intrinsic worth and loveliness the subtle charm of some hallowed association, and blossoming all over with memories thicker than with flowers in the Springtime—memories sad as death, yet sweet as heaven; pure and lofty as love itself, and fadeless as the tree of life which grows in the midst of the paradise of God.

#### THE PHILOLOGICAL ARGUMENT FOR IMMORTALITY.

"Who thinks ere long the man shall wholly die,  
Is dead already; naught but brute survives."—YOUNG.

THE most precious and wonderful possession of man, at once the sign and the means of his superiority to the rest of the animal creation, is the gift of articulate speech.

The study of language—its nature, history, and origin—researches into the genealogies, etymologies, and affinities of words, have of late introduced us to some exceedingly interesting and valuable historical results. The light hereby recently shed upon the derivation and connection of races, upon the fact and the degree of relationship of the different divisions of the human family, also upon the deeds and fates of mankind during the ages which precede direct historic record, is every day becoming more and more invaluable. The study of words, however, has shed light not only upon that science which investigates the genealogy of nations, but upon questions of a moral character withal. It has served not only to elucidate those great truths of human history which language has been mainly instrumental in establishing, but often to give us a clew to the religious opinions of peoples, concerning whom we have but very little if any authentic historical information.

Among the questions having a moral bearing and interest, concerning which philosophy has not been without its fruitful suggestions, is the solemn consideration of a future life.

Is it not truly a matter of much significance that no language is known in which there is not a name for soul, as distinct, as independent, as much meaning an original and acknowledged entity as the word body? Nor does it seem to be at all material how rude or undeveloped the language otherwise may be—the Esquimaux, the Arab, the New Hollander, or Hottentot will each concede, we are told, that, however barren in other respects, his dialect is not without words to express his idea of soul as something quite distinct from, and independent of, the body. He may not, indeed, be able to tell you whence came these words. Of the remote period or



distant land in which his forefathers may have first employed them he may have no conception. He only feels that there is somehow in his nature as deep a need for such utterances as for any thing that falls obviously within the world of sense.

Nor can it be regarded as at all derogatory to the force of this argument that the terms thus employed present primarily material images. By a psychological necessity underlying all language, the names of things that are seen are employed to represent things that are unseen. We fall upon objects conceived to be as nearly as possible analogous in their nature to certain ideas which spring up in the mind, and then avail ourselves of the names of these objects to convey or express the idea in hand. Thus, in the present instance, observe that, while from sheer necessity material images are brought forward in every case, the most ethereal possible of them are selected to represent the idea to be expressed. Whether it be air, or fire, the supposed fifth essence of the ancients, or the electricity of the modern mind, the image employed always comes as near apparently as it can to the thought of absolute immateriality. What, indeed, better than this shows the strong grasp of the mind naturally upon the spiritual idea, or that idea of spirit of which every conception of sense is found thus a more or less inadequate representative? How convincing a proof, truly, of the essentially instinctive character of this belief—that it is an instinct, if you please, of the undeveloped reason—that in spite of all the phenomena of sense, which are utterly opposed to it, and in spite of the necessity of appealing to material or sensuous images to represent it, the human mind still clings every-where and resolutely to the idea of an immaterial nature in man.

But whether conceived of as something material or otherwise, the soul is still something supposed to be quite separate from that bodily organization which is evidently to be decomposed at death. It is something that, in the popular imagination, goes forth like the breath, and something that becomes disengaged from and survives the wreck of matter, and continues to exist somehow independently of it. Now, inasmuch as original distinguishing terms, according to unvarying laws of language, always indicate a distinct belief of some corresponding entity—no evidence certainly exists to show that such terms are ever invented before they are wanted—may we not confidently infer an early and universally popular belief in the doctrine of the soul's independent existence after death; of the soul's continued existence in a

separate, spiritual world, as truly real as this world of flesh and blood?

It is, moreover, a fact worthy of notice, that as far as we are able to trace it in human speech, death is seldom, if ever, characterized by any term etymologically signifying extinction, or cessation of being. Even such terms as might seem the nearest to it, as the Latin *interitus*, (*intereo*,) denote a passing through, or over, or out of one state of existence into another, rather than absolute end of being. And so every-where. It is a change, a transit, an exodus or exit, a transformation. The early and beautiful fable of *Psyche*, or the *Butterfly*—the Greek name for soul—has left its traces every-where, not less upon the language than upon the mythologies of mankind. Death is only a "yielding up of the spirit," a "giving up of the ghost," a form of expression by no means peculiar to our Holy Scriptures. Death is an analysis, or the separation of two things that have been long and intimately allied. It is an "unclothing," a "laying aside of this garment of flesh," a "departure from this house of clay." It is a "going home," a "being gathered to one's fathers," a "journey to hades," a "world unseen;" unseen, yet believed in in spite of sense and all its phenomena. Every tongue has its terms expressive of the strongly imagined contrast between the abandoned earthly tenement, and the winged spiritual inhabitant that has taken its flight to the skies above, or to some far-distant "isles of the blessed," where

"Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood  
Stand dressed in living green."

Once more, the phraseology which is employed of the body after the period of dissolution, will be found to have undergone a remarkable and significant change. The material part is no longer addressed or spoken of by personal epithets. It is no longer he or she, but it. The personal epithets ceasing to be applicable, the impersonal pronoun is used. The former belonging exclusively to the soul, may be said to have gone off with it. Socrates is represented as gently reproving his friend, and cautioning him not to speak of him (Socrates) as buried, but of burying his body, as being that alone of which such language could then properly be employed. The rudest savage has the same thought; and it is the same spiritual instinct, if we may so call it, which has led to a like modification or change of terms in his own barbarous dialect.

Does some one suggest that the application, on the part of man, of the term mortal to himself would seem to afford an exception to the rule developed above, and to contradict our

doctrine of the soul's instinctive belief in immortality? Not so, necessarily. Auguste Nicholas, in his *Etudes Philosophique Sur le Christianisme*, after having described the natural phenomena of dissolution as it appears in man, in the beast, in the plant, asks, "How comes it, then, that in the heart of that universal destruction amid which we live, in the sepulcher of our mortal life wherein we are immured, the idea of our own immortality has penetrated—rather has germinated and flourished? Why is it that no one thinks of attaching this idea to the organic or vital principle of a plant or a beast, and that every one almost without hesitation attaches it to the vital principle to that other mortal which we call man? And, then, why is it that to himself alone man applies the adjective mortal? We never talk about the mortality of brutes. Strange that, in a world where all is mortal, man should reserve this qualification for himself, as if all were immortal except himself. May not, however, precisely the reverse of this be true; and because he alone, of all the creatures of God's hand, needs to be reminded that, at least in one respect—as to his body—he, as well as all things else, is mortal, his maker has put it into his mind instinctively to characterize himself accordingly?"

Finally, it is certainly deserving of consideration that those terms in every language representing the idea of soul, are generally the most euphonious words in that tongue, as though truly they had come "wafted to us from some primeval fount of harmony," or as though the very thought associated therewith had an influence in tuning it to a higher and sweeter melodiousness. I think, indeed, we might affirm, almost without exception, that there is no language in which the word standing for soul is not both grand and musical. However varied its radical etymology, it is very clear, distinct, and sonorous, as though the very sound were to be symbolical of the primitive clearness, and distinctness, and positiveness, and universality of belief which it represents. It is liquid and clear like the English *soul*, or the German *seel*; it is round and full like the French *ame*, or startling like the Saxon *ghost*; it has the musical softness of the Latin *anima*, or the Greek *psyche* or *pneuma*; it has the euphonic grandeur of the Hebrew *ruah* or *neshâmâh*; or it has some grave or sweet word of soothing, yet mournful melody like the Choctaw *shilombish*.

It is Coleridge, I think, who has said that single words often contain within themselves not only boundless stores of historic, but of moral truth; embody not only important facts of history, but also "convictions of the moral

common-sense of a whole race." Studied in the light of this consideration, may not the words which have just been passing under our review afford us a strong, clear, convincing testimony—

"Pointing out an hereafter,  
And intimating an eternity to man?"

### SUCCESS.

THE elements of success are within a man, but the chances lie outside of him. One may have the elements but lack the chances; another may see the chances near at hand, while he has no power to avail himself of them; while a third may be alike poor in the qualities which are requisite for success and the circumstances which favor it. A. is like a good kite that can not rise against the wind. B., like a poor kite, goes to pieces in the wind; while C. is like a poor kite on a still day, lacking both ballast and wind. So A., B., and C. fail to rise, and the world being given to generalization, and being in too much of a hurry to investigate the particular drawbacks of each man, groups the three together, and knows and reports them simply as "unsuccessful men."

A man who aims at success, like a good soldier, will not be afraid of wounds. A man who aims at success must leap into the brier-bushes of life and lose there some of his baser blood. He must be as adventurous as the man who leaped into one brier-bush and lost his eyes, and into another and recovered them.

But mark what Mother Goose says:

"When he *saw* his eyes were out,  
With all his might and main,  
He leaped into *another* bush  
And scratched them in again."

The "wise man" "saw" his eyes were out. You perceive that his inner power of seeing remained unimpaired, and what is more remarkable still, he sought for and found his eyes in "another" brier-bush, and not in one in which they were lost. The hero of the brier-bush was quick in perception, ready in action, sound in judgment—in fact, he was a man to win his way in the world.

We look upon what seems to us to be a single star in the heavens, when in reality we look not upon one star alone, but a group of stars—a multiple star, having its central star about which the other stars of the group revolve.

So we look upon a luminous life, and it seems to us that its brightness is the result of one shining quality, one bright power, whereas there are several shining qualities—there are several

bright powers all acting in unison. "As one star differeth from another star in glory," so may one of these bright powers be more luminous than the rest, but all act in sympathy. He who would win success must learn to rule his own spirit. There is little power in a character that lacks harmony.

It is not the powers which men *possess*, but those which they *command*, that give honorable distinction. A man may have near him ten men whom he calls his servants, yet if each of these ten men has a will and a way of his own, and not one is wholly under control or thoroughly available in time of need, the master is poorly served after all. "He that ruleth his own spirit" is indeed "better than he that taketh a city;" for such a man, if need be, can not only take a city, but hold it, which is the main point after all. The ancient Greeks had a saying that "the gods sell men the gifts they bestow;" men do not reach the things that they desire through smooth and pleasant paths, but reach them through rugged ways. Shakspeare says:

"Our doubts are traitors,  
And make us lose the good we oft might win,  
By fearing to attempt."

But he also says that "modest doubt is the beacon of the wise." So should the bold step be still the cautious step. No matter if the path is rough that leads to success; no matter if the toiler is at times chilled by "a nipping and an eager air;" no matter if he is now and then out in fury of the "to and fro conflicting wind and rain," all these things have their time, and place, and profit.

He that strives and fails to win, and strives and fails again, must remember that

"Perseverance keeps honor bright:  
To have done is to hang  
Quite out of fashion; like a rusty mail  
In monumental mockery."

"Emulation hath a thousand sons,  
That one by one pursue. If you give way,  
Or hedge aside from the direct forth right,  
Like to an enter'd tide they all rush by  
And leave you hindmost."

There are few true enough in their instincts "to take the wings of the morning" and speed to the honey of the world in a bee-line. Step by step, and not with winged haste, move the mass of men toward the favored end of their endeavor.

Success itself blesses man no more than does the effort that leads to it. Cowper says:

"Business is labor, and man's weakness such,  
Pleasure is labor, too, and tires as much."

The toil that does not win is better than the pleasure that does not satisfy.

## MODERN MOTHERS.\*

NO human affection has been so passionately praised as maternal love, and none is supposed to be so holy or so strong. Even the poetic aspect of the instinct which inspires the young with their dearest dreams does not rank so high as this, and neither lover's love nor conjugal love, neither filial affection nor fraternal, comes near the sanctity or grandeur of the maternal instinct. But all women are not equally rich in this great gift; and, to judge by appearances, English women are at this moment particularly poor. It may seem a harsh thing to say, but it is none the less true—society has put maternity out of fashion, and the nursery is nine times out of ten a place of punishment, not of pleasure, to the modern mother.

Two points connected with this subject are of growing importance at this present time—the one is the increasing disinclination of married women to be mothers at all; the other, the large number of those who, being mothers, will not, or can not, nurse their own children. In the mad race after pleasure and excitement now going on all through English society the tender duties of motherhood have become simply disagreeable restraints, and the old feeling of the blessing attending the quiver full is exchanged for one expressive of the very reverse. With some of the more intellectual and less instinctive sort, maternity is looked on as a kind of degradation; and women of this stamp, sensible enough in every thing else, talk impatiently among themselves of the base necessities laid on them by men and nature, and how hateful to them is every thing connected with their characteristic duties. This wild revolt against nature, and especially this abhorrence of maternity, is carried to a still greater extent by American women, with grave national consequences resulting; but though we have not yet reached the transatlantic limit, the state of feminine feeling and physical condition among ourselves will disastrously affect the future unless something can be done to bring our women back to a healthier tone of mind and body.

No one can object to women declining marriage altogether in favor of a voluntary self-devotion to some project or idea; but, when married, it is a monstrous doctrine to hold that they are in any way degraded by the consequences, and that natural functions are less

\* We reproduce this article from the *Saturday Review*, because of the truths and suggestions it contains, while we can not but feel that as a whole it is an overdrawn picture. Still, it indicates the direction of a very alarming tendency of modern times.—Ed.

honorable than social excitements. The world can get on without balls and morning calls, it can get on too without amateur art and incorrect music, but not without wives and mothers; and those times in a nation's history when women have been social ornaments rather than family home-stays have ever been times of national decadence and moral failure.

Part of this growing disinclination is due to the enormous expense incurred now by having children. As women have ceased to take any active share in their own housekeeping, whether in the kitchen or the nursery, the consequence is an additional cost for service, which is a serious item in the yearly accounts. Women who, if they lived a rational life, could and would nurse their children, now require a wet-nurse, or the services of an experienced woman who can "bring up by hand," as the phrase is; women who once would have had one nurse-maid now have two; and women who, had they lived a generation ago, would have had none at all, must in their turn have a wretched young creature without thought or knowledge, into whose questionable care they deliver what should be the most sacred obligation and the most jealously guarded charge they possess.

It is rare if, in any section of society where hired service can be had, mothers give more than a superficial personal superintendence to nursery or school-room—a superintendence about as thorough as their housekeeping, and as efficient. The one set of duties is quite as unfashionable as the other, and money is held to relieve from the service of love as entirely as it relieves from the need of labor. And yet, side by side with this personal relinquishment of natural duties, has grown up, perhaps as an instinctive compensation, an amount of attention and expensive management specially remarkable. There never was a time when children were made of so much individual importance in the family, yet in so little direct relation with the mother—never a time when maternity did so little and social organization so much. Juvenile parties; the kind of moral obligation apparently felt by all parents to provide heated and unhealthy amusements for their boys and girls during the holidays; extravagance in dress, following the same extravagance among their mothers; the increasing cost of education; the fuss and turmoil generally made over them—all render them real burdens in a house where money is not too plentiful, and where every child that comes is not only an additional mouth to feed and an additional body to clothe, but a subtractor by just so much from the family fund of pleasure.

Even where there is no lack of money, the unavoidable restraints of the condition, for at least some months in the year, more than counterbalance any sentimental delight to be found in maternity. For, before all other things in life, maternity demands unselfishness in women; and this is just the one virtue of which women have least at this present time—just the one reason why motherhood is at a discount, and children are regarded as inflictions instead of blessings.

Few middle-class women are content to bring up their children with the old-fashioned simplicity of former times, and to let them share and share alike in the family, with only so much difference in their treatment as is required by their difference of state; fewer still are willing to share in the labor and care that must come with children in the easiest-going household, and so to save in the expenses by their own work. The shabbiest little wife, with her two financial ends always gaping and never meeting, must have her still shabbier little drudge to wheel her perambulator, so as to give her an air of fine-ladyhood and being too good for work; and the most indolent housekeeper, whose work is done in half an hour, can not find time to go into the gardens or the square with nurse and the children, so that she may watch over them herself and see that they are properly cared for.

In France, where it is the fashion for mother and *bonne* to be together both out of doors and at home, at least the children are not neglected nor ill-treated, as is too often the case with us; and if they are improperly managed, according to our ideas, the fault is in the system, not in the want of maternal supervision. Here it is a very rare case indeed when the mother accompanies the nurse and children; and those days when she does are nursery gala days, to be talked of and remembered for weeks after. As they grow older, she may take them occasionally when she visits her more intimate friends; but this is for her own pleasure, not their good, and is quite beside the question of going with them to see that they are properly cared for.

It is to be supposed that each mother has a profound belief in her own nurse, and that when she condemns the neglect and harshness shown to other children by the servants in charge, she makes a mental reservation in favor of her own, and is very sure that nothing improper or cruel takes place in *her* nursery. Her children do not complain, and she always tells them to come to her when anything is amiss; on which negative evidence she satisfies her soul, and makes sure that all is right, because she is too neglectful



to see if any thing is wrong. She does not remember that her children do not complain because they dare not. Dear and beautiful as all mammas are to the small fry in the nursery, they are always in a certain sense Junos sitting on the top of Mount Olympus, making occasional gracious and benign descents, but practically too far removed for useful interference; while nurse is an ever-present power, capable of sly pinches and secret raids, as well as of more open oppression—a power, therefore, to be propitiated, if only with the grim subservience of a Yezidi, too much afraid of the evil one to oppose him. Wherefore nurse is propitiated, failing the protection of the glorified creature just gone to her grand dinner in a cloud of lace and a blaze of jewels; and the first lesson taught the youthful Christian in short frocks or knickerbockers is not to carry tales down stairs, and by no means to let mamma know what nurse desires should be kept secret.

A great deal of other evil, besides these sly beginnings of deceit, is taught in the nursery; a great deal of vulgar thought, of superstitious fear, of class coarseness. As, indeed, how must it not be when we think of the early habits and education of the women taken into the nursery to give the first strong indelible impressions to the young souls under their care? Many a man with a ruined constitution, and many a woman with shattered nerves, can trace back the beginning of their sorrow to those neglected childish days of theirs when nurses had it all their own way because mamma never looked below the surface, and was satisfied with what was said instead of seeing for herself what was done.

It is an odd state of society which tolerates this transfer of a mother's holiest and most important duty into the hands of a mere stranger, hired by the month, and never thoroughly known. Where the organization of the family is of the patriarchal kind—old retainers marrying and multiplying about the central home, and carrying on a warm personal attachment from generation to generation—this transfer of maternal care has not such bad effects; but in our present way of life, without love or real relationship between masters and servants, and where service is rendered for just so much money down, and for nothing more noble, it is a hideous system, and one that makes the modern mother utterly inexplicable. We wonder where her mere instincts can be, not to speak of her reason, her love, her conscience, her pride. Pleasure and self-indulgence have indeed gained tremendous power, in these later days, when they can thus break down the force of the strongest law of

nature, a law stronger even than that of self-preservation.

Folly is the true capillary attraction of the moral world, and penetrates every stratum of society; and the folly of extravagant attire in the drawing-room is reproduced in the nursery. Not content with bewildering men's minds, and emptying their husbands' purses for the enhancement of their own charms, women do the same by their children, and the mother who leaves the health, and mind, and temper, and purity of her offspring in the keeping of a hired nurse takes especial care of the color and cut of the frocks and petticoats. And always with the same strain after show, and the same endeavor to make a little look a mickle. The children of five hundred a year must look like those of a thousand; and those of a thousand must rival the *tenue* of little lords and ladies born in the purple; while the amount of money spent in the tradesman class is a matter of real amazement to those let into the secret. Simplicity of diet, too, is going out with simplicity of dress, with simplicity of habits generally; and stimulants and concentrated food are now the rule in the nursery, where they mar as many constitutions as they make. More than one child of which we have had personal knowledge has yielded to disease induced by too stimulating and too heating a diet; but artificial habits demand corresponding artificiality of food, and so the candle burns at both ends instead of one.

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IN journeying along the road of life, it is a wise thing to make our fellow-travelers our friends. The way, rough as it may seem, may be pleasantly beguiled with an interchange of kindly offices and pleasant words. Suavity and forbearance are essential elements of good companionship, and no one need expect to pass pleasantly through life who does not *habitually* exercise them in his intercourse with his fellows. The Ishmaelite, whose hand is against every man, may die in a ditch without a finger being outstretched to save him. And why should we rudely jostle and shoulder our neighbors? Why tread upon each other's toes? The Christian gentleman is always careful to avoid such collisions, for courtesy and loyalty to his race are a portion of his moral and religious creed; to be loved and honored of all his highest earthly ambition. He seeks to turn away wrath with a soft answer, and if a brawler obstinately beset his path, he steps aside to avoid him, saying, as "my Uncle Toby" said to the pertinacious fly, "Go thy ways, the world is wide enough for thee and me."

## THE LITTLE PAUPER.

SHRINKING and shiv'ring with terror and cold,  
In thin garments clad, both scanty and old,  
A tiny creature through the crowded street,  
Asked alms of the strangers she chanced to meet.  
Beneath the soiled hood, all faded and torn,  
A little face peers out, so wan, so worn,  
And yet so young; ay, so childish and fair,  
All framed about with such soft, golden hair.

Those eyes so beautiful, with unshed tears,  
Seem heavy now, as if life's wants and fears  
Were pressing down upon the youthful heart,  
That so deeply feels the keen, bitter smart  
Of poverty. The little hands, hard and brown,  
The slight, childish form all too soon bowed down,  
A piteous story tell of the pain,  
And the trial that again and again  
The ever-tried heart is called to endure,  
That belongs to that class—the lowly poor.

Friendless, oft homeless, deserted and lone,  
None to share life's burden or pity its moan;  
Yet the world is beautiful, broad, and wide,  
Peace, wealth, and plenty on every side;  
Homes too of beauty, and hearts full of love,  
Rich blessings unnumbered sent from above;  
Sweet music and pleasure, honor and fame,  
The glories that cluster around a great name.

From whence came they all, and why are these blest,  
While you, poor pauper, no home hath nor rest?  
Foot-sore and heart-sick why wanders she there  
While plenty around her is seen every-where?  
Still wearily, sadly, onward she goes,  
But whither? Alas, that nobody knows;  
Does any one care, does any one feel  
In this crowded mart for her woe or weal?

O, ye who pass by and pause not to greet  
The suffering child in the cold, cold street,  
Think of the treasures within thine own home,  
And pity the poor who wander alone!  
God cares for the lowly, he still will lead  
The tempted and tried in their hour of need.  
Thou art his steward appointed from heaven  
To scatter the blessings to thee freely given.  
Be true to thy trust, O, pity the poor,  
Think of the trials that each must endure;  
Christ is their friend, let us his words keep;  
'T was he who commanded thee, "Feed my sheep."

## RECOMPENSE.

O LABOR is light in the budding fields,  
Where life's tides flow fast and free,  
Where the sky is clear, and the breeze is bland,  
And the hours glide pleasantly;

Where each easy task has its "ready pay,"  
Each sweep of the hand its power,  
To wipe from the soil some poisonous mold,  
Or cherish some favorite flower;

Where the world applauds and the angels smile,  
As their light wings cleave the air;  
But not for the workmen in grounds like these,  
Are the sparkling crowns they bear.

Away on the needy commons of life  
Are those, whose strokes in the soil,  
Have only the ring of the fretted rocks  
To welcome their earnest toil;

Brave hearts—whose names are engraven in light,  
High on the "record of heaven,"  
To whom the Master, in token of trust,  
His heaviest work hath given;

The few who can catch by the light of faith,  
While their tasks are hard and long,  
A glimpse of the golden grain—and hear  
From afar the reaper's song;

Who will work with a strong and steady stroke,  
Though the world bids high or low,  
Nor fear for the promised recompense  
Which the mills of God turn slow.

O, the hands may tire and the heart grow faint  
At their labor, long and late,  
But the brightest crowns which the angels bear,  
Are for those who work and wait.

## IN A GRAVEYARD.

THE purple sky is darkening into gray,  
The wind lies dead beneath the moaning boughs,  
The crimson flush that marked the path of day  
Down the steep west, no longer brightly glows,  
And like a thought flashed from a poet's dream,  
The moon, with sudden splendor, floods the scene.

Around me lie the mansions of the dead,  
The voiceless homes of frail mortality,  
To which life's joys can never penetrate,  
From whose shut doors all cares forever flee;  
Their iron portals Death alone unbars—  
Earth's entrance to the temple of the stars!

How hushed they lie, the mazy walks around!  
How deep a silence guards their sacred sleep!  
The trees seem bending with a grief profound,  
While twilight pauses in their shade to weep;  
And as I sit among the flowers and grass,  
Invisible spirits by me seem to pass.

What secrets here lie buried from all eyes!  
What hopes and fears! crushed 'neath the sullen  
sod;

Vailed by the awful mystery of the skies,  
Unknown—save to the sleeper and to God,  
Until that day when God's almighty breath  
Shall fire the world and rend the veil of death.

O, merry heart! O busy, toiling brain!  
O, man! thou bubble floating on the waves,  
Turn sometimes back from paths of greed and fame  
To those that wind among these silent graves,  
And let thy musing soul, at least, confess  
Wealth, power, and pride here sink to nothingness.

## HIDDEN LINKS.

THE soft Summer breeze of a Sabbath morning rustled the leaves of the trees in the old church-yard, then, more tenderly, swept through the grass that covered the many graves, and stole in at the open church window, lifting fair curls from childish temples, fanning heated faces, softly fluttering ribbons and laces, and whispering amid the leaves of the great Bible that lay open on the pulpit cushions. It was a warm, warm day; the little children betrayed it in their restlessness, the older ones by their weariness, while something of the general languor had fallen even over the clergyman's spirit, as he arose to speak: "For other foundation can no man lay than that is laid, which is Jesus Christ. Now if any man build upon this foundation gold, silver, precious stones, wood, hay, stubble: Every man's work shall be made manifest, for the day shall declare it, because it shall be revealed by fire; and the fire shall try every man's work of what sort it is."

Mrs. Nelson drew out her ivory tablets and wrote down the text, as she was wont to do, sighing a little the while. She was so warm and tired, and must she hear of work to-day? To be sure it was a busy world, none knew that better than she, but she would rather have thought of something else this day. Why could he not have preached of the everlasting rest, of the cool water of the river of life, of that land where "no sun shall light on them, nor any heat?" But the feeling of impatience vanished, awed into penitence as she wrote down the solemn words: "For the fire shall try every man's work of what sort it is."

How should hers stand the test? she thought. Her work was so made up of the petty household cares that press upon a wife and mother—trifling things that were so little when done, yet which could not be left undone. Then, too, it was so hard to keep patient and true through all; to forget not the end in the means—the destination in the journey. Then a fragment of an old poem came into her mind, and, half unconsciously, she wrote that down also:

"Dare to be right! dare to be true!  
Keep the great judgment-seat always in view;  
Look at your work as you 'll look at it then,  
Viewed by Jehovah, and angels, and men.  
Dare to be right! dare to be true!  
Can not Omnipotence carry you through?  
City and mansion, and throne all in sight,  
Will you not dare to be true and be right?"

A little sigh ended her reverie as it had begun it, and recalling her wandering thoughts she listened again to the speaker.

Monday morning dawned drearily for Lois

Kent. She opened her eyes languidly, glanced about her little room and through the window out at the gray sky, then closed them wearily again, and leaned back upon her pillow, with a heavy sinking at her heart at thought of taking up once more the burden of her daily life. The Sabbath had brought something of rest—a little of forgetfulness—but now the hurrying, jostling world, that so crowded her upon every side, was all astir again. She heard, growing more and more frequent, the tread of passing feet under her window, and she, too, must take her place again—take up once more her work that had lately grown to seem so tiresome and hopeless.

She arose slowly, made her simple toilet, and descended to the tiny apartment that served as a kitchen. Once she had taken housewifely pride in its perfect neatness and order, but she felt nothing of that now, as she moved about to prepare the morning meal.

"Loie! sister Loie!" called a childish voice from the top of the stairs by the time her fire was fairly burning.

Mechanically the girl obeyed the summons; no sparkle coming to her eyes at sight of the beautiful child fresh from his slumber. Quietly and methodically she robed the dimpled form, and brushed the billowy curls over her fingers. Yet it was not that she did not love him, poor Lois! her love for this baby brother and her little sister, made her inability to care for them as she wished the bitterest drop in her cup. She had struggled bravely for their sakes; tried to be parent and sister both to them after her mother died; had borne privation and toil cheerfully, hoping for brighter days. But that hope had died out now.

"It seems there is nothing left for me but to work on what little time my strength lasts," she said to herself, bitterly; "after that"—a glance at the two children checked the thought. No, she was not yet cowardly enough to wish to die and leave them to face the world alone.

"My toes are clear through my shoes," said Gracie ruefully, as she laced up one dilapidated little boot. "Have to have some new ones soon, won't I, Loie?"

"If I can get them," Lois answered, her voice lingering doubtfully on the little "if."

"Apron tored!" said Master Willie in disgust. "Willie do n't like tored aprons."

"Sister will mend it by and by—it's hardly worth it, though. Like every thing else, worn out—utterly worn out!" she added drearily, as she left the little ones and went down stairs again.

Whatever her thoughts might be, her hands,

long accustomed to their task, moved quickly and skillfully, and soon breakfast was upon the table. To it came the children, Lois, and last of all, with heavy eyes and clouded face, Alex, her brother—so near her own age that he should have been companion, helper, comforter to her; he was neither, but, instead, her sorest heartache.

He scanned the breakfast table with a dissatisfied glance, and pushed away the cup of coffee his sister offered him.

"Give me some cream in it, can't you?"

"I have none."

"Humph! what did you give me the stuff for then? You know I can't drink it without cream. Seems to me you are dreadfully out of things lately."

"It seems so to me, too," answered Lois bitterly. "If it will be the least satisfaction to you to know it, we shall be out of coffee as well as cream by to-morrow morning."

Alex's face settled into a deeper frown.

"The same doleful story over again, Lois; you give a fellow no peace! I think you might contrive to be a little more cheerful, even if things do go hard just now, and not look as if we were on the point of starvation. I've told you that there is a chance of my getting a better clerkship soon, and then I shall be able to help you some."

"I know you say so," she replied, a little scornfully.

"Know I say so! what do you mean by that? that I shall not keep my word?"

"Something very much like that, I suppose. I might be excused for feeling doubtful, I should think, having heard such promises so many times."

"Lois!" angrily.

She met his glance, for a moment, coldly, half scornfully; then a sudden moisture gathered in her dark eyes, and she spoke again in a softer tone.

"Is it altogether my fault, Alex, if I have grown hopeless? When mother"—she hesitated, and changed the sentence. "When we were first left in this way, alone, you were only an errand boy at Ledlie's; you could do nothing then. But you told me to be of good courage; not to be anxious because we were using up what little had been left us; if it only lasted till you obtained your position as clerk, all would go smoothly then; and I believed you, and worked to the utmost extent of my strength, hopefully and cheerfully, doing whatever I could find to do that would help us. Your clerkship came, but your assistance did not, nothing but promises; and now the money is all gone, and I have nothing to help myself or these with,"

glancing at the children, "but what I can earn by my few music scholars."

"Well, I don't see that I am to blame for that," said Alex, sullenly. "The salary of an under clerk is little enough if he has only himself to take care of. Most of our fellows do n't do even that much; they have rich friends to help them, while I have to do the best I can for myself, and give something to you besides, whatever you may say about my not helping you."

"Yes, a dollar or two, now and then, grudgingly given, when I asked for it, and said I must have it! But, Alex, keeping it for yourself is not the worst of this. I thought it was for a time, but I know better now. You are spending it in a way that is ruining you, body and soul; your character has suffered by it already."

"Because I did not get that appointment, you imagine so, I suppose. It is kind of you to taunt me with that, as if I were to blame for Ledlie's whims and partialities!" he exclaimed, angrily.

"It was your fault, Alex, yours alone," Lois answered, firmly but sadly. "I overheard Mr. Ledlie say it. He said it was a position of some responsibility, and he did not care to trust his money in the hands of one who —"

"Well, what?" fiercely.

"Who squandered what little he had of his own in gambling." Lois finished the sentence slowly.

Alex rose up hastily, his face at white heat.

"That will do for one morning, Lois Kent. You have said quite enough—some things you may have cause to repent of, perhaps;" and snatching up his hat he left the house.

As the door closed after him Lois rested her arm upon the table, and leaned her head upon her hand. The children gazed at her, frightened and bewildered by the stormy scene which they could not understand. Indeed, they were not accustomed to such occurrences. It was the first time in all her waiting, disappointment, fear, and anxiety for him, that Lois had so spoken to her brother. She had tried to be patient, tender, and forbearing—had meant to be so always, and to win him to what was right and true, if she could; but to-day she was hopeless, almost discouraged, and the flood of bitterness that had been gathering so long forced itself into words at last. She half regretted them now that he was gone; yet it was only truth that she had spoken.

"The bare, simple truth," she said to herself. "Why should I regret it? It might as well be said now as later."



A knock at the door aroused her; she arose and opened it. A cartman stood there—a rough, breezy fellow, who spoke in a quick, off-hand way, yet respectfully enough, too.

"I called for some money, miss. That last load of coal I brought was n't paid for, you know."

Lois put her hand to her forehead for a moment, then answered quietly, "Yes, I remember," and taking out her purse drew from its meager contents the sum he asked, and sent him away.

There was but little left; but she felt too thoroughly discouraged to plan off ways and means, as she usually did, while she went about her work. What had all her striving availed? Since her dying mother had left the little ones to her care she had done all in her power for them; yet how little they enjoyed of the pleasures that gladdened other children! how many unsatisfied wants their childhood knew already! And for herself, she was young yet, and why should her life be so different from that of other girls? All the joy crushed out of it? She could enjoy being cherished and loved as well as others—ay, far more than many who received such treasures of affection carelessly—and why must she alone be an orphaned daughter, a weary, heart-sick woman, an unblessed sister? That last was hardest, even though she scarcely acknowledged it to herself that day, for neither death nor poverty can bring such sorrow as sin brings.

She had been so proud of Alex, the bright, handsome boy. She had thought he would do so nobly, and win such a high place for himself some day; he would be such a comfort to her, and such a help to them all. And when Willie, the burden of whose future pressed heavily upon her sometimes, should be a little older, Alex, the tender, manly, elder brother, could do so much for him by influence, example, and advice; Willie need scarcely know any thing of the peril and sadness of being fatherless. So she had hoped and dreamed, cheering her sorely bereaved heart by looking forward to brighter days. But they had never come. Alex had greatly changed in the three years that had brought him to early manhood. Her word had little influence with him now, and the necessities of those at home no power; he seemed completely infatuated with the wild companions by whom he was surrounded. It had stung Lois's proud heart deeply to hear such words as were spoken of him—Alex Kent, her brother, called unworthy of trust! A quick flash of memory recalled her father—her noble, honorable father—and she burst into passionate tears.

The children left their play and ran to her side. It was no common thing to see Lois weep, and rosy lips showered kisses upon her, eager to comfort. Then little Willie climbed up beside her, and put his arms about her neck.

"Do n't cry, Loie! Willie 'll be a man pretty soon, and buy Loie lots of pretty things."

The childish promise made her think of Alex, and brought a swift pang of fear. If Willie should do as he had done! She pushed the child hastily away. "Do n't, Willie!" she said quickly, almost sharply. Then, as the boy drew back, frightened and with quivering lip, she caught him in her arms, and kissed him again and again, murmuring:

"I do love you—better than life, my darling!"

Little Gracie nestled quietly up to her side for her share of caresses, and Lois dried her tears, saying to herself, that, whatever came, she would not let the shadow of her sorrow dim the children's sunlight, while it was possible to prevent it. It was little enough they had at best, she thought.

After all it was not that this day was so much worse than many preceding ones had been, that she felt so utterly heart-sick and helpless; but the constant labor, the hoping against hope, was wearing her out, body and mind. Then, too, almost unconsciously, she had been seeking her strength, not in patient submission, but in stern endurance; trying to bear her burden alone, and saying to herself, bitterly, she could bear what must be borne. But the proud self-reliance seemed to have given way to-day; she felt weary in body and soul, and her heart seemed breaking.

"You'll stay at home with us to-day, won't you, Loie?" said little Grace, coaxingly.

Lois looked up at the clock. She had two music pupils for that morning, and it was time she went to them.

"I can not, dear. I have two lessons to give this morning, and I had almost forgotten it," she answered, rising hastily. "Take care of Willie while I am gone, and I will come back as soon as I can."

The gray clouds had deepened into rain, and few ladies were on the street as our young music teacher picked her way over the wet pavement. Her little sitting-room was small, and, with the children always there, she could receive no pupils at home, and so was obliged to accept the inconvenience of going out to give her lessons.

As she ran up the steps of a pretty, tasteful house, and stood for a moment waiting an answer to her ringing of the bell, she glanced admiringly at the beautiful building. Then,

with a quick thought of the incongruity between her own appearance and the place where she sought admittance, she glanced down at her plain mourning dress, damp with the rain, and a faint smile crossed her lips. One need but look from one to the other, she thought, to read all the story of different lives. Once she used to say to herself that God, looking down with clearer eyes than ours, saw which were the royal souls and which the beggarly, however the masks of wealth and poverty might disguise them from mortals. The thought made her calm and strong—more anxious for a noble life than for an easy living; but she had almost forgotten that now. The sunlight falling upon the tinsel had made it glisten like gold, indeed, and the glare had blinded her.

She went through her task as usual, faithfully careful in her duty to her pupils; yet the lesson seemed long to her, and her only interest in it was a longing to have it end.

"What a grave, quiet person Miss Kent is!" said a young girl, when she had gone. "When I look into her pale face I lose all inclination to be idle or careless."

Meanwhile Lois walked homeward. The rain had ceased at last, and the sun had broken through the clouds. She walked slowly, vaguely enjoying its glow, even though she was not thinking of it. Some one a little distance behind her walked quickly forward to overtake her.

"Lois! Miss Kent!" called a voice, modulated to the pleasantest of tones, and a gentleman—or one whom the world called such—came to her side.

She turned toward him, a quick flush that was neither pleasure nor girlish embarrassment, stealing over her face. There was a slight constraint in her manner, which he did not—or would not—notice, as he kept his place by her side for a street or two, talking pleasantly of common-places, while his manner betrayed evident, though respectful, admiration of his companion. As they parted he offered her a bouquet of violets that he had carried, and said, playfully,

"Let me throw a little sweetness into the rest of your forlorn journey; it is such dismally wet walking that I am sure you must need something to cheer you."

He bowed and was gone, and Lois passed on alone.

"Let him 'throw a little sweetness into the rest of my forlorn journey.' Well, why not?" she asked herself, answering the deeper meaning that she knew was hidden under the lightness of his words. Surely her life journey was forlorn enough to make her long for any thing that would brighten it. Once before, when he

had asked the same question more earnestly, she had called it settled—something that should never be—but now it came to her as a great temptation. As this man's wife she could have wealth, a luxurious home, rest—and she was so tired; better still, the sunlight of prosperity would fall upon her little brother and sister; she could do all she wished for them. True, she did not love this man who sought to bind her by the closest of ties—she had told him so plainly, yet he did not relinquish his purpose—nay, she did not even respect him. She doubted whether his wealth would bear strict investigation as to the means by which it was obtained. Still, he bore no harsher name than that of a shrewd business man, and why should she condemn where the world flattered? He scoffed at things that she held most sacred, called the hereafter a dream, and denied the power that created the universe; that shocked her most, and made her shrink from his presence, even though, with a kind of contemptuous toleration for her opinion, he never spoke such words to her. But, whispered the tempter, was she responsible for his opinions? He would never interfere with any views of hers; he only offered her protection, a luxurious home, a life of ease and elegance, and why should it not be hers?

It would be no true marriage—only selling herself for gold, her better nature whispered; but the tempting voice answered, "What else is all the world doing?" She had refused all this once for the sake of being true and right, and had God made her lot any easier for that? Even her prayers for Alex were all unanswered.

Poor Lois! it was the old murmuring, faithless cry that she had taken up—"It is vain to serve God, and what profit is it that we have kept his ordinances, and walked mournfully before the Lord of hosts?"

"And now we call the proud happy; yea they that work wickedness are set up; yea, they that tempt God are even delivered."

Something white upon the wet sidewalk attracted her attention. She stopped and picked up a dainty set of pocket tablets in beautiful ivory. She examined it, as she walked slowly on, to see if she could discover the owner. There was no name. The delicate leaves were blank, all but one, and Lois read with changing face the words written clearly and distinctly there:

"Other foundation can no man lay than that is laid, which is Jesus Christ.

"Now if any man build upon this foundation gold, silver, precious stones, wood, hay, stubble;

"Every man's work shall be made manifest, for the day shall declare it, because it shall be

revealed by fire, and the fire shall try every man's work of what sort it is."

"Dare to be right! dare to be true!  
Keep the great judgment-seat always in view;  
Look at your work as you'll look at it then,  
Scanned by Jehovah, and angels, and men.  
Dare to be right! dare to be true!  
Can not Omnipotence carry you through?  
City, and mansion, and throne all in sight,  
Can you not dare to be true, and be right?"

Had God sent that message direct to her? Lois almost thought so as she hurried home, and seeking her little room threw herself down with a flood of penitent tears. How much she had forgotten in all that day of bitterness and murmuring! that life is not all, that her work was not for time but for eternity! Alas, how would this day's labor show in the light of that fiery test! How had she dared to think of bartering right, and truth, and the smile of God for a life of luxury and ease? Was her cross indeed so intolerable, with "city, and mansion, and throne all in sight?" The penitent tear, and the prayer for strength, sought the throne of mercy together, and the girl rose up strengthened and comforted, no longer bearing her burden alone, but having cast it upon a tenderer than any human love.

Little pattering feet came up the stairs, little hands knocked at the door, and Willie called, "I want my Loie."

She opened to the little pleader with a smile, ready to go down with him and try once more to be the brave, true woman, the tender, self-forgetting sister, the trusting Christian. The day passed quickly in the work that awaited her doing, but she thought of Alex, now and then, with pain and doubt. Had she been wise in what she had said to him? Certainly she had not in her manner of saying it. The thought troubled her, and she was glad when it drew near the hour for him to return. She arranged every thing in the neatest order, and kept the dinner waiting for more than an hour, hoping every moment to hear his step. But he did not come, and she sat down with the children alone, disappointed, and with a vague fear at her heart, that grew stronger as the hours passed on, the sun went down, and the twilight fell and deepened. She tried to account for his absence, but despite her efforts to be cheerful she was constantly recalling the scene of the morning, and imagining every wild, desperate thing that it would be possible for him in his blind passion to do, till her anxiety was almost agony.

Alex had indeed left home in bitter anger, which his hasty walk to the store and the merciless rallying of his fellow-clerks concerning his "amiability" and "benevolent expression"

did not in the least tend to dissipate. But the steady business of the day, giving constant employment to his hands, enforced self-control, and presently brought calmer thoughts, though scarcely pleasanter ones. He was obliged to acknowledge to himself at last that Lois had spoken only the truth; yet he had not intended to be so useless—so utterly selfish. He had yielded weakly to those about him day after day, scarcely seeing how far he was allowing himself to be led; taking life easily for the present, and satisfying himself with promises of what he would accomplish in the future. When his sister expostulated he had usually blamed her instead of himself—calling her unreasonable, exacting, unable to understand the position in which he was placed. Perhaps he might have thought the same thing to-day, but for the indisputable fact that his character had already cost him a longed-for promotion. He had not been aware of that till she told him, and it suddenly opened his eyes to see where he stood. "Unworthy of trust!" was he indeed fallen so low? This was no woman's fear, no girl's whim, but the calm estimate of a thorough business man, looking at the matter in the light of dollars and cents—that one who lived as he had been living was unworthy of trust. The hot flush of shame came to his cheek as the bitter words repeated themselves again and again, "Unworthy of trust." Well, was it not true? he could but ask himself. Had he not betrayed the trust committed to him by his dying parents? been false to the trust of his patient, brave-hearted sister? to the little ones who needed his help, and to his own sense of right and manliness? Why, indeed, should Mr. Ledlie suppose that he would be any more true to his interests than he had been to his own dearest ones?

He saw Lois when she passed up the street to give her lessons, and noticed, with an added pang of self-reproach, her slow step. His eyes were open now, and he saw how entirely he had been leaving her to bear the burden alone.

Business hours over, he was in no mood to seek his home, but breaking away from all companionship passed into a quieter street where he could walk unnoticed, and strove to cool his heated brow and calm his troubled thoughts. Those hours were bitter ones, but not useless. No amount of passionate regret or keen self-condemnation could undo what his weakness and sin had done, but the future might hold better things, and to that he turned his thoughts as he at last walked slowly homeward. Lois met him with white face, unspeakably thankful to see him safely home again—that her words had driven him to no rash act—yet scarcely

daring to betray what her fear had been. Furtively but anxiously she scanned his face, wondering somewhat at the grave, sad, earnest expression that had displaced the look of anger.

Alex seated himself by an open window and carelessly picked up, from a little table near him, the tablets Lois had placed there.

"That is something I picked up in the street to-day," said his sister, noticing the motion.

"Indeed?" abstractedly. He slipped the ivory leaves one by one, till the written words met his eyes, and as he read them, stole down into his sore, wounded heart with a world of comforting.

"Other foundation can no man lay than that is laid"—might he not build his new resolution upon this sure foundation? The thought was like resting his slipping feet upon a steadfast rock. He had so feared the taunts and temptations that he knew would meet him. "Could not Omnipotence carry him through?" "Lois," he said at last, "did you write this?"

Something in his tone and manner drew her to his side.

"No," she answered, reading the lines once more over his shoulder. "No, it is just as I found it. The words seemed almost a sermon to me."

"They are quite one to me, Lois," hesitating a little and looking at her with a half smile, that was yet a very sad one; "you are tired of promises, and, indeed, I scarcely feel strong enough to make one now, but"—

"But your eyes are making one," she said softly, looking into them with her own quickly filling—"O, Alex!" and her head suddenly dropped upon his shoulder.

From that night sprang happier days; strength to battle with temptation; a slow but steady climbing toward a purer, better, higher life; a looking forward to a life beyond, a hope eternal. The little ivory tablets are laid away among Lois Kent's choicest treasures.

Yet the pastor of the little Church where the Summer breeze stole in, as he looks over his old sermons and reaches the one he preached that day, sighs; it was one from which he hoped much, and to his eyes it bore no fruit. Mrs. Nelson, too, still mourns her lost tablets, saying to a friend,

"They were poor Charlie's gift, and I prized them so. I can understand why great afflictions are sent, but these little troubles, that seem to be of no use to any one, are harder to bear patiently."

The one who spoke those holy words, the one who wrote them down, and those whose hearts and lives were benefited by them, brush their garments against each other carelessly in the

hurrying throng of the great city, meet and pass as strangers, yet golden links, one day to be revealed, unite their lives.

#### SOCIABLE SILENCE.

THERE is a silence which is felt to be sociable, when the silent associates are tried and trusty friends. Wherever, in fact, there is implicit confidence, and an underlying sense of general sympathy, it is often a relief to be able to hold one's peace without any risk of misapprehension. Whereas, with a comparative stranger, one puts on company manners, and has to keep up the shuttle-cock of colloquial inanity with all one's battle-door might. Every body who has friends must have felt this; and though—nay, because the feeling is a common one, it may be interesting to show by examples how it has been expressed in literature.

Horace Walpole tells a story of two old cronies, who, sitting together one evening till it was quite dark, without speaking, one called to the other, "Tom! Tom!" "Well," said his friend, "what do you say?" "O," said the other, "are you there?" "Ay," said old Tom. "Why, then, do n't you say *humph*?" demanded the first. So that there was but a felt presence, the silence was enjoyable between these twain. The mute companionship was scarcely the less companionable for being mute. Old friends, remarks Walpole in another of his letters, are the great blessing of one's later years—half a word conveys one's meaning. He makes this remark in reference to the loss of his intimate friend, Mr. Chute, whom he used to see oftener than any one, and to whom he had recourse in every difficulty. "And him I loved to have here, as our friendship was so entire, and we knew one another so entirely, that he alone was never the least constraint to me. We passed many hours together without saying a syllable to each other; for we were both above ceremony."

It is the last couplet in the following lines that best attests the confiding friendship that existed between Sir Walter Scott and Mr. Skene:

"To thee, perchance, this rambling strain  
Recalls our Summer walks again:  
When doing naught—and, to speak true,  
Not anxious to find aught to do—  
The wild unbounded hills we ranged,  
While oft our talk its topic changed,  
And desultory, as our way,  
Ranged unconfined from grave to gay:  
E'en when it flagged, as oft will chance,  
No effort made to break its trance,  
We could right pleasantly pursue  
Our sports in social silence, too."



Wisely and well La Bruyère says that, merely to be with those we love is enough. To indulge in reverie the while; to talk to them; not to talk to them; to think about them; to think on matters indifferent and irrelevant to them—but with themselves beside us—all goes well on that single condition; *tout est égal*. The Abbé Barthélemy speaks happily of those happy moments between like-minded friends, when the very silence is a proof of the enjoyment each feels in the mere presence of the other; for it is a silence productive of neither weakness nor disgust. They say nothing, but they are together. *On ne dit rien mais on est ensemble*. Rousseau is even rapturous in his eulogies of sympathetic silence; he dilates with enthusiasm on the quantity and quality of good things that are said without ever opening the mouth—on the ardent sentiments that are communicated without the frigid medium of speech. Fenelon expatiates on the charm of free communion, *sans cérémonie*, with a dear friend who don't tire you, and whom neither do you tire; you see one another; at times one talks; at others, listens; at others, both keep silence; for both are satisfied with being together, even with nothing to say.

For those who have managed that things shall run smoothly over the domestic rug, says the author of *Orley Farm*, there is no happier time of life than the long candle-light hours of home and silence. "No spoken content or uttered satisfaction is necessary. The fact that is felt is enough for peace." This fact is touchingly exemplified in the American story of *The Gayworthys*, in the instance of stolid Jaazaniah Hoogs and his leal-hearted wife Wealthy. We see Jaazaniah in his chair, the three-legged chair tilted up, the man whistling a stick and whistling. Wealthy is busy chopping, following her own solitary thoughts, but feeling a certain habitual comfort in having him at her elbow. Standing up for the poor soul, she maintains in one place that his thoughts come out in his whistling; he could never make such music as that out of nothing. "You never heard it, nor nobody else, as I have. Why, when we're sitting here, all alone. . . he'll go on so, [whistling,] that I hold my breath for fear o' stopping him. It's like all the Psalms and Revelations to listen to it. There's something between us then that's more than talk." Presently it is beside his death-bed that she sits, in the same expressive silence. "She sat by him for hours; sometimes laying her hand softly down upon the coverlet, and letting his seek it, as it always would; and the Spring breath and music in the air spoke gently for them both, and there was

something between them that was more than talk."

One thinks of Dr. Johnson in his last illness, visited by Malone, and proving so unusually silent that the visitor rose to leave, believing him to be in pain, or incommoded by company. "Pray, sir, be seated," Johnson said. "I can not talk, but I like to see you there." Indeed, great talker in every sense as the Doctor had been in his prime, he was never insensible to the value of sympathetic silence. During his tour to Hebrides, his companion, Boswell, took the liberty one evening of remarking to Johnson, that he very often sat quite silent for a long time, even when in company with a single friend. "It is true, sir," replied Johnson. "Tom Tyers described me the best. He once said to me, 'Sir, you are like a ghost; you never speak till you are spoken to.'" Boswell was apparently incapable of seeing any thing enjoyable in social silence. Not so his every way bigger friend.

A delightful essayist of the present time, discussing the companionship of books, accounts it no forced paradox to say that a man may sometimes be far more profitably employed in surveying his book-shelves in meditative mood, than if he were to pull this or that volume down and take to reading it; "just as two friends may hold sweeter converse in perfect silence together, than if they were talking all the time."

Henry Mackenzie's Montauban congratulates himself on the footing upon which already he stands with his new acquaintance, Monsieur de Roubigné: "He does not think himself under the necessity of eternally talking to entertain me; and we sometimes spend a morning together, pleased with each other's society, though we do not utter a dozen sentences." It is of Julia de Roubigné, in the same epistolary novel, that another letter-writer declares, after advertising to the sprightliness of a Mademoiselle Dorville, "O, Beauvaris, I have laid out more soul in sitting five minutes with Julia de Roubigné in silence, than I should in a year's conversation with this little Dorville."

Elia accounts that to be but an imperfect solitude which a man enjoys by himself, and applauds the sense of the first hermits when they retired into Egyptian solitudes, not singly, but in shoals, "to enjoy one another's want of conversation. The Carthusian is bound to his brethren by this agreeing spirit of incommunicativeness." In secular occasions, Elia adds, what is so pleasant as to be reading a book through a long Winter evening, with a friend sitting by—say a wife—he or she, too—if that be probable—reading another, without interruption, or

oral communication. "Can there be no sympathy without the gabble of words? . . . Give me, Master Zimmermann, a sympathetic solitude."

Lamb's reference to the agreeing spirit of incommunicativeness cultivated in monastic retreats, may remind us of what is told of a celebrated meeting between St. Louis, King of France, in disguise, and Egidius of Assisi, a rich citizen, "famous for many graces," writes Sir James Stephen, "and for not a few miracles." At Perugia the two saints met, and long knelt together in silent embrace. On the departure of the King, Egidius was rebuked by his brethren for his rudeness in not having uttered a word to so great a sovereign. "Marvel not," he answered, "that we did not speak; a divine light laid bare to each of us the heart of the other. No words could have intelligibly expressed that language of the soul, or have imparted the same sacred consolation."

One of the most popular of French authors comments, in his autobiography, on the analogy he professes to have observed between the two races of sailors and forest rangers, and tells, for instance, how the mariner or the woodman will remain by the side of his best friend, in the one case on the ocean, in the other deep in the forest, without exchanging a single word. But as the two entertain the same train of ideas—as their silence has been no more than a long tacit communion with nature, "you will be astonished to find that, at the proper moment, they have but to exchange a word, a gesture, or a glance, and they will have communicated more to each other by this word, this gesture, or glance of the eye, than others could have done in a long discourse." As Scott and Skene with their sports, so can these

"Right pleasantly pursue  
Their craft, in social silence too."

Mr. Helps's three Friends in Council return home, after one of their outdoor colloquies, or peripatetic philosophizings, "not sorry to be mostly silent" as they go along, and glad that their friendship is so assured that they can be silent without the slightest danger of offense.

Uncle Sol and Mr. Toots, in "Dombey & Son," wait patiently in the church-yard, sitting on the coping stone of the railings, till Captain Cuttle and Susan come back. Neither being at all desirous to speak, or to be spoken to, they are expressly described as excellent company, and quite satisfied. Glance again at the same author's picture of Mr. Willet and his companions, Mr. Cobb and long Phil Parkes, enjoying one another's society at the Maypole; and how enjoying it? "For two mortal hours and a half none of the company had pronounced

one word." Yet were they all firmly of opinion that they were very jolly companions—every one—rather choice spirits than otherwise; and their look at each other every now and then is said to have been as if there were a perpetual interchange of ideas going on—no man among them considering himself or his neighbor by any means silent; and each of them nodding occasionally when he caught the eye of another, as if to say, "You have expressed yourself extremely well, sir, in relation to that sentiment, and I quite agree with you."

Mr. Shirley Brooks, in his last and best novel, says, "It is a happy time when a man and a woman can be long silent together, and love one another the better that neither speaks of love. A few years later, and silence is perhaps thought to mean either sorrow or sulks." And if this reflection relate to fiction, here is a sketch from fact, which may go with it—a reminiscence by Mary Anne Schimmelpennick of her early childhood, and of happy hours spent alone with her mother, for whom absolute quiet was indispensable during many hours of the day: "She was generally seated at her table with her books, her plans of landscape gardening, or ornamental needle-work, while I was allowed to sit in the room, but to be in perfect silence, unless when my mother called me to fetch any thing, or addressed to me some little kind word, which seemed not so much to break the silence as to make it more complete and happy by a united flow of hearts." The lovers, in a modern poem on love, are taken to be a deal more eloquent in their silence than in their converse—

"Which was most full—our silence or our speech?  
Ah, sure our silence! Though we talked high things  
Of life and death, and of the soul's great wings,  
And knowledge pure, which only love can teach;  
And we have sat beside the lake's calm beach,  
Wordless and still, a long and Summer day,  
As if we only watch'd the insect play,  
Or rippling wave."

The young lover in Mr. Disraeli's *Love Story*, expressly so called, apologizes to Henrietta Temple for a long term of significant silence, with the candid avowal that he's afraid he's very stupid. "Because you are silent?" she asks. "Is not that a sufficient reason?" he submits. "Nay, I think not," replies Miss Temple; "I think I am rather fond of silent people myself; I can not bear to live with a person who feels compelled to talk because he is my companion. The whole day passes sometimes without papa and myself exchanging fifty words; yet I am very happy; I do not feel that we are dull." So, when the tenant of Wildfell Hall is being courted by Markham, the latter plumes himself

on possessing the faculty of enjoying the company of those he loves, as well in silence as in conversation. One feels sure that this faculty was possessed in a marked degree by all the Bronte family, to the youngest of whom we owe the rather grim and very characteristic story last named.

There is a fragment in print of an unpublished play of Leigh Hunt's, picturing an ideal home, a heaven this side the stars—as happy husband tells his happy wife—

"By men call'd home, when some blest pair are met  
As we are now; sometimes in happy talk,  
Sometimes in silence—also a sort of talk,  
Where friends are match'd—each at its gentle task  
Of book, or household need, or meditation."

To like effect, in all intents and purposes, writes the poet of the *Angel in the House*, a sufficiently cognate theme; where Frederick sends his mother this suggestive sketch of his wedded life:

"For hours the clock upon the shelf  
Has all the talking to itself;  
But to and fro her needle runs  
Twice, while the clock is ticking once;  
And, where a wife is well in reach,  
Not silence separates, but speech;  
And I, contented, read or smoke,  
And idly think, or idly stroke  
The winking cat, or watch the fire,  
In social peace that does not tire."

#### THE EDUCATION OF GIRLS.

THE world has veered between two extremes in its treatment of women. On a cushion embroidered with gold and pearls, in shining garments, with falling dark lashes and white bosom half unveiled, lies the flower of the harem, the slave of the Pasha. Beauty is her only dower and also her only duty. Under a hot sun a peasant woman, brown and grimed with work, hoes away in the field of her lord and master, while he lazily smokes his pipe at the door. Or she is harnessed before a cart and draws the turnips, onions, and cabbages to market. The one is a pet and plaything, the other a slave. These are the types. The variations in individual cases may have been marked and wide, but in all uncivilized or half-civilized countries they have been comprehended between these two extremes.

Christian nations boast to have emancipated themselves from these ideas, and to have elected woman to her proper place. But it is not sufficient to leave the position, equal and yet diverse, which is her right, open for her taking. She must be taught what it is, and thus prepared to fill it. This preparation begins early in life,

and in too many cases begins wrongly. It is always impressed upon the boy's mind that he is to be something. He has held up before him as a matter of course a life of work. He is early incited to make choices. But the girl is to have something done for her. She must be taught housework a little, must learn to play on the piano, must study some—it seems sometimes to make little difference what—and then comes, in the natural sequence of things, a husband—or, at least, she is taught to expect that the husband will come, not so much by direct words as by inference, by suggestion, by continual reference to such things. Marriage is to be the ultimatum of her life. Not a thought seems to be given the contingency that she may not be married, nor many to her proper preparation for life after that event.

This idea demoralizes girls, as any waiting for a good that the individual has no hand in bringing about always does. If a man certainly expected, and had all his life been taught to expect, that one of these years a ship would come into port laden with wealth for his sole use and ownership, not knowing indeed from whence she should come, only that her coming was a certain event, it would have an enervating effect upon his character. Where would be the use of exertion or study? His future is assured. Just so does the expectation of marriage often affect a girl's life. Her brother's future depends upon his own character and his own will. Hers does not. Where, then, can be the use of making her character and her will worth any thing? It is not her fault that her head is fuller of this than any thing else. Mother and friends have persistently held the idea before her that she is to be married as soon as she grows up. They have not intimated that any other destiny is possible, so she is not ready for any other. To her death seems almost better than old maidism. So when the day is far spent, if any man does come she does not inquire whether he brings for her the holy chrism of love. It may be asked whether he is wealthy and respectable, but this other question, without the answer to which the union is unholy and dishonorable, is never raised. Marriage ought not to be more of a power in a girl's life than a boy's.

Just in line with this is another fault in the education of girls in wealthy families; sometimes, too, in families that are not wealthy. They are brought up too delicately. Rather, they are not "brought up" at all, but are allowed to come up according to their own will. They have no duties whatever. Love shields them from every thing that can possibly injure

and then gives them nothing to fill their vacant lives. More than once have we heard young ladies at home express an undefined longing after some sort of useful work. They had servants to perform all sorts of offices for them. There was absolutely nothing for them to do. If they were to die out of a world where their existence seemed so idle and useless how many persons would really miss them? What would be left behind to show that they had lived?

Another fault to be indicated, possible only in another sort of family from the one we have just described, is, that the girls are given no time in which especially to learn to BE. A boy's time is wasted if he is only "about home" doing whatever comes to hand. These days of boyhood are the days in which he must get ready for manhood, in which he must make preparation for the particular work he is to do in the world. He may be needed at home, on the farm, or in the workshop, or office, but effort is made to do without his services that the much needed education may progress. Or the education may lie in these lines of work. If he chooses to be a mechanic or a farmer, as his father was, an opening is made and he is put to that sort of employment. At least this is the theory of a boy's training. All wise parents put it into practice. But it is not even the theory of a girl's education that her character and bent of thought should be consulted before determining her future life. She must do household work, or it is said that she does nothing. All household services should be made a part of every girl's training, and should be entered upon with the idea that they are to be thoroughly learned, but that it does *not* require all the hours of every day for such acquirement. The baleful idea is that one of the axioms of mathematics is practically contradicted, and the part made equal to the whole.

If our son is home from college, and has any "studying up," or other literary work to do, his room is, for the time being, his sanctum, and mothers or sisters hesitate to break in upon the privacy in which he is supposed to be so studiously engaged. Where is the corresponding privacy in most girls' lives? If they do retire to their rooms with book or pen they are not supposed to be particularly engaged, and nobody shrinks from interrupting their employment.

What we would have, then, is, that girls as well as boys should be educated for a purpose. It is beginning to be felt that the man who allows his sons to become men without possessing any useful calling, disgraces himself and jeopardizes their happiness. Even if he be rich it is not certain that his children will be

rich after him. Nay, he may himself be dependent on their exertions before he dies. And if they are idle and incompetent, people judge, and judge rightly, that he is reaping the fruits of his own inefficient training. But few people think of applying such a theory to girls. It is true that they may be left to fight their own way in the world. Many fathers think of such a contingency with a shudder. Why, then, do they not arm them for the battle? The profession of teaching is overcrowded and underpaid. Let girls be educated for something else, unless they have shown for that a special adaptation. Let them be brought up much as a boy, to feel that such special training is, as a matter of course, part of their education.

We do not mean to take woman out of her place. When she is an honored wife and mother, fully taking up her share of the burden of her family, she is in the position where she will be happiest and most useful. But the wider her culture and experience the better able will she be to fill such a place wisely. She will not be a worse mother for knowing how to keep books or to set type, but a better one. Boys look up to mothers who can do something besides baking bread and washing dishes. If she can do only that she comes after awhile to be regarded in the family as a kind of upper servant. Very few people seem to recognize the fact that a child's respect is given according to no rule. Many persons are in positions where they ought to be revered, *ergo*, they are so revered. But it does not follow. For instance, it would be a dangerous experiment to inquire how many boys of fifteen or thereabouts in the United States really respect their mothers, and then answer the question honestly. By respect is meant a real deference for her judgment, a leaning toward her opinion, a propensity to quote from her sayings. Many boys stand in such an attitude toward their fathers; why not toward their mothers as well? There is a sort of chivalry which is both a beauty and an honor that boys may and do have, but it is too often show without substance.

And the boy is right in his instincts. The mother, from the smallness of the things that have been made to occupy her mind, has grown narrow and intolerant. There is no perspective to her life. The trivial incident of to-day looms as large in her vision as the possibilities of the future, and he is as likely to be punished severely for tearing his new jacket as for making a dishonest and dishonorable bargain with the lad across the way. He can not care for a judgment that he sees to be unjust, and that has been educated to be unjust.



But there is a character that wins us all. It is the ripe fruit of a life which has been full of experiences, full of battles, and full, as well, of triumphs. Such natures possess the largest sympathy, for they have forgotten nothing; they command the largest respect and love, for they know what there is in human nature to be loved and respected. They touch life at more points than the most of us, and they influence all, especially the young. Such natures are not produced by any outside pruning, by simply cutting off a branch here and a bud there, and bending this twig around that limb. You may make, by and by, a very fine green peacock, as in the French gardens, but no tree. The soil and food for the roots must be changed. Girls must be allowed to make a fuller trial of life. Some scope must be left in which each may expand into an individual personality.

Fathers, if your daughters are discontented, if they want some work to do, and desire your aid in preparation for it, if they ask for a definite aim in their lives, such as their brothers have, do not shrug your shoulders, nor sneer, nor even treat the idea with kindly ridicule. Really think upon the subject. Put yourself in their places, estimating the exact value of their lives both to themselves and the rest of the world, and then, stricken with shame at the result, help them, or teach them—for they may never have thought of the subject themselves—to mend the matter.

#### MOSES PLEADING WITH GOD.

MOSES was one of the greatest men intellectually that the great God ever made. And yet so great are his moral qualities, and so much are our minds filled with the contemplation of them, that we scarcely ever think of his intellectual greatness at all. And yet in every light in which we can view him, as a poet, as a legislator, as a military leader, and as a philosopher he towers up above all other men, as Mont Blanc rises in surpassing grandeur above the common mountains of the world.

But it is upon his moral greatness that the Bible chiefly fixes our attention, because this is something that we can imitate. We can not be like him in the overshadowing grandeur of his intellect, but in his faith, in his love, in his nearness to God, in his sweet communion with Jehovah, in hours and days of solitude, we can be as he was. He was a man of like passions with ourselves, and all that God's mighty grace did for him it can do for me. We have the same God to go to, the same blood of atone-

ment to bring us near, the same throne of grace to approach, and the same mighty motive of love to urge us on to the surrender of our whole being to God's service. Nay, we live under a brighter dispensation, under a clearer light than he enjoyed; and our love to God should be greater, and our songs of gratitude more abundant than were his.

It has been common when speaking of Moses to speak of his meekness as being the most prominent feature of his character. But the inspired writer especially draws our attention to his faith; indeed, the Bible always holds this up as the most important grace. The centurion, for whom our Lord did so much, showed great love and great humanity, but Jesus did not speak of these, but of his faith. "I have not found so great faith, no, not in Israel."

The reason is, that this grace is the root of all the others. Hope may soar heavenward, grace may fill the soul with a holy calm, zeal may burn with Divine ardor, holiness may persevere in the face of every discouragement, but faith must give life to them all.

But I would call the reader's attention especially to the faith of Moses in prayer. While he was absent with God on the holy mount the people had made and began to worship a golden calf. To avert the terrible judgments that threatened them, Moses goes into the Divine presence to intercede on their behalf. This is a passage in the history of this good man so richly edifying that it should be read again and again, and reflected upon with deepest reverence. It is something like a rich mine of gold, the more it is wrought the richer the supply. In the conversation with God which is here recorded, we can not help noticing the simple-heartedness of the prophet. He fully embodied himself and poured out his whole heart. He has now had some experience of what kind of people he has to deal with, and of the difficulties with which he will have to contend; and he feels that to have power with the people he must first have power with God.

The Lord acknowledges the full power of his plea. He condescends to talk with the poor, feeble mortal face to face. He listens to his appeals for help not only with patience, but even with approval. He does not chide him for his boldness, but on the contrary acknowledges the full force of every word he says. Moses feels bowed down under a sense of his own unfitness for the work before him, and pleads for God to go with him with an intensity of earnestness that almost makes us tremble as we read it. We almost feel as if we were going too far. But the reply comes, "My presence

shall be with thee, and I will give thee rest." We should think that here the prophet would stop. But no, his mind is in so anxious a state, the issues involved are so tremendous, that he comes nearer and still more urgently presses his request, when the reply comes again, "I will do this thing also that thou hast spoken; for thou hast found grace in my sight, and I know thee by name."

Emboldened by this success, Moses ventured still further. Indeed, he had been drawing nearer and nearer through the whole of this interview. A holy familiarity had been going on till it reaches a climax that overwhelms us with astonishment. The man of God now takes such a position as no mortal man ever took before, as he exclaimed, "I beseech thee, show me thy glory." O, what a request to come from a poor worm of the earth! We expect to see him repelled with indignation. We look for the thunderbolt to leap forth for his destruction, or to see him flung from the base of the mountain a ghastly corpse. But no; instead of that we hear the gracious words, "I will make all my goodness to pass before thee." The great Jehovah engages to show him all he can bear in his purest state. He is assured that the full, unveiled glory of the Godhead he could not see and live. But he agrees to show him all that he can bear, and to deny him nothing that will be possible in his mortal condition.

Here we have a sight which, for sublimity and moral grandeur, is without a parallel in the history of our race. That hand which guides the stars in their course, which regulates the course of the flaming comet, which turns the thunder's roar, and modifies the lightning's flash, takes this man of mighty faith and pulls him in the cleft of the rock that he may show him his glory and make all his glory pass before him. Tenderly the great Jehovah puts his hand over his feeble creature, that the full glory of the Godhead may not consume him. Christ is represented as a rock, in the cleft of which we can hide and be safe.

"Rock of ages cleft for me,  
Let me hide myself in thee."

When we look at God in Christ we can behold him without a veil between, and know to us he is not a consuming fire.

There was Moses alone with God, amid the deep solitude of that rugged, wild, and sublime scenery. We see him rising early in the morning, brushing away the early dew, and climbing up the craggy summit that he may be alone with God. No doubt that a deep and profound awe rested upon his mind; but there is no evi-

dence that he felt any thing like dread. No, he loved God, and perfect love casteth out fear. Hence, he was ready to go into any solitary place to be alone with Him he loved.

My reader, what would you think of such an interview with your Maker, of such a face-to-face converse with the Lord of the universe? If you were informed that you might have such an interview this very night would you gladly accept the offer? If you knew God through Christ you would, but if not, your soul would quake within you under a consciousness of guilt. God seen through the law produces nothing but terror, but seen through atoning blood we can look up and cry, "Abba, Father!"

Unconverted reader, I ask you to come to God through Jesus. Do not hesitate, for while you do so the great gulf will soon be fixed between you and heaven. Your character is now forming, and will soon be stereotyped forever. Indecision soon becomes decision. You decide for hell while you think that you are only wavering about heaven.

#### SEASONS FOR PRAYER.

PRAY at bright morn. The spirit then needs strength

For all the varied duties of the day,  
And in the panoply of virtue strong,

Among thy lab'ring fellows take thy way.

Then shall thy hand be strong, thy heart be light,  
Though hard thou toilest, and thy daily bread  
Shall sweet as manna seem; thy prayer is heard,  
And soul and body by God's hand are fed.

Sweet is the water of the running brook  
From which thou drinkest at the hot mid-day,  
For He who caused the crystal wave to flow  
Gives it his blessing—he has heard thee pray.

And when thy toil is done, with thankful heart,  
Think life's brief journey shorter by a day;  
Trial shall soon give place to bright reward,  
And, strong in hope, go on and pray—still pray.

Pray—pray at night when stars come softly forth,  
Giving a glory to the sunless sky;

O, let them call thy eyes and heart away  
From earth and fix them steadfastly on high.

Calmly survey the past, and ere thou yield  
Thy wearied frame to sweet, oblivious sleep,  
Confess thy sins, seek pardon, and implore  
That God may thee in his protection keep.

Pray in temptation's hour and thou shalt find  
The prayer of faith can make the tempter flee;  
Though strong thy foe, thy God can break the snare,  
And set thy soul at perfect liberty.

Pray, too, when death is near, then shalt thou find  
In that dark vale, a friend whose words of love  
Can cheer its gloom, and bid thy failing eyes  
Behold the crown reserved for thee above.

## THE CHILDREN'S REPOSITORY.

## THE LOST CHILDREN.

IT was a beautiful Autumn day which Robert and Eugene, Isabella and Clemence Hervé, with their cousin Jerome Lambert, spent with Arthur d' Ermance. The four boys were to leave the next week for a large boarding-school at Paris, and this was the last time that the six friends would be together for several months.

After dinner they went to play at the foot of a ruined tower, which was one of their favorite spots. Isabella and Clemence watched from a distance the terrible combat, the scene of which was a small mound attacked and defended as a citadel. The brave defenders of the place having exhausted their ammunition, preferred death by the sword to surrender. After this dreadful slaughter the dead numbered two, who soon came to life under the forms of Arthur and Robert.

More and more in love with chivalric games, the four boys determined to give a tournament upon the lawn. The crowd of spectators was represented by the two little girls, who had woven a laurel crown for the victor.

So many exploits had wearied the young heroes. The conquerors, the conquered, the dead, the wounded, and the spectators sat down together under an apple-tree half-way up a little hill, which had formerly served as a rampart to the castle.

"What shall we do?" the great question which children are continually discussing.

"I vote for the water," said Arthur. "The river is ten minutes' walk from here. My boat is moored under the boat-house. We will take turns in rowing, and go to the Abbey of Saint Hugues."

When Arthur said this did he forget that he had been expressly told never to go upon the water without a grown person, or did he think that six children were equal to one, if not more? All that we can be sure of is, that he did not speak of it.

Delighted with the prompt and unanimous consent given to his proposal, he ran toward the river, crying, "Forward!"

The little stream flowed between two banks, rather flat but well wooded, and forming from time to time curves of great beauty. When the little adventurers reached the shed which sheltered the light, pretty boat, the sight before

them ought to have warned them to give up their expedition. The sun was already very low. Its long rays spread over the country the soft, magical light which belongs only to Autumn evenings. At the bottom of a little bay the reeds upon which its beams fell shone like blades of gold. The willows which bent over the quiet water, the long lines of poplars on the other side of the narrow path, the mill with its great motionless wheel, the clouds which floated over the skies in light flakes, were all reflected in the transparent stream. Before the eyes were two pictures exactly alike, and the slight trembling of the water gave the reflection of a greater charm than the reality.

Clemence had many doubts as to the propriety of the excursion, and proposed to give it up, but her proposal was met by such an outcry that she abandoned it, and took her place in the boat. The children leaped in after her so carelessly that the light little skiff was nearly wrecked in port by the weight of her unaccustomed cargo.

"Is the Abbey far off?" Robert asked Arthur, who was managing very well to disentangle his little boat from the long grass and launch it into the current.

"If we row well we shall be there in three-quarters of an hour."

The boat glided so swiftly and so lightly that it scarcely left a furrow behind it. All was sweet, peaceful, and beautiful. Before them the river was all gilded; you might have thought that they were going to be swallowed up in light.

"What a capital idea it was!" said one. "It is too amusing to sail all alone, nobody but children. It is delightful."

They reached the little bay where they must land. Not far from there on a hill, and almost hidden by great trees and young vegetation which grew in all the crevices of its old walls, the Abbey at that moment glowed with the last kiss of the sun, which gilded the edge of its crumbling towers. An old woman was busy near it, endeavoring to collect some goats which put her patience to a severe test. Arthur, who led their little band, went up to her and asked if they could see the Abbey.

"See the Abbey at this time of day! That is a cool question, my little gentleman. I have the key of it, and I do not let any one have it after the sun has gone down except English

people, who want to see the moonlight, and who pay well. They love the moonlight, these English, and they love, above all, to do things differently from other people. No, you will not see the Abbey to-day, my children, and you had better help me to drive in my goats; they make me furious this evening."

"Much I care for your goats! Give me the key if you will not open the door for me yourself. We can go alone very well."

"You are not polite, my little master. You shall not have my key. Since you will not help me, at least do not hinder me. It is time for me to get my husband's supper."

As she spoke she again tried harder than before to call her goats together and lead them to the house. Did the presence of the children excite them to revolt, or was it only their usual habit of contradiction? At all events it is certain that the wicked, graceful creatures showed that evening that La Fontaine had not accused them falsely when he said that they were possessed by a desire for liberty. They leaped, gamboled, came submissively within reach of the hand only to fly farther than before, exactly as naughty, ill-trained children would do. The old woman, in despair, called, ran about, gave up her coaxing for scolding, and the naughty little spectators laughed with all their might at the comical scene. Poor children, they deserved punishment, and it soon came.

The poor old woman had at last collected her whole flock, which was not very large. In the mean time night had come on, real night, which comes so quickly in September. The children saw it with a terror, which put an end to their gayety. It must be dinner-time at home, and they were more than a league away. Arthur declared that it was impossible to go back by water, because the long grass might upset the boat, and that they must go by the land-way, which he knew perfectly.

Arthur spoke with an assured air, but at bottom he was not so certain of knowing the road as he wished to appear.

They walked a little way through the fields.

"Wait till I get the points of compass!" cried their guide. "That is the north; no, it is the south. I think, though, that it must be the north, and the house ought to be in that direction."

"That is satisfactory," said Robert. "We can follow Arthur blindly. He will be sure to take us toward one of the four cardinal points."

By the doubtful, lingering light the little troupe walked on silently along a road bordered with hedges, which shone under the feet of the travelers like a white ribbon with a dark edge.

Robert attempted a few jokes, but they did not take. Every one was thinking of the consequences of their adventure. Fatigue, the fear of being lost, the thought of the anxiety of those who were waiting for them spoiled the charm of this nocturnal expedition even for the most adventurous. Arthur felt oppressed by the weight of his responsibility. He was far from being sure that they were in the right road. The night grew darker and darker. A few stars shone in the sky, but without casting any light upon the earth. After walking for half an hour the poor children, wearied even more by anxiety than by the fatigue of the way, found themselves in an immense marshy field, where at each step they sank up to their ankles in the moist earth.

"We have lost our way," cried a plaintive voice.

"No, no," replied Arthur; "follow me. I see the road yonder."

"Do you think they will save us any dinner?" asked Jerome, revived by this ray of hope.

"For my part I think," said Robert, "that they will give us what will take away our wish for any dinner."

Several sighs replied to this sad prophecy.

The road which Arthur thought he saw had disappeared. It was impossible to find it again. The field was inclosed on every side by a high hedge, in which they could find no opening. The children went round it twice without being able to find the place where they came in.

"It is incomprehensible," cried Arthur. "We must be bewitched."

Isabelle immediately thought that the old woman with the goats must be a fairy, and gravely expressed her opinion.

"You do not know, then," said Robert, with ironical gravity, "that in this neighborhood there are magic fields which shut you up for a whole night without your being able to find your way out. When the daylight comes you see with amazement that you only have to walk straight forward. That reminds me of the story of Matthew. I will tell it to you, and perhaps it will break the charm."

"Matthew, who is a peasant of Saint Real, went once to a fair in the neighborhood, where his wife had directed him to buy a couple of fine fowls for her poultry-yard. She gave him the necessary money and told him not to drink too much, and not to be late. However, he did not come home that night, and the next morning they found him asleep in a ditch. After he had stretched himself and found out where he was, his wife asked him about the fowls and the money. He searched in his pockets, looked all around him and seemed astonished to find



nothing. He said that it was witchcraft. Then he told her that the evening before, when he came to this little corner of the field he turned round and round more than twenty times without being able to find his way out. To this day he is convinced that he was the victim of supernatural power. His wife, who knew that the money and, consequently, the chickens had gone in the most natural way in the world, to the wine-merchant, keeps him, they say, closer than ever since this adventure."

Robert had hoped to revive the courage of the little troupe by this anecdote, but nobody said any thing. They determined to make one last effort and to go around the field once more. Suddenly poor Jerome cried out in a doleful voice:

"I have lost my shoe."

"Well, look for it," said his cousin.

"I can not find it. It is buried in the mud."

"Well, go without it then. Your namesake, Saint Jerome, went barefooted."

"What will become of us?" asked several voices.

"Arthur, you took us on this unfortunate expedition, and you have made us lose our way."

"You were all delighted to go in the boat," said Arthur, "and it is not I who was the cause of this at all. I beg you not to accuse me of it."

From one word to another, and from reproach to reproach they reached a regular quarrel, and perhaps they would even have fought if there had been light enough to see. Sad end of a pleasure-party, which began in disobedience!

Discouragement quieted the dispute. They said no more because they were hopeless. Suddenly a call, long and loud, rang through the air from some distance in a direction exactly opposite to that in which the children were going.

"Listen, is not some one calling us?"

The cry was repeated, and Arthur putting both hands to his mouth replied to it. A moving light was seen in the distance. Soon several people, one of whom carried a lantern, approached.

"Here they are! here they are!" cried some one. "They are all safe and sound. God be thanked!"

The wandering children were received at home as if they had feared they should never see them again. Warm water was ready for their tired, muddy feet. Supper was served for them, to which they did justice, with appetites which reassured their parents as to the result of this escapade, and the moral of the adventure was by common consent reserved for the next day.

#### THE BIRD OF TWO SONGS.

I WAS standing in the garden with a stranger one cloudy, chilly, unsummer-like afternoon in June. Near us was a large clump of lilac bushes, into which we saw a bird of a dingy, faded, black color fly. Presently she broke out into what, perhaps, she called a song; but it was, in reality, just like the flat squalling of an old cat. "Yaah! yaah!" she continued to cry.

"Pray," said the stranger, "what bird is that making such a horrible noise?"

"That, sir, is the cat-bird."

"I should think so, and a burnt cat, too! I thought it was homely enough to the eye, but the color is nothing to this screech."

"I can't say much at present to defend the poor bird, for looks and voice are against her. But I am confident you will think better of her ere long."

The next morning I found my friend standing in the piazza, listening to the notes of a bird in a thick sugar-maple near by. The song was that of a mocking-bird, not so wonderful as the notes of the real mocking-bird, nor even so sweet as that of the thrush, yet they were round and full, and often exquisite. She seemed to repeat the note of every bird with which she was acquainted, robin, sparrow, oriole, and the like, and with surprising accuracy. The morning was fair, the air still, and the bird seemed to be swallowed up in song.

"Pray tell me," said my stranger friend, "what bird is that which sings so delightfully? It is not quite the thrush."

"That, sir, is our cat-bird."

"You must be making fun of me. You do n't pretend to say that the homely, squalling bird we heard yesterday, and this singer, are the same!"

"I do truly, and to convince you I will throw a stone into the tree and drive her out, and you shall see it is the same bird."

With that I threw the stone, and out popped Mrs. Cat-bird, making directly for the lilacs, where she began again to scream, "Yaah! yaah!"

The gentleman looked on in amazement. "This bird," said I, "is very much like some people. In those lilacs she has her nest, and that is her home; but there she never utters a pleasant note. I should think her husband would avoid her, and her little ones tremble at the sound of her voice. But when she gets away from home, up in the lofty tree, you see how agreeable she can be, and how sweetly she sings. I know many people just like her. When away from home they are full of smiles and

gentle ways, and they seem among the most agreeable people in the world. But see them at home! and the cat-bird's notes are theirs. They contrive to make home just as unpleasant as possible—to themselves, to their children, and to every body that happens to see them at home."

"O, yes," said the stranger, "I know scores of such people, some fathers and mothers, so easily pleased, smiling and pleasant away from home, but the moment they enter their own doors, every ray of cheerfulness fades out, and they are cold, silent, and repulsive. And some young ladies, I am sorry to say, are so lively, cheerful, obliging, and happy when away from home, that one would think they were uncommonly lovely, while at home they are discontented, disrespectful to parents, coarse, and unlovely. So with children. I know many like our cat-bird with her two songs, lively, cheerful, and well-bred among strangers, but the moment they get home, are rude, disobedient, rough, and ill-tempered. What is the reason why people do so?"

#### OLD BRAY'S MISTAKE.

**A**SOP tells us about a man who went to the seashore to buy a load of salt. On the way home the beast that carried the burden slipped into the river, and, of course, the salt was all melted, and the animal no longer was burdened with a load. But I will finish the story in rhyme:

Then thought old Bray, "If that is the way,  
I'll drop in the river another day,  
For why should I ache, when a lucky mistake  
Suggests the happiest course to take?"

At length the master went once more  
For a load of salt to the old seashore,  
And Bray went too, like one who knew  
He had a deal of work to do.  
Who could have guessed from his face so stolid,  
That he knew a liquid from a solid?  
Yet thought old Bray, "This salt shall stay  
Till I get to the river, then, 'good-day';  
It surely will be no fault of mine  
If the water chooses to make it brine."  
And so the salt was lost once more,  
And Bray was happier than before.  
With many a shake, and many a shiver,  
Up he came once more from the river;  
He wanted his master to see him tremble—  
What a wicked beast he was to dissemble!  
But his master saw through his foolish tricks,  
And resolved to get old Bray "in a fix."

Next time Bray carried little weight—  
A load of sponges was his freight;

And though the burden was so small,  
Still old Bray wanted none at all;  
Then down in the river once more he plunged—  
Alas, the beast was cruelly sponged!  
For all the light things took in stores  
Of water, in their little pores.  
And how the liquid weighed him down!  
Poor old Bray was ready to drown.  
Regretful for this last sad plunge,  
With water dripping from each sponge,  
Up he came, full of shame,  
With nobody but himself to blame.  
So, sometimes, when we try to shirk,  
We only make for ourselves more work.

#### LITTLE NAPET.

**L**ITTLE NAPET, an African boy, heard of Jesus, and loved him. One day in early Spring he was sent to drive the pigeons from a corn-field. There was a little straw hut in the corner of the field, and there Napet sat down to watch for the coming of the birds. Feeling a little cold, he kindled a fire just inside of the hut. A spark set the hut in a blaze. The fire spread so quickly that Napet was surrounded by fire in a moment.

Some women in the next field, seeing the fire, ran to his help. They could not see him, only from the burning hut his voice was heard saying:

"O my Savior, I must die! I pray thee let my body alone be burned, and save my soul from everlasting fire. Take me to thy heaven, for thy great mercies' sake."

Napet's voice was heard no longer. The fire burned on. The women stood trembling at the fate of the burning child. Very soon, however, the hut was burned to ashes. They were about searching for the boy's bones, when, to their surprise, Napet rose up and rushed into their midst unhurt!

"What saved you?" cried the women.

"After my prayer," said Napet, "God put it into my mind to lie upon the ground and cover myself with an ox-hide that was in the hut. I did so. The fire was not hot enough to burn through the hide, and so I was saved."

"Had you any hope, then, of escaping death, Napet?" asked the missionary a day or two afterward, when hearing his story.

"No, I believed that I must die," said the boy.

"Did you hope, then, that your soul would go to heaven?"

Napet's face grew bright with joy as he replied, "Yes. I was sure our Savior heard my prayer, and would take me to heaven, because he died for me." Happy Napet! He was safe and happy even in the midst of the fire.

# THE EDITOR'S REPOSITORY.

## THE FAMILY CIRCLE.

**CATCHING COLD.**—A large number of fatal diseases result from taking cold, and often from such slight causes apparently, as to appear incredible to many. But although the causes are various, the result is the same, and arises from the violation of a single principle, to-wit, cooling off too soon after exercise. Perhaps this may be more practically instructive if individual instances are named, which, in the opinion of those subsequently seeking advice in the various stages of consumption, were the cause of the great misfortune, premising that when a cold is once taken, marvelously slight causes serve to increase it for the first few days—causes which, under ordinary circumstances, even a moderately healthy system would have easily warded off.

Rachel, the tragedienne, increased the cold which ended her life, by insufficient clothing in the cars, in traveling from New York to Boston; such was her own statement.

The immediate cause of the last illness of Abbott Lawrence, the financier and philanthropist, was an injudicious change of clothing.

An eminent clergyman got into a cold bed in mid-winter, within fifteen minutes after preaching an earnest discourse; he was instantly chilled, and died within forty-eight hours.

A promising young teacher walked two miles for exercise, and on returning to his room, it being considered too late to light a fire, sat for half an hour reading a book, and before he knew it a chill passed over him. The next day he had spitting of blood, which was the beginning of the end.

A mother sat sewing for her children at a late hour in the night, and noticing that the fire had gone out, she concluded to retire to bed at once; but thinking she would "finish" in a few minutes she forgot the passing time, till an hour more passed, and she found herself "thoroughly chilled," and a month's illness followed to pay for that one hour.

A little cold taken after a public speech in Chicago, so "little" that no attention was paid to it for several days, culminated in the fatal illness of Stephen A. Douglas. It was a slight cold taken in midsummer, resulting in congestion of the lungs, that hurried Elizabeth Barrett Browning to the grave within a week. A vigorous young man lay down on an ice-chest on a warm Summer's day, fell asleep, waked up in a chill, which ended in confirmed consumption, of which he died three years later. A man in robust

health and in the prime of life, began the practice of a cold bath every morning, getting out of bed and standing in bare feet on a zinc floor during the whole operation; his health soon declined, and ultimately his constitution was entirely undermined.

Many a cold, cough, and consumption are excited into action by pulling off the hat and overcoat as to men, and bonnet and shawl as to women, immediately on entering the house in Winter after a walk. An interval of at least five or ten minutes should be allowed, for however warm or "close" the apartment may appear on first entering, it will seem much less so at the end of five minutes, if the outer garments remain as they were before entering. Any one who judiciously uses this observation, will find a manifold reward in the course of a lifetime.—*Hall's Journal of Health.*

**SENSIBLE TALK ABOUT HOMES.**—Home to a good many men is the place wherein to eat and sleep, and loll and snarl, and order children about, and put into practice generally their small views of the rights of a husband and father. And then something higher than these stands a more intelligent, genial class who have a warm, social side, void of tyranny, and who cherish every noble hope for their children, and yet do not quite see that home and its influences should be a main thing in the thoughts and plans of father, instead of being held greatly subordinate to business, and politics, and out-door pleasures. To provide abundantly and keep the house warm in cold times, and send their young ones to school punctually and have family prayers once or twice a day are not all the things that need doing, but home should be made a really bright and happy place in every way. It should be diversified, and a wise man or a careful mother is doing a good thing in spending time to invent and diversify these, with a view to keep the household in good-nature and cheery. Festivals should be instituted. Returning birthdays should be emphasized and made memorable. Little expeditions of the household to this place and that should be planned. The right kind of books should be sought, and read, and talked over altogether.

Indeed, scarcely any thing helps a home so much as a general and cheerful conversation. Music should be cultivated. Decorations are excellent in a merely moral view. Flowers and greenery should be made to assist in the general culture. And if time is

consumed and some money spent on these things, there is no folly in it, but the best wisdom. For boys and girls are blessedly guarded, when they find all their faculties well met and exercised at home. They do not care to roam, and so they are detained from a thousand outside dangers. Their passions are kept quiet. They lie open to celestial influences. 'T is easy, comparatively, for such to be Christians. Indeed, expect them so to be. Solomon's "train up a child," etc., is likely to be fulfilled in their case. Tippling-houses do not draw their pay from youth who have been made to love their homes. The mixed Christians—neither saints nor sinners—by whom the Church is lumbered and made inefficient, that is, the Christians who have such obstinate kinks in their constitution that the grace of God is able to straighten them only by slow degrees and a weary drill, are generally victims of untamed early influences in poorly managed houses.

**THE STOMACH AND THE MIND.**—Much of our conduct depends, no doubt, upon the character of the food we eat. Perhaps, indeed, the nature of our meals governs the nature of our impulses more than we are inclined to admit, because none of us relish well the abandonment of our idea of free agency. Bonaparte used to attribute the loss of one of his battles to a poor dinner, which, at the time, disturbed his digestion; how many of our misjudgments—how many of our deliberate errors—how many of our unkindnesses, or cruelties, our acts of thoughtlessness and recklessness, may be actually owing to a cause of the same character? We eat something that deranges the condition of our system. Through the stomachic nerve that derangement affects the brain. Moroseness succeeds to amiability; and under its influence we do that which would shock our sensibilities at any other moment. Or perhaps a gastric irregularity is the common result of an over-indulgence in wholesome food, or a moderate indulgence in unsuitable food. The liver is afflicted. In this affliction the brain sympathizes. The temper is soured; the understanding is narrowed; prejudices are strengthened; generous impulses are subdued; selfishness, originated by physical disturbances which perpetually distract the mind's attention, becomes a chronic mental disorder; the feeling of charity dies out; we live for ourselves alone; we have no care for others. And all this change of nature is the consequence of an injudicious diet.

**AMERICAN WEAK POINT.**—The *Social Science Review* reads us the following brief and pithy lecture on the over-work of the brain: "Time was when the very phrase 'diseases of over-worked men,' would have been considered foolish, and out of the question; now, it conveys a truth of national importance, which the nation must consider. From being a comparatively idle world, we have, of late, become an *insane world on the subject of labor*. So long as muscles merely were employed, so long little harm was done; we remained men; now we aspire to be gods, and we pay the forfeit of our ambition. From over-work we now get a class of diseases the most prolonged

and the most fatal. The suns of our best men go down at noon, and so accustomed are we to the phenomenon that we cease to regard it as either strange or out of place. It is through the mind now that the body is destroyed by over-work; at all events it is so mainly. The men of intense thought—men of letters, men of business who think and speculate, men of the State who are ambitious to rule—these men are sacrifices. With them the brain has not merely to act on its own muscles, bidding them to perform their necessary duties, but the one brain must needs guide a hundred other brains, and all the muscles thereto appended.

**UNITY OF PURPOSE.**—Many men fail because they have no definite aim. Their energies are scattered over so wide a surface that they are dissipated and lost. There are not concentrated sufficiently on any one point to make themselves felt. Hence universal geniuses are almost always universal failures, and the promises of early life are not redeemed in the achievements of mature age. A man sets out in life with talents enough to command success in any field of enterprise, tries the whole round of pursuits, and every-where fails. The simple cause of his failure is because he has tried the whole round, instead of adopting one as his life-work, and concentrate all his energies upon it.

Singleness of aim needs also to be reinforced by tenacity of purpose, that quality of mind expressed by the Yankee word stick-to-it-iveness. Nothing has such power to overcome obstacles and wring success from the unwilling hands of adverse fortune as this. The man who, ten times defeated, can renew the battles of life, with nothing of heart or hope abated, determined to fight it out on this line, will be sure to achieve success in the end. Of this we have numerous examples—men who have spent the vigor of early life in buffeting the winds and storms of adversity, but have at last, by the force of an unconquerable will, succeeded in reaching the goal of their ambition. We would, therefore, say, especially to every young man, would you succeed in life, have one definite object of pursuit and follow that out to the end.

**A WORD TO MOTHERS.**—"Dear mother," said a delicate little girl, "I have broken my china vase." "Well, you are a naughty, careless, troublesome little thing, always in some mischief; go up stairs, and stay in the closet till I send for you!" And this was a Christian mother's answer to the tearful little culprit, who had struggled with and conquered the temptation to tell a falsehood to screen her fault. With a disappointed, disheartened look, the sweet child obeyed; and at that moment was crushed in her little heart the sweet flower of truth perhaps never again in after years to revive to life. O, what were the loss of a thousand vases in comparison! 'T is true, an angel might shrink from the responsibilities of a mother. It needs an angel's powers. The watch must not for an instant be relaxed; the scales of justice must always be nicely balanced; the hasty word that the overtaken spirit sends to the lip must die there ere it is uttered. The timid and sensitive child must



have a word of encouragement in season: the forward and presuming checked with gentle firmness; there must be no deception, no trickery for the keen eye of childhood to detect; and all when the exhausted frame sinks with ceaseless vigils, perhaps, and the thousand petty interruptions and unlooked-for annoyances of every hour almost set at defiance any attempt at system. Still must that mother wear an unruffled brow, lest the smiling cherub on her knee catch the angry frown. Still must she rule her own spirit, lest the boy, so apparently engrossed with his toys, repeat the next moment the impatient word his ear has caught. For all these duties faithfully and conscientiously performed, a mother's reward is in secret and silence. Even he, on whose earthly breast she leans, is too often unmindful of the noiseless struggle till, too late, alas! he learns to value the delicate hand that has kept in unceasing flow the thousand springs of his domestic happiness. But what if, in the task that devolves upon the mother, she utterly fail? What if she consider her duty performed when it is fed, and warmed, and clothed? What if the priceless soul be left to the chance training of hirelings? What if she never teach those little lips "Our Father?" What if she launch her child upon life's stormy sea without rudder, or compass, or chart? God forbid that there should be many such mothers!

**FRUITS, AND HOW THEY SHOULD BE EATEN.**—A medical journal has some remarks on the subject of fruits, which are, in some respects, at variance with views generally entertained, and are of interest to our readers now, when fruits are so plenty. It says that fruits afford an endless supply of delicious and wholesome food, but as they are usually taken, may more properly be considered as dangerous luxuries than as healthy food. The great error in their use consists in making them a dessert, in overloading the stomach with them, and eating them at all times between meals. When taken along with our food, *as food*, and in moderation, they are highly conducive to health.

The peach is the most delicious and digestible of stone fruits. They should form part of each meal, or be eaten moderately when the stomach is empty.

Plums are less digestible; all pulpy stone fruits are more or less so, and prone to ferment in the stomach.

The apple is one of the best of fruits, and when baked will agree with the most delicate stomachs, and is most excellent in sickness.

Pears are also good, and strawberries are a wholesome fruit, but they should not be eaten with ice-cream.

There is nothing more wholesome than water-melons.

**TAKE CARE OF CHILDREN.**—That children are so much left to the care of servants in so many families of the middle classes, is, perhaps, in many cases unavoidable. Nevertheless, it is a great evil. However attentive and conscientious servants may be—and even allowing them to possess the necessary in-

telligence—it can not be expected that their efforts can ever fulfill the office of the loving, watchful eye of the mother. It has been observed that children who are attended to by their mother, who are undressed and put to bed by her, who open their eyes in the morning to behold her cheerful eyes and loving looks, who by her are dressed and kept under her judicious care throughout the day, are, as a rule, far more good-tempered, healthy, and intelligent than such as are left almost wholly to the care of servants. In addition to this it should be borne in mind that the accidents which so frequently happen to children, and by which they are often crippled, maimed, or rendered idiotic, mostly arise from the negligence of those in whose care they are left by inconsiderate mothers. Parents who love their children, and are solicitous for their welfare, should give these considerations their earnest attention, for they are founded upon facts of the utmost importance in relation to domestic happiness and well-being.

**A MOTHER'S REWARD.**—A gentleman was once visiting a cottage, where the mother of the family was a true and earnest Christian. During the conversation, he remarked how happy she must be to see every one of her children—and there were eight of them—so early brought to the Savior's feet, and following him so closely in their daily lives; and he inquired whether she had adopted any peculiar method in their religious instruction. The poor woman replied that she had only done what every Christian mother ought to do; but on her visitor pressing her still further, she continued with much humility:

"I think I may say I *never* fed my infant children without praying in my heart that God would give me grace to nourish them as inheritors of the kingdom of heaven. While I was dressing them in the morning, I used to beseech my Heavenly Father to clothe them with the robe of Christ's righteousness; when I prepared their meals, I asked God to feed their souls with the true bread from heaven, and to give them to drink of that living water which springeth up unto life everlasting; when I took them to the Lord's house, I prayed to him to sanctify them, and make them temples of the Holy Ghost; when they left my side for school, I followed them with my eyes, praying that their lives might be like the path of the just, which shineth more and more unto the perfect day; and in the evening, when the hour of rest arrived, I used in silence to ask their Heavenly Father to bless them, and keep them safely in his everlasting arms."

And truly this mother was rewarded for her patient waiting upon God, richly and fully rewarded. O that more mothers would remember the infinite and awful influence they possess for weal or woe!

**A GODLY LIFE.**—Rest not in a mere rational conviction of the truth of the Gospel, but reduce your faith to practice. Embrace the Gospel as well as assent to its truth. If Christianity is true, it is the most important concern in the world. Avail yourselves of its precious invitations; obey its salutary precepts, and escape from the dangers of which it gives you warning.

## STRAY THOUGHTS.

**DIVINE GREATNESS.**—God presides over the armies of mortal men; his name is often in their mouths, in every connection except that of devotion. Amid their armies he is causing their battles to end in a manner conducive to his glory. We are glad to see *some* remarkable interventions; but doubtless, *all* are under his direction. Our God can turn small, insignificant creatures into armies—contemptible when compared with mortals—but in the Divine hand how dreadful, as in Egypt! God will raise vast *hosts* at the last day. How many have laid down their arms in the dust! God knows where they are gone, and will raise them up. How astonishing to see all the vast multitudes brought into a company of immortals; ourselves placed there! Such a sight the world never saw; there, in a sense, will be the "*hosts*" of God. Not one presuming rebel will be there, whatever despair and distress many may feel. Consider how we should stand there. Think what requisites are necessary to mingle with that great company—great, indeed, but not so large as for any to lose themselves; each will be distinguishable. The whole will be divided into different classes. It is for us to consider what qualifications are necessary that we may be added to the blessed company. To join ourselves to that company now, will be our only resource and comfort in that day.

Now, if such a view be at all true, what should we infer respecting the cause of God? It must succeed, unless his enemies prove too strong; and when we recollect besides himself, who and how numerous are his "*hosts*," can there be any doubt of the issue?

What should we infer of the forbearance of God; that instead of executing his vengeance quickly, he still holds back the terrors of his arm? Let us be thankful that so many sinners wander about his camp, and still have his mercies shed thick upon them. He could make the world to be the grave of all its inhabitants. If we dwell on the aggravated nature of sin, and think what a mighty mass is daily contributed—what a deluge of corruption is thrown out—can we help being exceedingly struck at his forbearance? Some take advantage from it to build themselves up in confidence that all will be well with them at last. When we see so little vengeance actually accomplished, one might suppose that the contemplation of what God is, would make us dread to continue in sin—almost dread to live in a world of sinners. But a day of judgment will come, and then woe to them who oppose "*the Lord of Hosts*" through all the hours, and days, and years of mortality! Where will the enemies of God hide themselves from the terror of his investigation? What shall we infer concerning his friends? What more desirable than to be reckoned among them? Then we shall come happy to the region of death, and feel

ourselves protected by angels, who will conduct us out of this sphere of darkness and of dust.—*J. Foster.*

**THE HOUR OF TEMPTATION.**—The temptation of Christ followed close upon his baptism. There is great significance in this succession of events. The Christian often finds his hours of spiritual enjoyment followed by severe and perplexing temptation to sin. Seasons of most ardent devotion, of peculiar religious exaltation, give place not simply to coldness and indifference, not simply to unbelief and distrust, but to solicitations to grossest outward transgression; even at times to abhorrent atheism and practical denial of God. None are spared these grievous assaults of Satan, except, perchance, it be those who are led captive at his will, insensible of any conflict, because not sensible of any resistance to his leading; or those who have already gained the victory through Christ, and are kept close from their chained adversary, while waiting a little longer for the preparation of their crown. The preacher of the Cross who enters most fully into the spirit of his Master and his message, seeming, to himself and to others, to have the unction of the Holy One, and receiving thoughts and words of fire direct from heaven, is by no means exempt. In one hour he may speak to the people as in sight of unseen worlds—vividly appreciating the presence of Christ, and seeing, in his rapt imagination, the future destiny of men as their present experience; and the next hour he may be shaken by tormenting doubts of the reality of all these things, or led into a wilderness of bewildering temptations to open sin. He who spared neither Christ nor Paul, spares no later or less disciple. Health, temperament, circumstances, may have much to do with the form of these temptations, but very little with the fact itself. The buffetings and the siftings of Satan, desired of him of all God's elect ones, are probably permitted to him of all. Hence the corresponding need of unceasing vigilance and unceasing prayer. Christ, having been tempted, knows how to succor them that are tempted. Paul, troubled on every side, perplexed, persecuted, cast down, always bearing about in the body the dying of the Lord Jesus, was yet kept from distress, from despair, from loneliness, from destruction, and the even life of Jesus was made manifest in his body. Our only refuge and our only hope, in these solicitations to sin, is in the solicited but sinless One, who conquered in the wilderness and on the cross, and who will bring us off more than conquerors, if we flee to and confide in him. Those who come up out of great tribulation shall wash and make white their robes in the blood of the Lamb.

**THE LOVE OF FLOWERS.**—Among the noticeable features of the great metropolis, London, a stranger

can not help being struck with the regard displayed for flowers. In the suburbs, especially, every little cottage has its liliputian patch of ground in which something green is to be seen growing, while in the windows flower-pots, with some choice or favorite variety of plant flourishing in them, have established standing places. Even in the squalid and pauperized district of Bethnal Green, where destitution prevails as much or more than in any other part of the capital, the love of flowers is no less observable. In his rude garret, in company with his loom, his pigeons, and perhaps his bees, the weaver will raise rare tulips, beautiful in form and rich in color, and equal to any in the rich man's conservatory. Nor are these flowers mere seedlings, raised without care, and allowed to grow without attention to their shape or color. Occasional meetings are held at some neighboring public house, where the most beautiful are displayed. Societies are formed, and prizes given for the best plants; and so, among the dark and dirty streets of some neglected portion of the town, will be turned out forms of beauty, cultivated with as much assiduity, and brought to rivalry with others with as much emulation as displayed by the exhibitors at any great horticultural meeting. And as improvement and more enlightened times set in, the show at the public house is discarded, and the parish clergyman will sometimes lend his school-house for the show, and preside at the meeting; and thus in districts where, at first sight, nothing but squalid wretchedness prevails, one will find the love of the beautiful still dwelling, and prompting the desire for the cultivation of the lovely in form, shape, and color.

Nor is this love of flowers, this passion for raising them, so unprofitable a speculation as might be imagined. We do not mean that it pays in the meaning of pounds, shillings, and pence, or dollars and cents. But many things are profitable, with a value far higher than a money value. All that is beautiful is profitable; and flowers, delighting the senses as they do, raise and strengthen in the mind a love of the chaste and correct in form that money could not give. The habits of industry and patience inculcated in their cultivation are worth something, while, as a relief and change from the employment of the day, they afford healthy and innocent recreation. We should like to see flowers more generally cultivated than they are; they take so little trouble, yet look so pretty. Many a rough shanty, ugly in its nakedness, might be rendered slightly by a few creepers judiciously planted around it. Many a little patch lying in waste before the cottage door could, with very little trouble, be made a miniature garden, delightful to the eye, and rich with foliage.

It is natural, in the first settlement in the bush, that every thing else should be neglected till the work of clearing is finished; but when that is done, and the country begins to have a more settled appearance—when it even claims an antiquity—some approach to appearance should be allowed to be made, and more attention paid to comeliness.

In the education of children especially, the love and cultivation of flowers should be allowed to pre-

vail, teaching them habits of industry, and training them to carefulness and observation, and thus forming part of that home instruction for the absence of which no amount of school learning can atone.—*Haldimand Advocate.*

**A BEAUTIFUL COMPARISON.**—I have seen a lark rising from his bed of grass, and soaring upward, singing as he rises, and in hopes to get to heaven and climb above the clouds; but the poor bird was beaten back with the singing of an eastern wind, and his motion made irregular and inconstant, descended more at every breath of the tempest than all the vibrations of his wings served to exalt him, till the little creature was forced to sit down and pant, and stay till the storm was overpast; and then it made a prosperous flight; for then it did rise and sing, as if it had learned music and motion from some angel as he passed sometime through the air. So is the prayer of any good man when agitated by any passion. He fain would speak of God, and his words are of this earth, earthy; he would look to his Maker, but he could not help seeing also that which distracted him, and a tempest was raised and the man overruled; his prayer was broken, and his thoughts were troubled, and his words ascended to the clouds, and the wandering of his imagination recalled them, and in all the fluctuating varieties of passion they are never like to reach God at all. But he sits him down and sighs over his infirmity, and fixes his thoughts upon things above, and forgets all little vain passages of this life, and his spirit is becalmed, and his soul is even and still, and then it softly and sweetly ascends to heaven on the wings of the Holy Dove, and dwells with God, till it returns, like the useful bee, loaded with a blessing and the dew of heaven.—*Jeremy Taylor.*

**EARNEST MEN.**—Enthusiasm is magnetic. Like the magic fiddle of little Fritz in the German legend, it fascinates and draws after it the crowd. No eloquent enthusiast ever lacked followers, whether his creed were right or wrong. The earnest man of action, even though a very bungler in his rhetoric, is sure to have plenty of friends. His deeds speak for him. Cromwell's speeches were generally unintelligible, but he was terribly in earnest both as a fanatic and a soldier. It was impossible to doubt the sincerity of his prayers, or to misunderstand the logic of his victories. Mahomet was a man of vast capacity, a great orator, a furious sectarian leader, and a lion-hearted hero. Such a combination was irresistible, and he founded at once a new empire and a new creed.

Had the intellect of Luther been of a more passive type, his conquest over error had never been achieved. It was the warlike ardor with which he challenged and defied his antagonists, his enthusiasm as a controversialist, that enlisted sympathetic spirits under his banner, and made the Reformation a success. To come down to the later times—confidence in his own destiny was the inspiration of Napoleon, and it was because he believed in himself that his army believed in him. He thought himself irresistible, and so

thought every man in his hosts, from the marshals of the empire to the meanest followers of the camp. To this delusion, as much as to his genius, may be ascribed the glories of his dazzling career.

**LIFE'S CHANGES.**—How many hearts have been wounded, how many tears have been shed, through what may all be spoken in one little word—"Change!" It is written on every thing we behold. The flowers we see one day growing and expanding in all their brilliancy, the next day may be scattered to the ground. Even the leaves that grow on the sturdy oak last only for a season, and as we see them in their freshness they almost fill us with the hope that they will not fade away. But, alas! the Autumn comes, and these, too, droop and die. Not only do we see this change in the flowers, and in all nature's works, but we experience it in all we do. How transient are all earthly enjoyments! In the memory of the past how many scenes can we recall that once made our hearts glad and filled us with joy! Where are many of our dearest friends? The rolling billows may have separated us from them, or we may have said farewell, never again to see them on this side of Jordan. It may be that the friends we trusted have proved false. But what is the lesson we are to learn from all this? Not to fix our affections on things below, but to look forward to that country where the scenes, as they pass, will only be renewed in all their loveliness to eternity. Here there are a thousand ways in which we may be separated in a moment from those we love, but there we meet never again to be divided. There death never comes. Are not these joys that never end worth living for? Is it true we see through a glass darkly? We know not the extent of heavenly joys; but this we know, that they endure forever. Let us, then, endure nobly while we are here, that we may become worthy of the inheritance that is "incorruptible and undefiled, and that fadeth not away."

**CHRIST'S SYMPATHY FOR THE POOR.**—The Son of God appears to have felt an especial sympathy for the poor. Some of his most tender words of consolation were expressly intended for them. "Behold the fowls of the air: for they sow not, neither do they reap, nor gather into barns; yet your Heavenly Father feedeth them. Are ye not much better than they?" "Blessed are the poor in spirit; for theirs is the kingdom of heaven." The rich were not shut out; Nicodemus the ruler was received; the offerings of wise men of the East were accepted. But let us not forget that it was emphatically to the poor that the blessed Gospel was preached. Poverty, suffered in fellowship with the Son of God, and solaced by his sympathy, has a luster greater than that which sparkles from the diadem of kings. The pious Lazarus is comforted not only when borne to Abraham's bosom, but when lying in rags at the gate, seeking crumbs from the rich man's table. His crust may be sweetened with reflections such as these: "Am I poor? so was the Lord. Am I hungry? so was the Lord. Am I homeless? the Son of man had not where to lay his head. Shall

not the disciple be as his Lord, and the servant as his great Master?"

**CHRIST.**—Christ, of all the persons in the world, is only fit to be my Redeemer, Mediator, and Surety, because he alone is both God and man in one person. If he was not man, he could not undertake that office; if he was not God, he could not perform it. If he was man, he could not be capable of being bound for me; if he was not God, he would not be able to pay my debt. It was man by whom the covenant was broken, and therefore man must have suitable punishment laid upon him. It was God with whom it was broken, and therefore God must have satisfaction made unto him; and as for that satisfaction, it was man that had offended, and therefore man alone could make it suitable. It was God that was offended, and therefore God alone could make it sufficient. The sum of all this is, that man can suffer, but he can not satisfy. God can satisfy, but he can not suffer; but Christ, being both God and man, can both suffer and satisfy, too, and so is perfectly fitted both to suffer for man and to make satisfaction to God—to reconcile God to man, and man to God. And thus Christ, having assumed my nature into his person, and so satisfied divine justice for my sins, I am received into grace and favor again with the Most High God.—*Bishop Beveridge.*

**WISDOM OF DIVINE ECONOMY.**—"All things work together for good to them that love God." This is a truth of the sweetest and holiest import, and is daily recurring to me; for how many are the things in common life which, in the dictates of our poor wisdom, we would gladly have otherwise!

I doubt not you have learned, to a great extent, to depend on God, day by day, for your daily bread. This lesson I desire to learn. How sweet it is to be directed, from hour to hour, with scarce a ray of light beyond! The darker the future, the brighter often is faith, and the more firmly do we rely on that arm which can never fail.

I have often found myself attempting to preserve the manna till morning, but never succeeded. How wise is the economy of Providence and the economy of grace! How should we rejoice that we can not lay up stores for ourselves, either of wisdom or of faith!

Surely it is good to commit our way wholly unto God, without fear and without compromise. Then the pillar of cloud or of fire will go before us, though we may not always be able to recognize it.

I have often said to myself that if there should come to me a permanent cause for sadness, either constitutional or otherwise, I must just as resignedly bear it as I have carried my cheerful tendencies. Yes, be willing to be sad—nay, subdued, rather; for we can smile through tears. Let the tears come if they must; they can not last forever. We must look sunward, and do our duty, and in God's good time we shall walk in light.—*Weary Hours.*

**CHRISTIAN CHARACTER.**—The Christian should never forget what he once was; whose he now is, and what he soon will be.



## CONTEMPORARY LITERATURE.

THE OLD WORLD IN ITS NEW FACE. *Impressions of Europe in 1867-68. By Henry W. Bellows. Vol. I. 12mo. Pp. 454. \$1.75. New York: Harper & Bros. Cincinnati: Robert Clarke & Co.*

Dr. Bellows has here furnished, first to his parishioners and then to the rest of the world, a series of very readable letters from a European tour of about six months' continuance. The letters are far above the order and style of ordinary tourists, and, though written from countries and cities perfectly familiar to all readers, and descriptive of scenes that have really become trite from their frequent description, yet the genial, fluent, often eloquent, and sometimes witty style of the writer, and the free opinions, fearless comments, and wide range of suggestions give them an air of freshness and originality. Dr. Bellows is one of those broad men with so many points of contact and sympathy with the world at large that can see and appreciate much in a short time. Prepared in advance by years of study and observation, qualified to see and understand as soon as he should reach the countries and scenes which he describes, we are not surprised that he is able to make many valuable generalizations, to find many things which he can promptly condemn, and many which he can as promptly approve, furnishing really a suggestive and instructive book from even a six months' tour. The area traversed would be indicated by a line drawn through Paris, Amsterdam, Berlin, Dresden, Vienna, Trieste, Innsbruck, Mont Blanc, Geneva, and Strasbourg. The range of topics embraces scenery, art, education, manners, charitable institutions, national character, morals and religion, religious parties and leaders, all seen through thoroughly American eyes, and all studied from the standpoint of "liberal Christianity." The place of this book is among the very best of the recent contributions to our knowledge of the present state of Europe, and the reading public will be ready to welcome the second volume.

PORTRAITS OF CELEBRATED WOMEN. *By C. A. Sainte-Beuve. Translated from the French by H. W. Preston. 16mo. Pp. 384. \$2. Boston: Roberts Brothers. Cincinnati: Robert Clarke & Co.*

Roberts Brothers are doing a most excellent service to American ladies by issuing in uniform and beautiful style a series of volumes, giving biographical, historical, and critical notices of eminent women. "Memoirs and Correspondence of Madame Recamier," "Life and Letters of Madame Swetchine," "The Friendships of Women," and now "Sainte-Beuve's Portraits of Celebrated Women." Miss Preston also deserves the hearty thanks of the public by assisting in this enterprise as the translator of two of the most excellent of these works. Sainte-

Beuve is among the most difficult of French authors to translate, both on account of the grace, beauty, and exactness of his style, and the delicate niceness of his analysis of character and sharply defined shades of thought. Miss Preston has done the work in the present volume as well as it can be "done into English," and the result is one of the most instructive and interesting books of the season. Every character is a most interesting study, or we might be sure Sainte-Beuve would not have touched it; and though we are familiar with the biography of every character in the book, yet we move along delightedly through the author's biographical details, delicate analysis, and critical appreciation of these eminent women as though we were reading of them for the first time. Miss Preston has selected for the present volume nine of Sainte-Beuve's "femmes;" namely: Madame de Sévigné, Madame de Lafayette, Madame de Souza, Madame Roland, Madame de Staël, Madame de Duras, Madame de Remusat, Madame de Krudener, and Madame Guizot, each remarkable in herself, and each different from the others.

CHRISTIAN ADVENTURES IN SOUTH AFRICA. *By Rev. William Taylor, of the California Conference. Large 12mo. Pp. 557. London: Jackson, Walford & Hodder. New York: Carlton & Porter.*

Mr. Taylor's name is well known in America, both as the author of several instructive and entertaining works, and as a most successful evangelist. Since 1856 he has been extending his evangelistic labors through the Eastern and Western States of America, in Canada, and in Australia. In February, 1866, he left Australia for the Cape of Good Hope, where, coöperating with the Wesleyan missionaries in South Africa, his labors were blessed with wonderful success, a marvelous revival of religion springing up both among the foreign residents and the natives. The book before us narrates the incidents of this great work, and many other Christian adventures in South Africa, extending over a period of fifty years. The author has also availed himself of the opportunity to present a large amount of information on the history, extent, resources, population, and varied life of South Africa. It is an interesting and remarkable narrative, displaying the wonderful power of God's Word under the most unfavorable circumstances, and over the heathen mind. The outpouring of the Spirit is one of the most extensive and significant of modern times, and it is to be hoped that it is but the beginning of a great spiritual work which shall go on till the most distant tribes and nations partake of the blessing. A very interesting part of this remarkable work originated, and still continues in progress, in the province of Natal, the diocese of the recreant Bishop Colenso, as though

the Divine Spirit would demonstrate in actual experience the truth of the Divine Word which the apostate Bishop is still laboring so industriously to undermine. The volume is a valuable contribution to our knowledge of South Africa, and a most interesting vindication of the efficiency and success of the South African missions.

**SABBATH CHIMES; or, Meditations in Verse for the Sundays of a Year.** By W. Morley Punshon, M. A. Square 12mo. Pp. 223. \$3. New York: Carlton & Porter. Cincinnati: Hitchcock & Walden.

This is decidedly the handsomest book yet issued from the Methodist Book Concern, and is really a gem in the art of book-making. The paper is very fine, tinted, and calendered; the type is clear and neat; the page open and surrounded with a delicate pink border; the volume is bound in heavy backs, gilt edges and sides; the whole book is a beautiful parlor ornament. Nor do we hesitate to say that the poems are worthy of this elegant setting. Mr. Punshon is a poet as well as a preacher; in fact, one element of his great popularity is that he is a poet-preacher, his sermons abounding in passages that could in a moment be thrown into poetic measure, and would meet every requirement of the poetic art but the mere rhyming. Here, however, we have the poetry measured and rhymed by the preacher himself, and we are sure the volume will add new laurels to the brow already almost burdened with them. The modest preface informs us the book is "the offspring of a year's enforced pause amid the activities of a busy ministry." The author covets for it three successes: "that it may be a messenger of mercy to the wandering; that it may be a comforter to the troubled; and that it may be a memory of the writer to many friends." The book is well capable of accomplishing these three purposes.

**WEIGHED IN THE BALANCE.** By the Author of the "Win and Wear" Series. 16mo. Pp. 402. New York: Robert Carter & Bros.

The author has gained a sufficient reputation through the "Win and Wear" Series to commend all her books to the young readers for whom she writes. This volume contains a beautiful story, told in pure and simple language, and breathing a sweet, Christian spirit. Its place is in the home and the Sabbath school.

**A SISTER'S BYE-HOURS.** By Jean Ingelow. 16mo. Pp. 406. \$1.50. Boston: Roberts Brothers. Cincinnati: R. W. Carroll & Co.

Jean Ingelow has won for herself in the department of poetry the title of "Lady Laureate," and, with the single exception of Mrs. Browning, has been pronounced "first among the women whom the world calls poets;" and now that Mrs. Browning sings no more on earth, she is the most gifted living poetess. Recently she has been descending from the heights of thought and imagination to deal with the commoner things of human life, and through the medium of prose, in a style as pure, sweet, and sim-

ple as her poetry, has been teaching lessons of life and duty to the young. The volume before us contains seven stories, written evidently for young people, but which through their pure, happy, Christian spirit, will be a delight to all who will read them. We are struck with the faultless English in which these stories are written, and would commend them as models to writers of stories for young people.

**FARMING FOR BOYS—What they have Done, and what Others may Do in the Cultivation of Farm and Garden—How to Begin, how to Proceed, and what to Aim at.** By the Author of "Ten Acres Enough." With Illustrations. Square 12mo. Pp. 286. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. Cincinnati: Robert Clarke & Co.

The title-page of this handsome little book plainly enough indicates its character, and we would advise every country household to have a copy of it, perfectly sure that the boys will all eagerly read it and learn from it, and quite as sure that many who would not like to be called boys can learn valuable lessons in "what to do and how to do it" on the farm.

**THE BUTTERFLY HUNTERS.** By Helen S. Conant. With Illustrations. Square 12mo. Pp. 167. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. Cincinnati: R. Clarke & Co.

This is a companion volume for the one named above. It treats of the butterfly family, giving descriptions and illustrations of many varieties, and in a most interesting manner relates the habits of these beautiful inhabitants of our woods and meadows. The illustrations are true to life, having been drawn and engraved with great care and accuracy from specimens in the author's collection. The little book will introduce the boys and girls to the study of a delightful branch of natural history.

**JOHN MILTON AND HIS TIMES.** A Historical Novel. By Max Ring. From the German by F. Jordan. With Illustrations by Gaston Fay. 8vo. Pp. 308. Cloth. \$2. New York: D. Appleton & Co. Cincinnati: R. W. Carroll & Co.

**BEAUMARCHAIS.** A Historical Novel. By A. E. Brachvogel. From the German by Thérèse J. Radford. Illustrated by Gaston Fay. 8vo. Pp. 295. Cloth. \$2. New York: D. Appleton & Co. Cincinnati: R. W. Carroll & Co.

These are two additional historical romances of the kind for the translation and republication of which the Appletons are becoming famous. Both are highly entertaining and instructive. The great poet of "Paradise Lost" is the most prominent character in the first work, and the most important episodes of his eventful life are narrated in a charming and impressive manner; and around him are grouped most of the leading men of that great period, whom the author presents to us in a variety of scenes and incidents with such lifelike fidelity, that the whole work gives us an exceedingly interesting and complete pen-picture of England and its representative men in the middle of the seventeenth century. Beaumarchais, a grandee of the Court of Louis XV, gives the name

to the second work, though it is really a graphic pen-picture of the stirring ante-revolutionary times of "Old Paris." The remarkable and varied career of Beaumarchais, born of a watch-maker, promoted to the position of teacher of the harp to the daughters of the king, so gaining the *entrée* of court society, married to a lady of wealth, famous as a writer of music and dramas, a sympathizer with the United States in their revolutionary struggle, a bankrupt in fortune, and dying in poverty in old age, is the thread of romance running through the weightier history.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

OLD MORTALITY and THE BLACK DWARF.—Two more of the series of the Waverley Novels, issued in paper and at the low price of 25 cents each. THE UNCOMMERCIAL TRAVELER. By Charles Dickens. Paper, 35 cents. An additional volume of the cheap edition of the works of Dickens. All the above are from D. Appleton & Co., New York. R. W. Carroll & Co., Cincinnati.

HARPER'S PICTORIAL HISTORY OF THE GREAT REBELLION. Nos. 29, 30, 31, and 32. 40 cents per number. New York: Harper & Brothers. Cincinnati: Robert Clarke & Co. Three more numbers will complete this great work. Number 32 carries the history to the capture of Petersburg and Richmond.

CHAMBERS'S ENCYCLOPEDIA OF UNIVERSAL KNOWLEDGE. No. 130, 25 cents. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. Cincinnati: Robert Clarke & Co. This great work is also nearing its completion. The present numbers are appended to the body of the work, and have reached the letter R in this additional matter.

MUSIC. *Sub Rosa. A Ballad.* Words by Emma H. Mason. Music by E. Linwood. Published by Cottier & Denton, Buffalo. *Grant, our Great Commander.* Song and chorus by Bernard Covert. *The Drunkard's Home.* Temperance song and chorus, by Frank Howard. Both published by W. W. Whitney, Toledo, Ohio.

## MONTHLY RECORD.

GENERAL CONFERENCE ELECTIONS.—Although most of our readers are already informed of the result of the elections in our General Conference at Chicago, we give the list of officers elected:

T. Carlton, D. D., of the Genesee Conference, Book Agent at New York.

J. Lanahan, D. D., of the Baltimore Conference, Assistant Book Agent at New York.

Eleazer Thomas, Assistant Book Agent, San Francisco, California.

L. Hitchcock, D. D., of the Rock River Conference, Book Agent of the Western Book Concern.

J. M. Walden, D. D., of the Cincinnati Conference, Assistant Book Agent of the Western Book Concern.

D. Curry, D. D., of the New York East Conference, Editor of the *Christian Advocate* at New York.

D. D. Whedon, D. D., of the New York East Conference, editor of the *Methodist Quarterly Review*.

I. W. Wiley, D. D., of the Newark Conference, Editor of the *Ladies' Repository*.

S. M. Merrill, D. D., of the Ohio Conference, Editor of the *Western Christian Advocate*.

J. M. Reid, D. D., of the East Genesee Conference, Editor of the *North-Western Christian Advocate*.

S. H. Nesbit, D. D., of the Pittsburg Conference, Editor of the *Pittsburg Christian Advocate*.

B. F. Crary, D. D., of the Missouri Conference, Editor of the *Central Christian Advocate*.

D. D. Lore, D. D., of the Genesee Conference, Editor of the *Northern Christian Advocate*.

H. C. Benson, D. D., of the Oregon Conference, Editor of the *California Christian Advocate*.

Rev. Isaac Dillon, of the Oregon Conference, Editor of the *Pacific Christian Advocate*.

W. Nast, D. D., of the Central German Conference, Editor of the *German Apologist*, and German publications.

D. Wise, D. D., of the Providence Conference, Editor of the *Sunday School Advocate*, Sunday school books, and tract publications.

Rev. J. H. Vincent, of the Rock River Conference, Editor of the *Sunday School Journal*, and books of instruction.

J. P. Durbin, D. D., of the Philadelphia Conference, Corresponding Secretary of the Missionary Society.

W. L. Harris, D. D., of the Central Ohio Conference, First Assistant Secretary of the Missionary Society.

A. J. Kynett, D. D., of the Upper Iowa Conference, Corresponding Secretary of the Church Extension Society.

The election of Second Assistant Missionary Secretary, to reside west of the Mississippi River, was indefinitely postponed, and not again called up.

CATHOLICS.—The following extract, from the Catholic Almanac for 1868, published in New York, shows the wonderful increase of the Catholic Church in the last few years in America: In 1860 the American Cyclopaedia estimated that there were only a little over 3,000,000 Catholicity in the United States adhering to their doctrines. The best Catholic authorities now declare that nearly 5,000,000 persons belong to their denomination. In 1850 there were in Rhode Island

and Connecticut only 16,000 Catholics; there are now 125,000. At the same time Pennsylvania contained 89,501, while there are at present 275,000 in the diocese at Philadelphia alone. In Illinois there were 19,100, and the district about Chicago now alone contains 150,000. The diocese of Albany and Buffalo have 430,000, against 126,288 in the whole State of New York in 1850; and there are 90,000 in Michigan, while in 1850 there were but 16,122. The Catholic population in five New England States, excluding Massachusetts, numbers 198,000. In New York, leaving out New York city and Brooklyn, 430,000; Indiana, 105,000; Wisconsin, 300,000; Iowa, 110,000; and part of Ohio, 90,000. The Catholics in Canada number 900,000.

#### ORIGIN OF THE AMERICAN MISSIONARY BOARD.—

On the 28th of June, 1810, twenty-one clergymen of Massachusetts convened in the Academy building of the quiet village of Bradford, to concert measures for the up-building of Zion. In the midst of that little band of brethren, four young men, members of the "Divinity College," presented themselves, and respectfully requested the attention of their reverend fathers to certain statements and inquiries. They stated that "their minds had long been impressed with the duty and importance of personally attempting a mission to the heathen; and that, after a prayerful consideration of the subject, they consider themselves as devoted to this work for life, whenever God, in his providence, shall open the way." They inquired "whether, with their present views and feelings, they ought to renounce the object of missions as either visionary or impracticable; if not, to what portion of the world they should direct their attention, and whether they may expect patronage and support." We scarcely need to add that the names of Judson, Nott, Mills, and Newell, were appended to this memorial.

The Committee of the Association to whom the subject was referred, reported, on the following day, that these four young men "ought not to renounce the object of missions, but sacredly to cherish their present views in relation to that object," and submitted to the Association the inquiry, "whether the peculiar and abiding impressions by which they—the memorialists—are influenced, ought not to be gratefully recognized as a Divine intimation of something good and great in relation to the propagation of the Gospel, and calling for corresponding attention and exertions." Thereupon, it was voted, "That there be instituted by this General Association a Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, for the purpose of devising ways and means, and adopting and prosecuting measures for promoting the spread of the Gospel in heathen lands." Voted, also, "That fervently commending them to the grace of God, we advise the young gentlemen whose request is before us, in the way of earnest prayer and diligent attention to suitable studies and means of information, and putting themselves under the patronage and direction of the Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, humbly to wait the openings and guidance of Provi-

dence in respect to their great and excellent design."

Thus originated the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions. Thus was dropped into the earth a handful of corn, on the top of the mountains, the fruit whereof now shakes like Lebanon.

STATISTICS OF METHODISM.—To a late number of *The Methodist*, printed in New York, we are indebted for the following statistics of Methodism. It may be well to ponder these figures in connection with the article entitled "The Church of the Future," published in this month's Repository. The following is a résumé for 1867:

1. Methodist Episcopal Church.....	971,866
2. Methodist Episcopal Church South.....	629,455
3. The Methodist Church.....	120,000
4. The Methodist Protestant Church.....	20,000
5. The American Wesleys.....	2,000
6. The Primitive Methodist in the United States.....	4,839
7. Free Methodists.....	58,002
8. Evangelical Association.....	200,000
9. African Methodist Episcopal Church.....	60,000
10. African Methodist Episcopal Zion Church.....	18,957
11. Canada Methodist Episcopal Church.....	539,795
12. Wesleyan Methodists in England and affiliated Conferences.....	154,950
13. Primitive Methodists.....	67,488
14. United Methodist Free Churches.....	32,486
15. Methodist New Connection.....	9,175
16. Wesleyan Reform Union.....	25,583
17. Bible Christians.....	9,158
18. Church Methodists in Ireland.....	58,577
19. Calvinistic Methodists.....	

The number of probationers, as far as we have been able to ascertain, were as follows:

Methodist Episcopal Church.....	174,215
Methodist Episcopal Church South.....	119,613
Wesleyan Methodists in England.....	42,873

From the above it will be seen that all the branches of Methodism together have, in 1868, over 3,000,000 members. Including the number of probationers, the aggregate of Methodists will reach 3,500,000, representing a Methodist population of about 16,000,000.

PROTESTANTISM IN FRANCE.—Sixty years ago there was scarcely a Protestant congregation in the north of France; now there are over 100. Thirty years ago there were not 600 Protestant pastors there; now there are not less than 1,000. Then there were not twenty Protestant temples in the Southern Departments; now there are more than 150 places of worship.

AMERICAN TRACT SOCIETY.—We give a full exhibit of the doings of this Society as shown in their last Annual Report, submitted at the Anniversary held in May. The report says that in 1822 the total receipts of all the tract societies were but about \$2,500 in donations, and \$4,000 for sales. This year the donations and legacies to the Society have been \$118,000, sales \$400,000; total, \$518,000. During the year there were printed 1,072,780 volumes, and in 43 years 22,877,379 volumes; 296,808,887 publications. American Messenger, 164,000 monthly; Child's Paper, 350,000; Botschafter, in German, 32,000. Total monthly periodicals, 546,000. Gratuitous distributions for the year, \$56,696.83. Receipts and expenditures, donations and legacies, \$118,773.72; sales, \$400,053.34. Total, with balance in treasury, \$519,614.95; the expenses leaving a balance of \$1,635.10.



in the treasury. The report further says that during the year 273 colporteurs have labored in 23 of the United States, and in the adjacent British provinces. They held, or addressed, 8,229 religious meetings; made 254,862 family visits; conversed or prayed with 179,117 families; found 34,748 Protestant families who neglected evangelical preaching; 14,603 families of Roman Catholics; 14,356 destitute of all religious books except the Bible, and 8,212 Protestant families without the Bible. During 27 years the statistical results have been as follows: Time employed equal to the service of one man for 50,942 months; 8,877,665 volumes sold; 2,390,110 volumes granted; 237,075 religious meetings held or addressed; 9,851,519 family visits made; 5,214,107 families conversed with on personal religion, or prayed with; 1,323,614 Protestant families habitually neglecting evangelical preaching; 847,927 families of Roman Catholics; 503,872 Protestant families destitute of the Bible; 820,510 families destitute of all religious books except the Bible; the grants of money for foreign and pagan lands amounted to \$10,000.

MÜLLER'S ORPHAN HOUSES IN BRISTOL.—The Life of Faith exhibited by George Müller has been published in this country, but the annual reports of his orphan houses better show how wonderful his work has been. The institution which he founded has been in existence about thirty-three years. Since the commencement of this work, £369,000 have been contributed; above 16,000 children and adults have been instructed in the schools, free of charge; 42,000 copies of the Bible, and nearly 34,000 copies of the New Testament, 10,000 of the Psalms and other smaller portions of the Scriptures, in different languages, and about 29,000 of tracts and other books, in several languages, have been circulated. For these books £7,741 have been spent. Three large houses, costing £60,000, have been built and furnished; also, 2,263 orphans have been taken care of, and two other houses are in process of erection to accommodate hundreds of other orphans ready to enter. Homes are easily obtained for these orphans, when they are ready to leave the institution, where they can support themselves by their own industry. In answer to prayer a kind Providence has mercifully preserved from cholera the inmates of this institution, when the disease prevailed around, and the severity of other prevailing epidemics has been greatly mitigated.

THE MORAVIANS.—This pioneer Church in the missionary work in this country has a membership of about 24,459—over all the world we suppose. There are about 70,311 in their foreign field connected with their Church—nearly three times as many as compose the entire home Church.

ENGLISH IN INDIA.—In India, the total number of the English population is reported to be 150,000. Of these 58,000 are in the army, 3,500 are government officials or clergymen, and the remaining 88,500 are engaged in trades. It seems almost inconceivable that this handful of Englishmen could overawe and

rule with arbitrary power a population of a couple of hundred millions of Hindoos, and the fact that they do, illustrates the genius and courage of the ruling class, and the effeminacy and cowardice of the natives.

HAIR CLOTH.—The factory of the Pawtucket Hair Cloth Co., at Pawtucket, R. I., is the only one of its kind in the country. It was established in 1861. The building is 200 feet long, 50 wide, and four stories high, with a dye house 80 by 50 attached. The machinery, which was invented by Isaac Linsley, is driven by water power. The factory has room for 500 looms, but only 337 are now in operation, each turning out five yards of hair cloth per day. The number of hands employed is 150, and the annual consumption of rough hair is 150,000 pounds—all of which is imported at a cost of 70 to 75 cents per pound.

PRICE OF GOLD.—The lowest price for gold for 1867 was 132, January 3d, and the highest 146 3-8, September 12th, a range of only 14 3-4 per cent., and the smallest since suspension. Even in 1862, the first year gold became an article of merchandise, it fluctuated 37 3-4 per cent. In 1864 the range was 133 5-8 per cent., (151 3-8 to 285,) and in 1865 the range reached 106 1-4 per cent., but that was a downward grade from 234 1-2 in January to 128 1-4 in May, and up again to 140 in November.

FREIGHT ON RAILROADS.—A report for one of the committees in Congress shows the tonnage and value of freight transported during the year ending March 1, 1867, across the State of Illinois, westward of the meridian of Chicago, from which it appears that there was transported, over eight railroads running eastward, 3,358,000 tons of freight, of the value of \$235,000,000, and westward, 1,345,000 tons, of the value of \$411,000,000—the combined movement amounting to the enormous aggregate of 4,703,300 tons of freight, of the value of \$646,000,000, an amount equal to two-thirds of the entire foreign commerce of the country.

PROGRESS IN CHINA.—At the recent banquet given in San Francisco to the Chinese Embassy, Mr. Burlingame summed up the progress of China since 1860, the year of the new treaty, as follows: "Trade has increased from \$82,000,000 to \$300,000,000; steamboats have been multiplied; arsenals have been built; lighthouses have been erected; hundreds of foreigners have been taken into the civil service of China under the leadership of one of the ablest men in the world; Wheaton's International Law has become, and is taken as a text-book for that great empire; the influence of Christian missions has been advanced from the Yellow Sea even to the great plains of Mongolia; a great college has been established at Peking, where foreign or modern science is to be looked up to by the eleven thousand students of China, who go up every three years to take their third and fourth degrees." The Chinese Embassy now visiting this country consists of eight distinguished officers, and fifteen servants.

## EDITOR'S TABLE.

CINCINNATI WESLEYAN FEMALE COLLEGE.—The Trustees of this institution have furnished us with a very fine steel engraving of their new college building; and so beautiful is the structure, so artistic the picture and engraving, and so appropriate the subject to the purposes of the Ladies' Repository, that we have not hesitated to use the plate as one of our embellishments for the present number. It is claimed, and we think accurately, that the Wesleyan Female College, of Cincinnati, was the first institution in the land for females bearing the high privileges conferred by a college charter, and from the very beginning it has been the hope and purpose of the friends of the institution to raise it to a rank fully equal to any of the colleges for males. After a history of successes and struggles, triumphs and embarrassments of about twenty-six years' duration, the hopes of its friends are now about to be realized. On the 14th of May, 1842, a meeting of the Methodist preachers of Cincinnati convened in the Western Advocate office to consider the founding of an institution for the education of girls, a want then greatly felt in the city, and in a large western territory surrounding the city. Among them were L. L. Hamline, afterward a bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church, now gone to his reward and rest; Charles Elliott, now venerable in years and in honors; J. L. Grover, G. C. Crum, W. H. Lawder, Adam Miller, Wm. Nast, T. Harrison, L. Swormstedt, J. P. Kilbreth, and Wm. Herr. This meeting indorsed the enterprise, and appointed a public meeting to arouse the interest and coöperation of the city. At this meeting a committee of twenty-two, with Bishop Morris as chairman, was appointed, with instructions to proceed at once to establish the school.

The Committee had its first meeting at the Book Concern, on the first day of June, 1842, and determined to obtain rooms and open the institution in the approaching Autumn. A good Providence directed them in the selection of a first President. Rev. Perlee B. Wilber was chosen, and for seventeen years, with the assistance of his estimable and efficient wife, most energetically and successfully conducted the educational interests of the institution. But few teachers succeed in so thoroughly impressing themselves upon the minds and hearts of their pupils as did Mr. Wilber. His name is yet as fragrant as ointment among the Alumnae, and his power and influence are yet felt in the destinies of the institution. His pupils have determined to assign a perpetual place to his memory in one of the elegant memorial windows of the new building.

The school opened in September, 1842, in rented rooms, where it continued for one year, and then removed to leased premises on Seventh-street, which it occupied for five years. Educationally the institu-

tion was a success from the very beginning. The first annual Catalogue contained 124 names, and the numbers rapidly increased till, after the period of seven years, the Catalogue contained 479. These students were gathered from every part of the land. About 3,500 young ladies have received more or less of their education in this institution, and its regular graduates exceed 300 in number. In 1859 Mr. Wilber died, and was succeeded by Rev. Robert Allyn, D. D., who nobly bore up the institution under the loss of its popular and beloved President, and a pressure of financial embarrassment, till the close of the collegiate year of 1863. He was succeeded by Rev. R. S. Rust, D. D., who for three years more energetically, and with increasing patronage and prosperity, conducted the institution till it became necessary to retire from the old college buildings, and to suspend the school till the erection of the new college.

Financially the College, like so many others of our educational institutions, has had a life of struggle and embarrassment. Beginning on a wrong principle, that of a joint-stock company, the holders of the stock having large scholarship privileges, and an insufficient amount of stock being taken to erect the buildings and furnish the institution without leaving it incumbered with debt, it was only a question of how many years the Trustees would be able to manage the constantly increasing embarrassments. For about seventeen years the skill and patience of the Trustees kept the day of doom in abeyance. But at length it came, and the college buildings were sold. Under the inspiration chiefly of Bishop Clark, a new organization was effected, the school was continued in the old premises under a lease, the old college was afterward repurchased by the new Board, and subsequently sold again under an advance, when it became apparent that circumstances were rapidly becoming more auspicious for the erection of new buildings in a better locality, and on the surer foundation of the generous benefactions of the friends of education.

By the sale of the old college property the Board found itself in possession of \$20,000 *clear of all incumbrance*. An old burying-ground, from which the interred were being rapidly removed, had belonged to Wesley Chapel, being held by it in joint interest for Wesley, Morris, and Trinity Churches. It had been suggested to give this to the College under its old organization, but the embarrassments of the institution, and especially the illiberality with which some few held their stock, had prevented this. The donation was now made by Wesley Chapel in the spirit of a noble generosity, the other Churches consenting. By an arrangement with the Baptist Church, which held an adjoining cemetery, a new street was opened through the grounds, and named

Wesley Avenue; the bodies remaining in the ground were, by consent of friends, tenderly reinterred, considerable portions of the property sold for the erection of elegant mansions, and a fine lot reserved for the College, leaving a fund in the hands of Trustees from this source which may in round numbers be placed at \$50,000.

The year 1866 was the Centenary of American Methodism, and the Cincinnati Wesleyan Female College was made one of the local objects for contributions. A Ladies' Centenary Association, including the Alumnae, was formed, which coöperated in the movement. The Centenary subscription amounts to about \$30,000, and it is confidently expected that the citizens of Cincinnati will increase it to at least \$50,000. The foundations of the new College were laid in the Summer of 1867, and on the 26th of September an immense congregation of ladies and gentlemen assembled on the grounds, to witness the laying of the corner-stone, and the dedication of the new grounds and uprising buildings to the future history of the *Cincinnati Wesleyan Female College*.

No description we could give would convey to the reader a better idea of the elegant, commodious, and durable structure than is given by the engraving. Its internal arrangements and finish are in keeping with its external appearance, and in its adaptations to all the purposes of a female college, both for the residence and for the instruction of the pupils, it would be difficult to conceive any thing more perfect. The whole is hastening to completion, and the Trustees are confident they will be able to open the College to the public about the middle of September, or certainly by the first of October. We bespeak for it a full patronage at its very opening, to crown and reward the labors of the generous and persevering friends who have struggled for the consummation of the noble enterprise.

**LAY REPRESENTATION.**—The recent General Conference enfranchised the women of the Methodist Episcopal Church by giving them the right of vote in determining the question of "lay delegation" or "no lay delegation," when, in June, 1869, the issue shall be presented to the vote of the Church. For this reason, and that our readers may have it in a convenient form for preservation and reference, we present here the plan that was adopted with so much unanimity by the Conference. At a future time we will discuss its merits. The motion on striking out the word "male" and submitting the question to the vote of all the members of the Church above the age of twenty-one, awakened an animated discussion, but was carried by 142 to 70:

*Whereas*, the General Conference of 1860 expressed its willingness to admit lay delegates to the General Conference whenever the people should desire it; and, *whereas*, the General Conference of 1864 concurred in that action; therefore,

*Resolved*, That we also concur in the same, and recommend the following plan to the godly consideration of our ministers and people:

Change the Discipline, page 45, Part II, chapter i, section 1, so that it shall read as follows:

*Query*. Who shall compose the General Conference, and what are the regulations and powers belonging to it?

*Ans. 1.* The General Conference shall be composed of ministerial and lay delegates. The ministerial delegates shall consist of one member for every thirty members of each Annual Conference, to be appointed either by seniority or choice, at the direction of such Annual Conference, yet so that such representatives shall have traveled at least four full calendar years from the time that they were received on trial by an Annual Conference, and are in full connection at the time of holding the Conference.

"The lay delegates shall consist of two laymen for each Annual Conference, except such Conferences as have but one ministerial delegate, which Conferences shall be entitled to one lay delegate.

"The lay delegates shall be chosen by an electoral conference of laymen, which shall assemble for the purpose on the third day of the session of the Annual Conference at the place of its meeting, at its session immediately preceding the General Conference. The electoral conference shall be composed of one layman from each circuit or station within the bounds of the Annual Conference, and on assembling the electoral conference shall organize by electing a chairman and secretary of their own number, such laymen to be chosen by the last quarterly conference preceding the time of its assembling. *Provided*, that no layman shall be chosen a delegate either to the electoral conference or to the General Conference who shall be under twenty-five years of age, or who shall not have been a member of the Church in full connection for the five consecutive years preceding the elections."

After answer 3, page 46, as follows:

*Ans. 3.* At all times when the General Conference is met it shall take two-thirds of the whole number of ministers and lay delegates to form a quorum for transacting business. The ministers and lay delegates shall sit and deliberate together as one body, but they shall vote separately whenever such separate vote shall be demanded by one-third of either order, and in such cases the concurrent vote of both bodies shall be necessary to complete an action."

*Resolved*, That during the month of June, 1869, on any day except the Sabbath, the time to be appointed by the pastor and two laymen appointed by the quarterly conference, as hereafter provided, there shall be held a general election in the several places of worship of the Methodist Episcopal Church, at which all members in full connection, and not less than twenty-one years of age, shall be invited to vote by ballot "*for lay delegation*," or "*against lay delegation*."

The election shall be held under the direction of the preacher in charge and two laymen, appointed for the purpose by the quarterly conference, who shall see that due notice is given thereof for at least twenty days before the election, and who shall superintend all the details of the election.

They shall report the result within ten days after the election to the presiding elder of the district, who shall report the same to the bishop presiding at the ensuing Annual Conference, to be entered upon the Conference journals.

It shall be the duty of the Bishops presiding at the several Annual Conferences, at their first sessions after the above elections, to lay before those bodies the following proposed amendments to the second restrictive rule; namely, at the end of line third, after the word one, insert the word ministerial, (page 48 of the Discipline,) and after the word "forty-five," line seven, same page, add the words, "not more than two lay delegates for any Annual Conference," and to report the result to the next General Conference as amended, so that as amended it shall read:

"They shall not allow of more than one ministerial representative for every fourteen members of the Annual Conference, nor allow of a less number than one for every forty-five, nor more than two lay delegates for any Annual Conference."

*Resolved*, That should a majority of the votes cast by the people be in favor of lay delegation, and should three-fourths of all the members of the Annual Conferences present and voting thereupon, vote in favor of the above proposed change in the constitution of the Church, then the General Conference meeting in 1872, by the requisite two-thirds vote, can complete the change, and lay delegates previously elected may then be admitted.

**METROPOLITAN MEMORIAL CHURCH.**—This is one of the most significant and interesting enterprises in which our Church is now engaged, and we are glad to learn from brother De Hass that it is drawing near completion, and will probably be ready for dedication in September or October. Washington, the political metropolis of our nation, the center of so much influence, intelligence, and power, has long felt the need of a large, attractive church, in keeping with her magnificent public buildings; where our Representatives in Congress, and the thousands of strangers annually visiting the capital, may enjoy the same religious privileges they do at home.

Before the Rebellion, the General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church perceiving this want, resolved to erect a Monumental Church at the seat of Government. Eligible lots were secured, and the foundations of a large edifice laid; but owing to the unsettled condition of our country, the work was suspended, and during the war nothing done to advance the enterprise.

The work has been revived as a centenary memorial, under the most favorable auspices. The building now in course of erection will cost about \$200,000, and will be one of the largest and most imposing church edifices on our continent. Pews will be set apart for the President and his Cabinet, the Judges of our Courts, Generals of our Army, and other distinguished persons. Seats will also be provided for the different States, so that strangers from every section may feel that they have a place to worship when visiting the metropolis. All the windows in the audience-room are to be memorial or historical, commemorating the great men and great events of the century. Being national in character, persons of every denomination have taken an interest in its completion. Chief Justice Chase and General Grant are members of the Board of Trustees, and the first men of the nation are among the contributors to this grand monumental edifice. The enterprise is beyond the local ability of the District, and, indeed, is national in its character, and has received and should continue to receive generous help from abroad. A lady in New York, we are informed, gave a communion service valued at \$1,200.

**THE CHURCH OF THE FUTURE.**—In the article bearing this title, which we have copied from the *Galaxy*, many excellent things are said of Methodism, and the whole is written in a generous and appreciative spirit. But very evidently the writer is not a Methodist, and often makes quite bungling work of our forms of phraseology, and betrays a want of intercourse and familiarity with Methodist people and preachers. What he knows of Methodism is gained from reading and from statistical reports, and not from personal acquaintance, or he never would have written the concluding paragraph.

**CHANGES AT THE BOOK CONCERN.**—It seemed good to the General Conference to return us to our post for another term of four years. We cheerfully accept our position, and renew to our friends and patrons our pledge to use all our ability to make the

Repository as much as ever a welcome visitor to their homes. We return to the office, however, to find several changes in our surroundings. Our esteemed friend, Dr. Poe, the senior Agent through the past four years, lies on the bed of death, and most probably before this reaches our readers will have gone to reap the rewards of a long and useful life. The presence of Drs. Hitchcock and Walden supplies the absence of Dr. Poe. The familiar presence of John M. Phillips, who, for more than twenty-five years, has been filling various positions about the Concern, from office-boy to chief accountant and cashier, is no longer with us, and from the adjoining room we miss our friend Dr. Reid. Still the great interests of the Book Concern move on systematically and efficiently, Dr. Merrill entering into the place of Dr. Reid with the ease of a veteran, and the Agents and clerks of the office supplying by greater diligence the absence of brother Phillips. With the departing we send our blessing and our prayers, and to the strangers we give greeting and welcome.

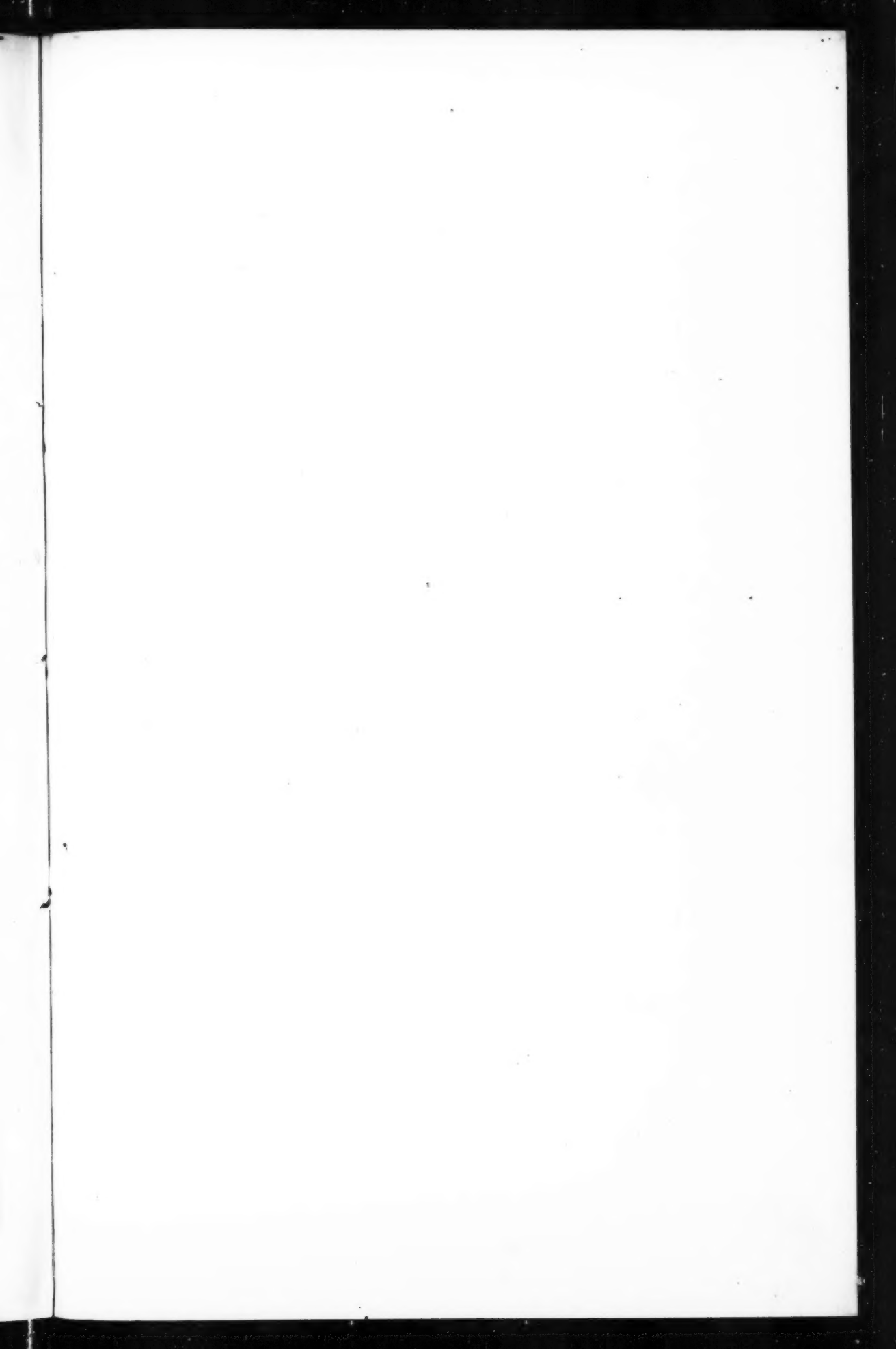
**HIGH DRESSES.**—The *Sunday Times* thus rejoices in a change of fashion which we only fear will not be general or permanent: "We are thankful for at least one of dame Fashion's freaks; she has turned her back upon low-necked dresses, and rather insists that collar-bones and shoulder-blades shall be covered. It is certainly a great improvement—not only because the study of anatomy in private parlors is not desirable, and that American damsels are apt to run to bone as some tall flowers do to seed, and because spinsters of uncertain age, fearful of being outdone by their nieces, presented such a vast expanse of yellow neck and shoulder to the view at evening parties as were calculated to alarm nervous people seriously—but because, since custom obliges us to wear garments, there can certainly be no reason why we should leave the most delicate portion of our frame without protection.

"We hope that the wisdom which causes every prudent parent to protect the pretty shoulders of her little girls with comfortable woolen sacks or capes will be appreciated; that sense will conquer vanity, and that in a little while it will be as absurd to see a woman in a low-necked dress as it would to-day to see a man in a low-necked coat."

**ARTICLES ACCEPTED.**—John Kepler; Latimer and his Sermons; Marie Antoinette; Wailletpu; Clara Doane's Journal; Song of the Rivers; The Prairie and its Formation; The Book of Esther, etc.; The Village Bell; May-Flowers; The Morning Glory; Noonday Dreaming; The Feast of Song; A Visit to Adelsberg Cave.

**ARTICLES DECLINED.**—For what are you Living? Life; Writing an Essay; Adam, and Notions Concerning him; Watching and Waiting; To my Soul; The Two Ways; Thought; In Dreams; The Lost Life; Questions; May; Frost-Work; Where shall I Write my Name? May there be a Thousand Waiting! Across the Sea; Ye who are Happy; Good-Night.



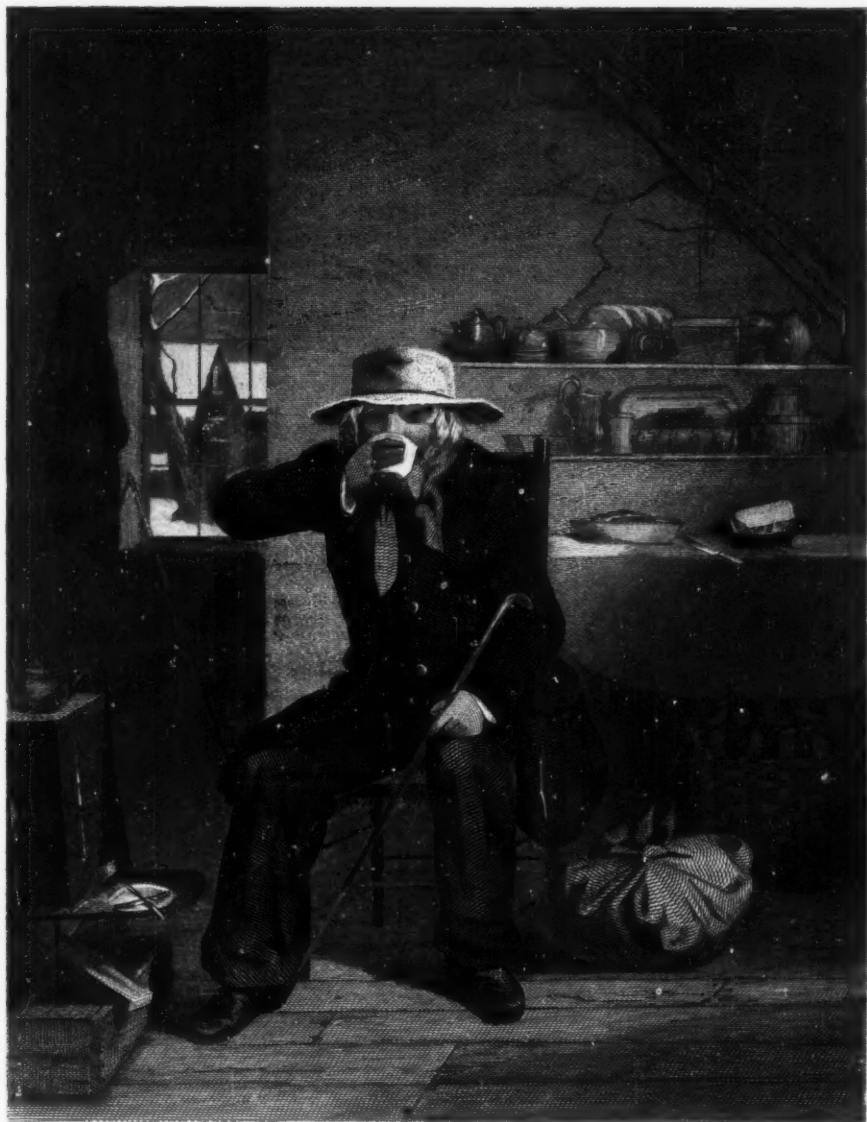












Engraved by J. C. Smith for the

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